The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1886. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Newest Fancies!

The newest shade is tomato red.

Smoked pearl buttons have designs in relief.

Very close about the wrists are the new lined cuffs.

Heliotrope retains its place as a color and perfume.

Rosettes of owl feathers have bead and feathered pendants.

Pearl and diamond stars may be used as brooches or hair pins.

A Scotch plaid, which is very small is among the new goods.

For plaids go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.

Rough curled fabrics are shown extensively this season.

For rough dress goods go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.,

For general wear this season cheviot, tweed and canvass goods take the lead.

The above goods can be found at

DeWALD & CO'S.

Lace boas, so much worn abroad last season, are again seen. They are made of Chantilly and point d'esprit lace. Seventy yards of lace are required for their fabrication.

For lace go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

More quaint, pretty and beautiful things are shown at the fancy stores this season than ever before, the majority coming from Europe. It will be a great season for Christmas shoppers.

For Christmas goods go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

It seems decided there is to be a scarcity of India shawls. In India there are "only a few more left," and these inferior. Happy the owners of the "genine.'

For shawls go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Something new in a sealskin muff is square, with a place in the rear for the hands. The top lifts up, and holds "trifles." It is supposed to be worn by a cord around the neck, and is rather too unique to be generally fashionable.

For Muffs go to

DEWALD & CO.

Colored silk handkerchiefs, with striped and dotted borders, are used for trimming hats and bonnets.

For Silk Handkerchiefs go to

DEWALD & CO.

Oriental mufflers for dudes sensitive to cold are quite showy enough to attract attention.

For Mufflers go to

DEWALD & CO.

Something very lurid in color is the glove worn by local Brummels "for the street, you know."

For gloves go to

DEWALD'S.

All shades of brown are fashionable, and bronze brown is held in high favor for evening dress combinations.

For Brown Dress Goods go to

DEWALD'S.

Bright red will in a great measure be supplanted by bright yellow in brightening dark costumes.

Very high collars on wraps and dresses make the girls of the period look as if they had sore throats.

For Collars go to

DEWALD'S.

Among the fashionable combinations black and yellow retains its popularity.

Jet ornaments were never handsomer or never more fashionable than this season.

The tapestripe among the new woolens look as if had been sewed on the fabric.

For striped dress goods go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

Newest Parisian fashion plates are said to show a marked decrease in size of bustle.

For Bustles go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO,'S.

People who thought plush was going out of fashion are now convinced they were mistaken.

For Plushes go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

The new shade of bottle-green is called Russe. The green supposed to have been worn by Robin Hood and his merry outlaws will also be in high favor.

For green dress goods go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

Ribbon tied about Flora McFlimsey's neck is wider than heretofore worn, and is tied in what Vassar girls call a "smashing bow" under the left ear.

For Ribbons go to

GEO. DeWALD & CO.'S.

Two umbrellas are necessary to every swell—one for fair weather and another for rainy days.

For umbrellas go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.

Scarfs for the dinner table grow more and more elaborate. Just now those of plush trimmed with lace are in greatest favor.

For table linens go to

DeWALD'S.

A realistic hairpin is a peapod of frosted gold half open displaying nine pearl peas. An enameled snail nips one of the peas.

For hairpins go to

DeWALD'S.

Purses made out of cats' or kittens' heads are the newest for change. Although reputed "from Paris," they are made in New York.

For purses go to

Geo. DeWald & Co.

MASKED MEN

Shoot and Kill a Man and Seriously Wound His Wife.

KOSCIUSKO, Mich., Dec. 24.—At midnight, Wednesday night, four or five armed masked men went to the house of Jordon Teague, a colored man, about four miles below town and demanded an entrance, claiming to have a search warrant. A son of Jordan opened the door and, on discovering the men masked, made a quick exit through a back window, the masked men firing at him. They then killed Jordan and shot his wife through the tongue. She cannot speak but signified that she knew who shot her. There are different opinions as to the cause of the crime.

$2,000,000 FIRE.

An Extensive Retail Store Consumed by Fire.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 24.—The largest and most disastrous fire in Liverpool since 1847, occurred this morning, when the extensive general retail store of John Lewis & Co. was entirely destroyed. The loss is placed at $2,000.000.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Following are the weather indications:

Kentucky, rain, followed by fair weather.

Ohio and Indiana, rain colder.

Michigan, snow, followed by fair weather, colder.

THE END.

Capt. Scott Swann's Liberty in the Hands of the Jury.

Hon. R. C. Bell followed Prosecuting Attorney Dawson last evening and his exposition of the defense was a magnificent piece of flowery oratory, intermingled with points that swayed the jury, called for applause and carried things by storm, while on the other hand he withered things for the state.

Hon. W. G. Colerick opened this morning and also spoke for Captain Swann. Judge Colerick put his whole soul into his theme and his logic was masterly, his eloquence captivating and the great ability of the jurist was never manifested to a nicer degree.

Col. R. S. Robertson closed for the state. The colonel handled the state's case with great earnestness and made his points tell with fearful effect. He is a fine talker and seemed to feel keenly that, while popular sentiment was with the other side, it should not deter him from making the mighty argument he did.

NOT GUILTY.

Right after dinner Judge O'Rourke charge the jury, and after being out two hours and a half returned a verdict of not guilty, thereby entirely clearing Captain Swann from all charges.

The verdict was received with cheers and general approbations of favor.

Captain Swann says he will now push his suit for libel and damages against the Detroit *Free Press*.

Gas Explosion.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 24.—To-day Second Engineer Thomas Hunter and six Chinese firemen of the British steamer Suez, went to the coal bunkers for the purpose of trimming coal. The engineer carried the lamp and as soon as he entered the bunkers an explosion occurred, caused by the accumulated gas coming in contact with the flame of the lamp. The engineer and six Chinamen were badly burned about the face, hands and body. Hunter and three of the Chinamen were fatally burned, it is be lieved.

Didn't Know it was Loaded.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 24.—A frightful case of "didn't know it was loaded" is reported to-day from Bunker Hill, Miami county. Two lads named Ora Curtis and James Adams, sons of prominent residents, were playing with a revolver, when Ora playfully pointed the weapon at his companion and pulled the trigger. The ball struck young Adams in the mouth, knocking out teeth and ranging upward lodged in the brain. The victim died in a few hours. It is thought that the Curtis boy will lose his reason.

DARING JOB.

A Gang of Safe-Blowers Rob a Safe at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 24.—The five safe-blowers who attempted to rob the treasury of Medina county came to Cleveland early yesterday morning and are evidently at work here. Last night five men entered the dry goods store of [illegible] on Woodland [illegible] der was inserted in the hole. Two valuable plush sacques and a piece of Canton flannel were placed over the safe to deaden the noise of the explosion. The loud noise that awakened the sleepers in the block and adjoining buildings followed. The doors of the safe were blown from their hinges across the room, completely demolishing two chairs, knocking the panel off of the outside doors. The office desks and furniture was more or less injured, and the office itself was thrown out of plumb. The robbers secured $250 and a large amount of valuable property.

$10,000.

The Great Express Suit at Van Wert Decided.

VAN WERT, O., Dec. 24.—In June last the Union National bank of Cincinnati, sent by United States express $10,000 to the Van Wert National bank, and when the package reached the Van Wert bank it contained no money. A suit was brought against the express company and the jury gave a verdict for the money and interest.

THE DEATHS.

Eight People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following deaths have occurred since last Saturday:

Anna Smith, 4 years, croup.

Barbara Wiedman, 76 years, lung fever.

Ellen Flood, 50 years, dropsy.

Elizabeth M. Graffe, 44 years, pulmonary disease.

Child of Frank Alderman, 3 days, debility.

Elizabeth Leuthner, 69 years, appoplexy.

Louisa Plitt, 1 year and 6 months, croup.

Sophia Eggert, 44 years, lung fever.

Great Services at the Cathedral.

The services at all the Catholic churhes will be of the grandest character in their ritual to-morrow. At the cathedral first mass will be celebrated at 5 o'clock by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. The musical program is Weber's mass in G., Gounod's Adeste Fideles, Lambillotte's Pastores.

At 10:30 Bishop Dwenger will again pontificate and the choir will render Gounod's Messe Solennelle, Lambillotte's Pastores, Flotow's Veni Sancte.

Kyrie	Gounod
Gloria	Gounod
Veni Sancte	Mohr
Credo	Gounod
Offertory	Adesti Fideles
Sanctus	Gounod
Benediction	Gounod
Agness Dei	Gounod

The afternoon services will begin at 3 o'clock. Some of the musical selections will be: Lambillotte's Magnificat, Lambillotte's Alma, Tours' O Salutari's, Silas' Tantum Ergo.

Mind Reading and Ghosts at the Temple Sunday Night.

Mr. J. Randall Brown, the famous mind reader and spiritual medium, assisted by Lillie May Brown, the young and fascinating materializing medium, will give one of their grand light seances at the Masonic Temple, on Sunday evening next. His wonderful mental achievements have excited the greatest interest among the most eminent scientists throughout the land and wherever he has been the press and public are enthusiastic over his unique and startling demonstrations. Many very wonderful manifestations will be given Sunday evening. The spirit friends of those among the audience will present themselves with loving messages from the spirit world.

Mr. Brown will no doubt be greeted with a large audience, as people who have heard of him are anxious to see what he does, and as he is the original mind reader, whose methods of operating are different from all others, the phenomenon will be of such a character as to excite unusual interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman will eat Christmas turkey at South Bend.

Miss Sallie Little will pass the holidays at Columbia City with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neise and daughter Ethel will spend Christmas with friends in Lima, Ohio.

Christmas tree and Sunday school exercises at Grace Reformed church Saturday evening.

The Misses Mary Bloom and Maggie Mugg, of Lafayette, Ind., are guests of Mrs. J. J. Neiderberger during the holidays.

The Hammond type writer would make a valuable and handsome Christmas present. See advertisement in another column.

Preaching in the Second Presbyterian church Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All are welcome.

The usual services will be held in the [illegible] Y. M. C. A. [illegible]

CHASKA FAILS.

The Dry Goods Merchant Confesses Judgments for a Big Sum and His Stock is Seized.

The suit of Sweetzer, et al, to recover $300 from Samuel Chaska was followed by attachment proceedings and this morning, before Judge O'Rourke, Mr. Chaska confessed judgments in favor of his creditors as follows:

Newman Barnhard, $1,692.56.

Peter Certis, $200.

Edward Chaska, $374.

Leopold Freiberger, $557.56.

Simon Freiberger, $644.87.

Bertha Falk, $187.66.

Leopold Falk, $1,632.35.

Falk & Lamley, $3,399.22.

Leopold Falk and trustees of Beracbe lodge No. 61, $453.45.

Dwight L. Gillett, $66.

Joseph Hayman, $448.

Wm. Jolesch and Ed. Chaska, $567.91.

Fred W. Klinger, $133.33.

Following the confessions, Mr. W. P. Breen's client was admitted among the preferred creditors and executions were issued on the stock of the dry goods man, Sheriff Nelson has the key to the store and will dispose of the stock unless an assignee is appointed and the counsel for the creditors want one, believing that Mr. Chaska has enough to pay all of them.

A SENSATION.

Churchill Resigns His Position in the English Cabinet.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The *Times* announces that Lord Churchill has resigned his office as chancellor of the exchequer, owing to his disagreement with the admirality and its officers in the matter of increasing the expenses of the government and the country, in view of the existing financial depression, and also because he does not regard with favor the home legislative measures of the government.

A $600,000 Structure.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—The contract for the chamber of commerce in this city, has been awarded to Norcross & Co., of Worcester, Mass., for $524,000. Worcester granite is the material chosen. This bid does not include excavation and carving, which will make the building cost $600,000.

WEARY OF BREATH.

Mrs. Jesse Johnson, a Female Lawyer, While in the Above Condition Hurls Herself to a Suicidal Death.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Jesse Johnson, daughter of Henry C. Murch, formerly a wealthy board of trade speculator, and wife a young lawyer at Knoxville, Iowa, threw herself into the lake at Thirty-ninth street yesterday. Her rich apparel and beautiful face attracted the attention of a group of boys who saw her hastening toward the breakwater. They saw her jump into the ice and drift that was dashing against the pier. A rope was thrown to her by the boys but she refused to grasp it. Her body was rescued by a policeman before life was extinct but efforts to revive the suicide were of no avail. She had visited the office of Dr. Chamberlain previous to her death but he was so busy and she was so agitated that he told her to come to his office to-morrow and explain her case. It is stated by friends of Mrs. Johnson that her intellect, previously brilliant, had been more or less unbalanced since her admission to the Iowa bar about four years ago. Overstndy is the cause assigned. Mrs. Johnson came to Chicago only a short time ago to place herself under the care of a physician. Her husband was to have been here to-morrow to spend the holidays in her company.

A Sensible Decision.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The president has declined to interfere in the case of James I. P. Burnside, charged with defrauding the government while holding the position of disbursing clerk of the postoffice department. Before trial Burnside was adjudged insane and has since been confined in the government asylum for the insane. His friends asked his discharge from the asylum and promised to take care of him. The president refused their petition on the ground that if Burnside is still insane, he is better off where he is, and if he is not insane he had better be remanded to jail for trial.

NOTRE DAME.

A Handsome Monument to Commemorate the Missionaries of Northern Indiana.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic* says: "At the request of Very Rev. E. Sorin, [illegible] to be erected [illegible] memory of Rt. Rev. Bishop Brute —the first bishop appointed in this state and Rev. Fathers Badin, de Seille, and Petit, early missionaries in the northern part of Indiana. The monument will consist of several steps and a triangular pedestal, bearing a full length statue of Bishop Brute with beretta in hand, saluting those who approach the main portals of the university. At each corner of the pedestal, sitting on the steps leading to it, will be placed full length figures of the three saintly missioners mentioned above. From the drawings we have already seen we can say the monument will be a grand work of art, and a historical memorial of religion. Prof. Gregori who, besides being a great painter, is also a sculptor of rare ability, will himself model the statues."

FRIGHTFUL.

Two Hundred and Fifty People Drowned in a Collision.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The British iron clad Sultan ran into and sunk the French steamer Nelle DeVictoria, while the latter was lying at anchor in Tagus. The Eella DeVictoria had 250 persons on board and the most of them were drowned. The Sultan is an iron steamship and armor plated. Both vessels were at anchor. The Sultan dragged her anchors and drifted against the Nelle Victoria.

CHRISTMAS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SENTINEL.]

Oh, Christmas! O, holy, holy night!
Holy birth night of the darling Babe,
Who, in far-off starlit cave,
Lifts His little loving arms
To Mary, mother sweet and mild.

Ring out, ye bells, so softly speaking,
of peace, and love, and holy joy;
Ring into each heart on Christmas morn
A ray of peace from the Child new born:
Perchance a tear from the Baby weeping.

Softly, sweetly, ringing bells!
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Me thinks I hear the angel's wings,
As through the midnight air the music rings.
How joyously the pean swells!

Dear holy Babe, round Thy brow
The morning glories of our love we'd twine,
Mother of the "Child Divine,"
In whose arms lay the Infant thou
Didst love, with a love subilme!

Ask of Him, O, mother blest!
As thou holdest Him to thy loving breast,
Gifts for the little ones He blest;
The fair Christ Child, thy heavenly born,
Whom angels watch this Christmas morn.
—MADGE.

The Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The stock market was extremely dull at the opening this morning. The first prices were weak, showing declines of ⅛ to ¼ per cent.

Wheat, firm and quiet, with a slight advance; No. 2 red, Jan., 90⅛@90⅛c. Corn, a trifle stronger, but very quiet, at 46@48⅛c. Oats, quiet and firm, at 35@41c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Wheat, steady at 77⅛c. Corn, steady, at 36⅛c. Oats, steady, at 26c. Rye, 53c. Barley, 51c. Flaxseed, 92⅛c. Prime timothy, $1.74. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, firm, $11.35. Lard, steady $6.20.

The Sentinel Would Like to See

Officer Fuchshuber attend drills.

Officer Wahrenburg as "the Gladiator."

Lieut. Wilkinson as a bugler.

Officer O'Connell stop winking at us.

Officer Lee's whiskers starched.

Officer Humbrecht attend Sunday school.

Officer Rohle as a dude.

Captain Diehl dance a horn pipe.

Quinn and Sheridan in an Irish reel, with Tremmel and Schroeder beating time.

A Washington correspondent to the Indianapolis *Journal* says: "Captain White, representative-elect, of Fort Wayne, is expected here soon after congress re-convenes in January."

Senator Voorhees, Hon. Joseph E. McDonald and Congressman Lowry called on the president yesterday, and immediately thereafter Judge Lowry started for his home in this city.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance association, of Allen county, Indiana, for election of officers and other business, will be held at the Allen county court house in the city of Fort Wayne on the 11th day of January, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m.

GEO. V. KELL,
Secretary.

From Sassafras, Kent Co., Md.—I find I sell as much of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as of all other cough remedies combined. J. E. Hartley, druggist.

Beware of counterfeits!—Be sure you get the genuine Salvation Oil. Have no "just as good."

FINE SILK UMBRELLAS. A capital Christmas present. Our $4 silk umbrellas with gold and silver handles, sold to-night at $2 50 apiece.
BEE HIVE DRY GOODS STORE, Calhoun and Berry streets.

One lady's solid gold watch, en[illegible]

LOCAL NEWS.

No paper to-morrow.

Try and make some one happy to-morrow.

THE SENTINEL wishes a merry, joyous Christmas to one and all.

John A. Bonham, an attorney from Hartford City, is in town.

Mr. Clarence Cromwell is home from Kansas to spend the holidays.

The total gross receipt at the G. A. R. fair will not be far from $5,000.

Police court was a blank and the justices are celebrating Christmas.

Mrs. George Gale, of Chicago, is visiting relatives and friends in the city.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Samuel M. Miller, of the *Journal*, is on the sick list.

Rudolph Kabish et al. sue Louise Cass on note for $100. J. E. Graham is attorney.

THE SENTINEL employes want to celebrate Christmas, consequently no paper will be issued.

Ed Kuhns, of Greensburg, Pa., is the guest of his brother, Mr. Jack Kuhns, at the Aveline house.

Mr. J. H. Bass presented turkeys also to the switchmen and yard engineers of the Wabash company.

The Scottish Rite Masons of Northern Indiana sat to a banquet at the Temple parlors last evening.

The Berry Street M. E. Sunday school entertainment to-morrow evening promises to be a very interesting affair.

Mr. Hike Himbert fell heavily on the sidewalk yesterday and cut his scalp severely. Dr. J. M. Dinnen attends him.

The funeral of Miss Lizzie Graffe will occur to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock instead of 2 o'clock as announced yesterday.

Most of the men in the Olds wagon works were laid off till January 1. Only the blacksmith department is still running.

Mr. Wm. Sparks, at one time the old Bijou theatre manager, is in the city looking for a place to establish a first class variety theatre.

The street committee of the council was up on Lafayette street to-day consulting with the railroad authorities about that thoroughfare.

Geo. L. McCrary and Elma Eliza Kryder, Cyrus E. Miller and Harriet M. Turner, Thomas J. Hendman and Luara Unger have been licensed to wed.

There will be a great game of curling at the Brookside farm to-morrow morning. The play will be called at 10:30 and begin promptly at 11 o'clock.

All scholars of the Wayne Street M. E. church are requested to bring to the Christmas services to-morrow night some article of food or clothing for the poor.

Agent Newton, of the Wabash road, has been ordered to make a complete inventory of all the property of the Wabash company under his charge till December 31.

President J. K. McCracken, his private secretary, Seymour Boyd, and Superintendent Alfred Langley, arrived here last night to spend the holidays with their families.

THE SENTINEL reporter yesterday looked at as neat a Christmas gift as human skill devises. It was a jewel box hand painted and gilded by the sisters of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a friend and patron in this city.

There was a big party at the residence of Mr. Tom Greer, in Pleasant township, last night. Mr. and Mrs. Greer were in the city yesterday, and returning home found their firends awaiting them with a royal welcome. The occasion was Mrs. Greer's birthday and it will always be cherished as the happiest of her life.

Warren D. Spore has sold to Daniel M. Hays lot 29, Hanna & Fisher's addition, for $500; H. R. Bond to G. W. Seavey lot 87, Chute's homestead, for $1,000; Frank W. Pond to Thomas B. Shoaff part of lot 47, Old Plat, for $9,000; Esther A. Orff to Daniel Tagtmeyer lots 23 to 26, Huffman's addition, for $500; Charles C. Aldrich to T. J. and M. H. Dills lot 60, Fairfield's addition, for $4,000.

You are cordially invited to attend service on Christmas day at Trinity (Episcopal) church. The principal service will begin at 10:30 a. m. Musical program: "Gloria," from the Twelfth Mass, Mozart; "Gloria in Excelsis," Dudley Buck; Te Deum, Woodward. Solos by Miss Hinks, Miss Burdick and Master Maguire; Duett by Mr. Horace Hanna and Mr. D. S. Griffith; Jubilate, Lambillotte; anthem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings"; trio—"Praise Ye"—Verdi, Miss Randall, Miss Burdick and Mr. D. S. Griffith; baritone solo, "Nazereth"—Mr. D. S. Griffith.

The postoffice will be open on Christmas day from 9 to 11 a. m., in order to give the public an opportunity to call for mail which will not be delivered by carriers until Monday.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO.,
3 KEYSTONE BLOCK.

A CARD TO OUR PATRONS.

The rush was so great on Friday and Saturday that we were unable to wait on all. All who can do so are requested to call in the forenoon and thus avoid the crowds.

Cheapest Shoe Store in Indiana.
Massachusetts Shoe Co
3 KEYSTONE BLOCK!

Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1886.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Beauties and Novelties of the Present Season.

WINTER FASHIONS FOR FAIR DAMES.

Handsome Outfits for Lovely Women During the Present and Coming Months.

Velvet, plush, and felt are the materials used for hats and bonnets. For ordinary wear, a felt is the most serviceable, it does not catch the dust, and is not affected by the rain or snow.

FELT.

In felt hats, there are a number of shapes which are noticeable for the old shaped crowns which they possess. Crowns with a ridge are popular, and those with a sliced-off crown are also favorite.

Almost all the felt hats have brims and most of them have a rolled brim. Any and all forms of the turban are worn.

In felt bonnets there is a variety of shapes, none of them, however, are very large. A close, narrow brim and a turned-over felt hat brim are the two prominent styles.

Velvet is the usual trimming, and fancy feathers or novelty velvets are used for the aigrettes.

PLUSH AND VELVET.

Soft crowns is a feature in plush and velvet hats, especially so the shapes, which by the position on the head, may be termed either a hat or a bonnet.

Rolled brims of both hats and bonnets are covered smoothly when the crown is soft, and fulled when the crown is smooth. This custom shows clearly the exact place of the joining, which is one of the fashions of this season.

In soft crowns, those pleated loosely and going in two directions are very pretty. Another pretty crown is pleated from the back in graduated pleats, which are raised high in the front of the crown.

All kinds of fancy feathers are used. Fancy feathers include wings, breasts, tufted tips; indeed, everything made of feathers, excepting plumes. All these trimmings are massed high in front.

Often the brim and crown are different colors, and then a fan-shaped bow of velvet, faced in the color of the brim, is a pretty front trimming.

FOR GIRLS AND CHILDREN.

Winter hats are large for young girls, and flat turbans are worn by girls verging into womanhood.

Beautiful silk beaver hats, with a wide brim, trimmed with tips of faille ribbon or bunches of feather pompons in the same color, are the elegant hats for young girls.

Wide felt hats trimmed in astrakan or pompons are very pretty, too.

Turbans are trimmed in velvet, ribbons, breasts, or tips. In the manner of trimming, the fashion in vogue for ladies determine that for girls.

Soft worsted caps lined with silk and ornamented with silk and worsted pompons, are comfortable and pretty for small boys and girls.

Cashmere with a raised silk pattern is used for making infant bonnets.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

The materials employed for the costumes of children and young girls are in the main the same as those used for the toilets of their mothers and grown-up sisters. Plain, striped, and chequered woolens are all permissible, provided the stripes are not excessively wide nor the chequers of the largest dimensions. Plush and velvet will be used as trimmings for these costumes, and also for more dressy toilets combined with faille, poplin, or sicilienne. Striped and figured plushes will be less rarely employed; few mothers care to dress their children in these costly fabrics, which are unsuitable for childish costumes both from their appearance and their want of durability.

GIRLS' COSTUMES.

The woolen costumes for girls over 12 are made in the same simple styles that are adopted by older wearers for these materials. The skirt is box-pleated all round, if made of striped or chequered fabric, but plain, that is to say gathered or pleated from the waist at the sides and back, if made of figured material. Over this is a simply-draped tunic, long on one side, but caught up high on the other, or else shorter and either rounded or pointed in front.

The corsage is made in various ways, as an open jacket over a full plastron of plain surah, or over a plain waistcoat of striped or figured material matching the skirt. Pleated bodices, with deep, round basques, like Norfolk jackets, are also in vogue, and are worn with a leather belt fastened by a buckle.

Many of these rough woolen fabrics are made up with a pleated skirt and a polonaise draped like a rounded tablier in front. The corsage has draped bretelles ending in points under a metal clasp, below the waist, and framing a pointed plastron of surah guaged at the neck in several rows, and mounted on a deep rounded collar band of plush or velvet. The polonaise is fastened down the center under the surah plastron, and the opening, which is continued for a few inches below the point of the plastron, is drawn with the drapery toward the left side, and disappears in the folds of the tablier. The sleeves are trimmed with plush pareménts matching the collar band.

MODELS FOR GIRLS.

The [illegible] pastoral for youthful [illegible]

[illegible] added the open jackets, made without pleats in front, which are very much worn by young girls, and long, close-fitting jackets taking the place of a basque, and generally open over a plastron or waistcoat. Redingotes with pointed fronts like the bodice of a riding habit, and long pleats at the back falling to the edge of the skirt, are stylish for girls over twelve.

A material much used for the costumes of young girls is a rough woolen, with wide black and white stripes. The skirt is plain and full, especially at the back, and there is neither tunic nor back drapery. The corsage is a jacket, tight-fitting at the back, and terminating in a pleated postillion basque; the fronts open over a chemisette of cerise foulard, with a small pattern of sprigs of white flowers. A deep collar and paremente of pleated foulard complete the costume which is both youthful and original.

Latest Effects in Jewelry.

The Marquis ring is still supreme in fine goods.

One or more forget-me-nots are now worn pendant from rings.

Stars appear in great variety in pins, often combined with flower work.

Buttercups now find a place in enamel work both as pins and as settings for bracelets.

An open envelope in Roman finish, having a little bouquet within, is a decided novelty in pins.

Abroad bar pins set in silver are set with large cats' eyes or occasionally with hematites and cats' eyes.

Groups of daisies or wild roses are favorite enamelled pins, the long stems being sometimes preferred.

Ball ear drops, in Etruscan finish, with one or two small groups of turquoise set on them, are neat.

Who would think that a section of a cow's horn when polished would make anything so beautiful in its variegated tints as some of the late devices.

A beautiful charm for a watch chain is a hollow ball that opens, and inside is to be placed a small sponge to hold perfume, the outside of the ball to be of openwork design, allowing the odor to spread in the atmosphere around the wearer. These can be attached to fans, to handkerchiefs, and bracelets.

The popular gem seems to be the moonstone, perhaps from its supposed supernatural power to bring good luck. In one of the windows are shown exquisite designs of moonstone set in wishbones for pins, carrying the double meaning of a wish coming true and good luck, besides the beauty of the pin itself.

The conventional long and narrow designs for jewelry are not the prevailing ones, but each ornament takes the form of an object—a dog's head, a figure in a hammock, a leaf, a group of three acorns, an anchor decorated with brilliants, a rose in bright or chased burnished gold with a gem in the center are among the novelties.

Two or three years ago the extent of the desire for long pins with an ornamental head was for two pins, in a most unobtrusive way, to hold down the bows of a lady's bonnet strings; now the number of long pins for a lady's hair and throat is becoming so great as to take up a very large corner in every one's jewel case.

Notes of the Fashions.

ALL shades of violet and heliotrope are in high favor. Both stripes and plaids prevail.

THE round waist, with its graceful belt adornings, is still a feature among novel French costumes.

IN the matter of buttons fashion has decreed that rich dresses must have them of solid gold. Many of the fancy buttons are of so rich a design that they may be classed among jewelry.

A CAPOTE of bronze felt has the brim bound with pale pink velvet. A cluster of nodding ostrich feathers passed in front and an aigrette form the trimming. The short strings are of pink velvet ribbon.

NEW cloth bonnets in all shades of color and black are seen. They are in Fanchon and capote shapes and decorated with jet and silk balls around the brims and crowns, and will require very little trimming.

A BLACK velvet capote, with bands of jet, has the brim bordered with fancifully-cut jet beads. A large kind of white silk lace is transfixed by an amber dagger with a jet hilt. The knot is arranged upon the bonnet so that the highest part is at the crown.

GOLD braiding and passementerie are used as bordering on the folds in the front of skirts. Arabesques of cord and braid are the usual designs for the passementerie. Sometimes jet or colored beads are introduced. On one side there is a straight edge, by which it is sewed when it is used as edging.

NOW THAT old mine diamonds are the favorite of royalty there will be a demand for these stones that are so distingue. They are to many persons more attractive than those worn in recent years. A prominent up-town jeweler has some fine specimens that were originally the property of the Khedive.

BRILLIANT-HUED arabesques, leaf designs, shaded exotics, heraldic figures, and bourette effects in silk Astrakhan are now exhibited in new dress and cloak fabrics. These are shown upon the fronts of Louis XIII. waistcoats, the edges of panels, bodices, collars, and cuffs, if wrap to correspond be made of the brocaded fabrics alone.

MODERN fashion, not content with the combination of one material for the skirt and one for the tunic, requires that all the trimmings and accessories of the bodice and tunic, or upper-skirt, should be of the same material as the under-skirt, or matched to it; by accessories we mean the collar, plastron or vest, [illegible]backings, revers as the [illegible] [illegible] and so on.

THE FAIR SEX.

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle About Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

In Style.

Mrs. Arlington—I want a thermometer. Give me the best you have.

Optician—Well, here is one of the finest Venetian glass, and the very best quicksilver.

Mrs. Arlington—Quicksilver? I want it for my drawing-room. Haven't you any thermometer with quick gold? I shan't mind the cost, you know.

Why His Wife Never Asked Him for Money.

"Battersby, my wife is almost worrying me to death. There isn't a day that she doesn't ask me for money."

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Roberts. My wife hasn't asked me for money since we were married."

"O, she hasn't, eh? Maybe she's dumb?"

"No."

"Or goes through your pockets while you're asleep?"

"No."

"Why doesn't she ask you for money?"

"Her father keeps her. Keeps me, too."

How Ladies Redden Their Lips.

"So far as my experience goes," said a physician, "painting the lips is not a widespread vice in America. It is seldom restorted to, for men of the smallest observation know the methods women pursue in making their lips red."

"What do you mean?"

"They bite them. It is impossible to se a woman in a car or anywhere when men are around that they do not continually press their lips with their teeth and bite them with more or less fierceness. This brings the blood to them and makes them red. Still, as it also keeps them from chapping in the winter, there is no reason why it should be condemned. As for cosmetics, they have almost gone out of date, and have not anything like the run they used to have. Women have at last learned that good health brings color, and exercise has taken the place of powder and paint."

Think a Moment.

Think a moment. Will you be led to say: "The good old ways are good enough for me," and so drop into the swollen ranks of teacherdom, or rattle awhile on a martyrized piano, and then set up for a musician, though you have not a particle of music in throat or finger-tip? Or will you stay at home and let papa support you until you grow tired of doing nothing and expecting nothing, and proceed to marry some man whom you endure rather than love, just to get decently out of your dilemma?

Nay, I do you injustice. Few girls who breathe the free air of our western prairies will be so cowardly. I may not construct your horoscope, but this much I will venture—that when you marry, no matter what you find, you will seek not a name, behind which to cover up the insignificance of your own; not a "good provider," to feed and clothe one who has learned how to feed and clothe herself; not a "natural protector," to shield you in his plaidie, the laddie, from the cauld, cauld blast; but you will seek (and may heaven grant that you shall find) that rarest, choicest, most elusive prize of man's existence, as of woman's: one which—mournfully I say it—the modern marriage is by no means certain to involve, namely, a mate.—*Frances E. Willard.*

A Plea for the Fluctuating Female.

Modern fiction seems to like to dwell more and more upon the uncertain, unpredictable, illogical action of the female mind, as if it were a fault or a reproach. There is usually a touch of satire in the kindly writer when he appears to dwell admiringly upon the changing moods, whims, impulses, of a lovely woman. By pointing these out and dwelling upon them he gets a reputation of understanding woman, of having surprised her secret. He sometimes has the air of expecting to improve her, or at least to change her, by holding up to view her inconsequent, fluctuating conduct. He seems to be searching, furthermore, for some law of her being that will apply to all women, so that when he has studied one he will know all. And always, in one way or another, it is impressed upon the public mind that this non-uniformity of action according to some plain law is somehow a reproach to the sex. All literature, in fact, is full of this notion that what with insufferable insolence is called the inconstancy of woman is a most unfortunate element in human life, that because you cannot predict from what a woman did yesterday what she will do to-morrow, or because no two women can be expected to act alike under similar circumstances, therefore our social life is all a muddle. Now it were easy to prove that a chief charm of woman is in her infinite variety and unexpectedness, but the fluctuating female needs to rest her defense upon no such superficial argument. This, her fluctuating quality, is the necessary basis of society and of polite letters. Probably it is the only thing that will save us from the cast-iron uniformity of the results of social science.

Take the novel. The interest of the novel—the real story, not the social science tract—is in love-making. And the interest in the love-making in the novel lies in the uncertainty and individuality of the female mind; that is to say, every time is positively a new one. Not only is it impossible to lay down a rule of action for this mind, a rule evolved from the study of innumerable cases in fiction and in real life, but it is next to impossible to predict what will be its action from a study of its own tendency. Hence the inexhaustible interest of the comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and the infinite resources of the student of love-making and the adjustment of the relation of man to woman, which is the great business of life. The interest in the novel, if it is a story of love, is inexhaustible not only because every woman is different from every other, but because every real woman has infinite variety of impulse and action in herself. If the lover in the novel were sure to find his beloved every day just the same, the public would not care to read about more than one interview. Fiction would perish of monotony. If the female mind had a law of uniformity, and the novelist were to discover it, he would simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of literature. He would dissipate all the mystery and charm of his art. But there is no danger. The novel in this is a reflection of real life. The great interest of the world lies in the uncertainty attending love-making, and in the variety, the incalculable mood and action, of woman in all circumstances. Take an appeal to experience. It is true that there are women who are comparatively stolid, reduced to rule and uniformity. But they are uninteresting. Who is it that forever excites, charms, attracts, and makes life lively and varied and worth living? It is the fluctuating female, the woman who does and says the unexpected, who—to make the case extreme—has tears one minute and smiles the next, who can pass easily from gay to grave, and keep expectation on tiptoe for her delightful variations. Life would be intolerably stupid if she were otherwise.

Doubtless she somehow obeys a law of her being, a higher law that cannot be measured and reduced to rule. And it is this quality of fluctuation that is the hope and safety of society. We have a conceit in these days that if we can get together a sufficient number of facts on any subject, we can evolve a certain general rule. We hope by-and-by to make a science of political economy out of our observations. We do, in fact, set up a machinery of this sort based upon facts, and are surprised that it does not work, forgetting that we have left out of the calculation such imponderables as imagination, need of sympathy, and other elusive mental and moral conditions. Now woman, with her divinely ordered variableness and obedience to the higher law of being, which we conceitedly call illogical, stands fortunately in the way of a cast-iron sociology, or science of it, by which we are all expected to become parts of a piece of machinery moving with clock-like precision. Man does not know what is good for him. He thinks he likes regularity and uniformity, and he works at his formula to produce them. If he could realize his idea he would die of monotony. If he were able to predict from his experience what any given woman would do next—that is any real woman whose individuality is not crushed out of her—he would find that the world had lost all its salt and relish. Changeable? Let us hope so. If the wind did not blow and shift, and give us now a zephyr and now a hurricane, the atmosphere would stagnate, and life on the globe become insupportable. It is perfectly well known that man, left to himself, is likely to fall into ruts and habits, and grow uninteresting. We sometimes say that he is uncertain. And so he is in a most disagreeable way; but is a plodding, uniform subject compared with the other sex, whose incalculable mood or humor is in human life what the weather is to nature—sunshine, clouds, rain, animation. To know the future would be a very doubtful boon. But to know woman, to know one woman, or for a woman to know herself, would take the zest out of life. What we are pleased in our conceit to call in her sex the fluctuating female is the delightful, saving, indispensable element in the higher economy of life.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

It is a fact not generally known that the Flying Dutchman was a real ship and its captain a real character. In the early seventeenth century, when competition between the Dutch and English for East Indian trade ran high, one ship, plying between Rotterdam and Java, was known as the Flying Dutchman. Its captain and owner was one Bernard Fokke, whose name deserves to be exhumed as that of the first man who used iron in the construction of a ship. Sheets of iron were visible in many parts of Fokke's ship, and the populace, knowing well that iron naturally sinks, grew suspicious when this one, instead of sinking, surpassed all others in swiftness.

It seemed "uncanny," as the Scotch say. Wiseacres of the wharf shook their heads as the big taciturn captain passed to his ship which so defied the laws of specific gravity. With what dark power of the air or the wave was he in league? When from one of its voyages the Flying Dutchman never returned these suspicions organized into the seed from which grew the well-known superstition. It was whispered that, in trying to round the Cape of Good Hope, the iron-bound ship was repeatedly driven back by storms, till at last the captain cried, "I will round that cape if it takes me till Judgment Day!" Then a voice of thunder echoed down from the sky—"till Judgment Day!" So the Flying Dutchman was believed to be doomed to try and round the cape till Judgment Day.—*Moncure D. Conway, in Philadelphia Press.*

LOVE is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.—*Alphonse Karr.*

THE CHILDREN.

Matters Funny and Otherwise, Selected for Little Readers.

BOYS AND THEIR WAYS.

A Sharp-Eyed Boy—"The Cellar-Door Club," a Very Funny Story.

A Sharp-Eyed Boy.

A poor lad living near Philadelphia was invited a couple of years ago by a wealthy friend in town to dine with him. Among the dishes new to him on the table he noticed that which he particularly relished was set down on the menu as "Filet de bœuf aux champignons." A sharp scrutiny showed him the "champignons" were only mushrooms, such as he had gathered on the sheep-walks. These, however, as his friend explained to him, were of finer quality, and had been cultivated and canned in France. They sold at retail, his friend explained to him, readily at 60 cents a can. Strolling through the market the next day, the boy saw one or two quart baskets of native mushrooms marked at that price.

"Is there much demand for these things?" he asked. "We do not think much of them in the country."

"They are considered a rare delicacy," said the man, "but only epicures can afford to buy them."

The lad passed on with a new thought in his brain. Why could he not grow mushrooms? He was poor, to be sure, had little time to spare from his regular work, and had no land. Here was a crop which he had been told could be raised in a cellar, one for which there was already a demand which could easily be increased, and no supply. He went home and during the next few weeks read every book he could find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a back cellar, manufactured his spawn with a few old mushrooms and the manure heap, and last fall filled the market with his boxes of tiny silver buttons, blushing delicate pink. They were of precisely the same quality as the French canned champignons, only they were dewy fresh and sold at 20 cents. Epicures eagerly filled their baskets, and others who had never tasted them, in the prevailing high prices of food, tried the new cheap vegetable and came again and again. The crop fairly took the market, and the boy has already laid up a snug sum toward going to college.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Cellar-Door Club.

What queer places boys have of assembling! Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Hay-mows, river banks, threshing floors—these were the old places of resort for the country boys. And nothing was so sweet to me, when I was a boy, as the newly-cut clover hay, where I sat with two or three companions, watching the barn swallows chattering their incomprehensible gabble and gossip from the doors of their mud houses in the rafters. And what stories we told, and what talk we had! In the city who does not remember the old-fashioned cellar-door, sloping down to the ground? These were always places of resort. I'm afraid there are many evil things learned in these places of resort, but there are also many good things. A boy's parents ought to know whom he meets, but he must have company.

Tom Miller was the minister's son, and there was a party of boys who met regularly on Parson Miller's cellar-door. Mrs. Miller used herself to listen to the stories they told, as she sat by the window above them, though they were unconscious of her presence. They were boys full of life and ambition, but they were a good set of boys on the whole, and it was not till lessons were learned and work done that they met thus on the cellar-door. They belonged to the same Sunday-school class, and besides were "cronies" in all respects. There was Tom Miller, the minister's son, who intended to be a minister himself, and Jimmy Jackson, the shoemaker's boy, as full of fun and playfulness as a kitten, and poor Will Sampson, who stammered, and Harry Wilson, the son of a wealthy banker, and a brave boy too, and John Harlan, the widow's son, pale and slender, the pet of all, and great, stout Hans Schlegel, who bade fair to be a great scholar. These half-dozen were always on the cellar-door for half an hour on Friday evenings, when they happened to have a little more leisure than on other evenings.

"I say, boys," said Hans, "I've got an idea."

"How strange it must seem to you," said Tom Miller, whereupon they all laughed, good-natured Hans with the rest.

"Do let us hear it," said Harry; "there has not been an idea in this crowd for a month."

"Well," said Hans, "let's every fellow tell a story here on the cellar-door, turn about, Friday evenings."

"All except m-m-me," stammered Sampson, who was always laughing at his own defect; "I c-c-couldn't g-g-get through be-be-before midnight."

"Well," said Miller, "we'll make Will Sampson chairman to keep us in order."

They all agreed to this, and Sampson moved to the top of the cellar door and said: "G-g-gentlemen, th-th-this is th-th-the proudest m-m-moment of my life. I'm president of the C-c-cellar D-d-door C-c-club! M-m-many thanks! Harry Wilson will tell the first st-st-story."

"Agreed!" said the boys. After thinking a minute, Harry began:

"I'll tell you a story that my father told me. In a village in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Susquehanna, there lived a wealthy man."

"Once upon a time," said Jimmy Jackson.

"B-be st-still! Come to order th-th-there, Jackson," stammered the chairman, and the story went on.

"Yes, once upon a time there lived a wealthy man who had two sons. The father was very anxious to make great men of them, or at least educated men. I think, or rather my father thinks, that their father used to dream that one of these boys would grow to be President and that the other would be a member of Congress at any rate. But, whilst his younger son grew to be a good student, the other one was a good, honest, industrious, and intelligent boy, who did not much like books. His father intended to make him a lawyer, and he got on well enough in arithmetic and geography, but grammar came hard, and when he got into Latin he blundered dreadfully. He studied to please his parents, and from a sense of duty, but it mortified him greatly to think that he could not succeed as the other boys did. For you know it is hard to succeed in anything unless your heart is in it. And so one night he sat down and cried to think he must be a dolt. His mother found him weeping, and tried to comfort him. She walked out in the dusky evening with him and talked. But poor David, for that was his name, was broken-hearted. He had tried with all his might to get interested in 'Hic, hæc, hoc,' but it was no use. He said there was something lacking in his head. 'And I'll never amount to anything, never! Brother Joe gets his lessons in a few minutes, and I can't get mine at all.'

"His mother did not know what to say. But she only said that God had some use for everybody. She knew that David was not wanting in intelligence. In practical affairs he showed more shrewdness than his brother. But his father had set his heart on making him a scholar. That very day the teacher had said to his father that it was no use.

"'Your father,' she said, 'intends to take you from school, and it is a great disappointment to him. But we know that you have done your best, and you must not be disheartened. If you were lazy we should feel a great deal worse.'

"Just then they came to the orchard brook. Here she saw in the dim light something moving in the water.

"'What is that, David?' she said.

"'That's my flutter-wheel, and I feel like breaking it to pieces.'

"'Why?'

"'Well, you see, all the boys made little water-mills to be run by the force of the stream. We call them "flutter wheels." But I made one so curious that it beat them all,' he said.

"'Show it to me, Davie,' she said. And David explained it to her, forgetting all about his unhappiness in his pleasure of showing the little cog-wheels and the under-shot wheel that drove it. 'And why do you want to break it up?' she asked.

"'Because, mother, Sam Peters said I should never be good for anything but to make flutter-wheels, and it is true, I am afraid.'

"'If you were a poor man's son, David, you might be a good mechanic,' said his mother.

"That night Davie resolved to be a mechanic. 'I won't be a good-for-nothing man in the world. If I can't be a learned professor I may be a good carpenter or a blacksmith. If I learn to make a good horseshoe I'll be worth something.' So the next morning he asked his father's leave to enter a machine shop. His father said he might, and with all the schoolboys laughing at him, he took his tin pail with his lunch in it and went into the shop each morning. And now he began to love books, too. He gathered a library of works on mechanics. Everything relating to machinery he studied. He took up mathematics and succeeded. After a while he rose to a good position in the shop. And he became at last a great railroad engineer. He built that great bridge at Blankville."

"Why," said John Harlan, "I thought your Uncle David built that."

"So he did," said Harry. "My uncle was the boy that could not learn Latin. But he wasn't above honest work, and tried to be useful."

"I suppose," said Tom Miller, "that God has use for us all, boys. Perhaps Jimmy's father was as much intended to serve God making shoes as mine in preaching the Gospel. What a mistake it must be to get in the wrong place, though."

"The m-m-meeting's adjourned," said the president. "Jimmy Jackson will be the sp-peaker at the n-next meeting of the Cellar D-door C-club."—*Edward Eggleston, in Christian at Work.*

COOKING ON BOARD SHIP.

My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was—how many practical lessons might be learned from it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks complain, "there is no doing anything in this pokey kitchen," the pokey kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch, and dinner have to be prepared for over 200 persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

MME. PATTI is reported as so much broken up over the Mexican ticket swindle, and so apprehensive of her reception at the hands of the indignant Mexicans, that she has refused to go to Mexico. On the other hand, some people believe that the whole affair is an advertising scheme of her manager, and that the alleged bogus tickets will all be redeemed.

[illegible] injuries.—*Cervantes.*

THE "WIZARD" WINS.

An Exciting Billiard Contest between Jacob Schaefer and George Slosson.

The Little Dutchman Defeats the Chicago Man—Some Very Brilliant Playing.

Central Music Hall was packed from pit to gallery, Friday evening, with people who had assembled to witness the great cushion-carrom match between George Slosson, of Chicago, and Jacob Schaefer, of St. Louis, the two billiard champions of the world, says the Chicago *Daily News*. Among the assemblage were many ladies, and the private boxes presented a fine display of elegant toilets. After a few moments' delay Mr. John W. McCullough, of St. Louis, stepped forward and introduced the champions with a few timely remarks. The speaker briefly announced the conditions of the game—cushion carroms, 500 points up, for $2,000 a side and all the gate receipts. The men lost no time in getting ready for play. Both stripped off their coats and appeared in dark knit jackets. A moment later they were banking for the lead. Schaefer won by an eighth of an inch. In the eighth inning Schaefer made the largest run of the game—48. Beginning with the balls in the upper left-hand corner of the table, he rattled up the counts at a surprising rate of speed for cushion carroms.

JACOB SCHAEFER.

Some of his shots barely moved the balls, and yet they all went to the cushion in order to make the count. His delicacy of play surprised even the most knowing ones, and a murmur of admiration ran through the crowded auditorium as he kept on counting. For a while Slosson seemed a little rattled, but after a few singles and a miss or two he began to creep up. With runs of 5, 15, and 17 in rotation he crept up a little, but in the eighteenth inning Schaefer knocked out 17 points and opened up a gap again. The 17 points made Schaefer a round 100, while Slosson had 69 buttons shoved up on his side of the string. The players kept on hammering away, and the score kept creeping up about as fast as the regulation gait of a North Side car.

GEORGE SLOSSON.

Slosson would keep plodding along until he was within hailing distance of Shaefer, and then the latter would wake up and go speeding along, leaving Slosson behind him. But the game was not stupid, by any means. A great variety of shots were shown, even if the men did not move along very fast, and there were frequent bursts of applause when any surprising venture resulted in a count. At the end of the forty-fifth inning the score stood 209 for Schaefer to 136 for Slosson. Thus far in the game Shaefer had shown himself the stronger of the two. His specialty seemed to be to get the balls near the rail and then, by delicate nursing shots, knock out double figures nearly every time. Slosson, on the other hand, depended more on open-table play, and seemed unable to take advantage of the very positions which netted the most points for his antagonist.

In his eighty-first inning Schaefer made a run of 37. During the spurt he gave the finest exhibition of cushion-carrom playing that was ever witnessed in public. His delicate mastery of the balls was perfectly marvelous. Men who had been used to see cushion carroms played in hammer-and-tongs style were astounded. The game at that time stood: Schaefer, 416; Slosson, 259.

Men who were friends of Slosson looked blue, and even the friends of Schaefer pitied him, and said: "Poor George! The little Dutchman is murdering him. He has played him to a stand-still." But they did not give Slosson credit for the nerve he really possessed. With such an opponent as Jacob Schaefer leading him 157 points in such a game as cushion carroms he settled down to work and astonished every one by his brilliant finish. As if by magic the hare became the tortoise and the tortoise the hare. In the face of Schaefer's run Slosson rattled up 22 points before he missed on a difficult single-cushion venture. From that time on the game became exciting, as Slosson steadily gained on Schaefer, who seemed unable to play even an ordinary game. For twenty-seven innings he never once reached double figures. He missed easy shots, made a couple of miscues, played in bad luck, and altogether frightened his backers in a most painful manner. In the meantime Slosson was playing much better than he had been doing during any part of the game.

After a dozen innings devoted to this staggering duel, Schaefer suddenly seemed to recover, and, as easy as if he were rattling peas in a cup, he knocked out 15 points. Slosson followed with a goose-egg, while Schaefer added 7 more buttons to his string. Then Slosson pulled himself together for the last effort, and with many a brilliant shot he collected 17 points, every one of which was worth a $10 bill to him just at that time. When he at last missed at the 430th point, just by the width of a hair, Schaefer chalked his cue, set his teeth, and then, marching up to the table, he ran up the ten points needed to make game as easily as if nothing were at stake. When the winner scored his five hundredth point Slosson tossed his cue aside and shook Schaefer warmly by the hand, and the next instant two or three hundred excited men rushed forward and fell on the little Dutchman. They slapped him on the back, cheered for him, and tried to carry him out of the hall on their shoulders, and would have succeeded had not a friend rushed up and rescued him while another friend presented him with an elegant gold watch and chain of Tiffany's make. Following is the score:

Schaefer—0, 1, 0, 2, 0, 3, 3, 48, 7, 6, 0, 0, 0, 3, 9, 1, 0, 17, 0, 0, 0, 6, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 22, 4, 0, 4, 2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1, 1, 6, 38, 9, 0, 0, 11, 12, 1, 1, 6, 0, 1, 2, 6, 0, 7, 1, 3, 0, 15, 0, 11, 16, 2, 2, 0, 0, 0, 36, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 36, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 9, 7, 29, 12, 37, 1, 1, 2, 7, 2, 2, 0, 0, 1, 3, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 8, 4, 3, 4, 1, 0, 1, 4, 3, 2, 15, 7, 10—500.

Slosson—1, 0, 0, 2, 3, 14, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 5, 15, 17, 4, 2, 0, 12, 0, 0, 2, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1, 12, 0, 3, 0, 3, 0, 6, 0, 0, 0, 3, 5, 0, 3, 0, 1, 13, 0, 5, 3, 7, 11, 2, 6, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 11, 0, 1, 1, 0, 6, 3, 2, 1, 0, 1, 17, 10, 2, 0, 3, 0, 0, 5, 3, 6, 3, 10, 0, 22, 1, 1, 2, 15, 0, 14, 17, 0, 0, 10, 5, 13, 0, 10, 0, 6, 4, 1, 6, 1, 0, 6, 3, 9, 4, 0, 2, 0, 17—430.

Schaefer—Average, 4 56-111; highest runs, 36, 37, and 48.

Slosson—Average, 3 100-110; highest runs, 17, 17, 32.

Christmas Fifty Years Since.

Fifty years ago Christmas Day in New England was regarded as a Popish institution, and the cross a Popish symbol, both of which our Puritan fathers abhorred. Such bigotry, it is pleasing to record, has passed away, and now churches of every name adopt the symbol of the cross and keep Christmas, unless it be a very few of those who have adopted the old Puritanical notions, and can see no good in anything but that which makes men solemn and unhappy. Such men, instead of making [illegible] day a day of [illegible]

THE CHRISTMAS ELVES.

BY T. B. ALDERSON.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
And as cold as ever can be,
And down where the cedar, and fir, and pine,
And the hoary hemlock tree
Sing and wail to the brook all night,
As the breezes sweep with caress or blight,
Comes the echo of mighty glee.

For there, all hidden from mortal sight,
Are the fairy-folks, you know,
Under the grasses, away from the light,
Under the ice and snow.
In glittering palace of frosty rime,
And towers and turrets of needles of pine,
They constantly come and go.

And they heed not the revels of lady or lord,
These elves of the forest far;
They heed not the conquest of battle and sword,
Nor the glimmer of sun or star.
For their eyes are like diamonds, and gleam like the fire,
And their soft tripping feet never falter or tire,
As their garments of gossamer are.

But these have their mission, the fairy books say,
And surely the story is sweet;
They go forth when the dark night succeeds to the day,
The dear little children to meet.
All unknown and unseen, they listen and smile,
And they stay at the pillows of sleepers awhile,
And guess what they dream, then away.

These are the fairies of good Santa Claus,
These are the elves that he minds,
To tell him which ones of the children are good,
'Mid the children of various kinds;
And he writes down their names on a tablet of gold,
And he makes up his presents, as you have been told,
And each little good one he finds.

So—thus the story—my child, you'll agree
That if you are pleasant and true,
When evening comes down in its sweetness and glee,
You'd better look out what you do.
For if you've been good through the long, earnest day,
The fairies will come thick and fast in array,
And Santa Claus won't forget you.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

I.—Down Below Freezing Point.

BY W. E. HILZ.

A radiant December afternoon, the sky a dome of spotless blue, the sun a gleaming sapphire, the air pure and bracing as clearest wine. The ground was hard and frozen, but except that here and there in some shaded copse a handful of snow nestled like a cluster of white roses, and the leafless, shriveled bushes that lined the wayside were mute witnesses to the harsh breath of the north wind, any stranger to the long reach of timber, hill and winding water-way, would have believed winter at its birth or death, would have thought of October or April, instead of the merry, happy season that it was—Christmas! In all Christendom its joys and pleasures hovered never so cheerily as at Lyndhurst, and to the pleasant village overlooking the river, as to the lordly domain known as "The Towers," a mile distant, the recurring celebrations of yule-tide ever brought a harmony and delight that was unalloyed and heartful. Upon that lovely afternoon, buoyant and beautiful under the influences of the day, bright and blissful in anticipation of the dawning evening, two girls tripped gayly along the path that led through the grand old forest from the village to The Towers. They had crossed the primitive stile that was a lovers' trysting-place to the lads and lasses of the village, had already come in sight of the palatial mansion that showed through the trees beyond, and their vivacious tones imparted to anyone who might be within hearing the fact that The Towers was their destination, and that they were favored guests at the ancestral home of old Geoffrey Thorne, who yearly welcomed to his hospitable roof a coterie of relatives and friends whose holiday festivities were a bright spot in his old age.

They chatted so carelessly that they could scarcely have dreamed that the tangled wood held listeners. Their radiant faces, flushed with the hue of health by the invigorating air, and their sparkling eyes were too ingenuous and innocent to permit a suspicion that they had been aware of the proximity of an auditor since they had crossed the stile, and yet, as they passed beneath a towering giant of the forest, and its sheltering branches filtered the sunlight to a flooring of mottled gold, the older of the twain paused and glanced archly at her companion, with a deep, mischievous twinkle in her soft hazel eyes.

"Look, Eunice!" she said, gayly, as she lifted her glance to a pendant growth on the tree. "The mistletoe!"

Whatever of tradition or romance the accidental discovery of the old-time appendage of Christmas cheer imparted to the speaker, her composed face told that it awakened less of expectancy than of happy, complacent memories. Her more youthful companion looked more shyly, however, and a timid blush crossed her beautiful face.

"The hour has come, dear Eunice, but not the man. Dear! dear! how ungallant the ruder sex are, not to be dying for just such a privilege as this! Think of it! exactly under the mistletoe, and no horrid man to steal the time-honored kiss, and insure wealth and fame and happiness for a whole year to a pair of lonely, lovelorn maidens!"

Blanche Thorne's playful badinage ended with a merry laugh, but this in turn gave place to a little shriek of dismay. The soft pressure of an arm half-encircled her shoulder; a bright, handsome face peered past her own.

"The hour and the man are both here, sister mine!" spoke a full, manly voice; "the privilege too tempting to abandon. My sweet cousin Lillian, a kiss for kinship, one for the mistletoe, and one for love!"

His lips pressed those of his sister's companion, the Christmas kiss under the mistletoe bough, so deftly and quickly that he noted not her shrinking, frightened face, nor attributed to aught but cousinly playfulness her cry of dismay. His ringing laugh still waking the echoes of the silent wood, he turned to his sister. A look of dire consternation on Blanche Thorne's face checked his brotherly caress.

"Oh, Arnold! what have you done?"

"Why, granted your devout wishes. I saw you coming, and made a detour to surprise you. As to my sweet cousin here, not having seen her for a year—"

"Your cousin? You stupid, horrid Arnold, you've made her cry! It isn't Lillian at all. You've made a dreadful mistake!"

Arnold Thorne turned quick as a flash.

"By Jove! I should say so!"

For the first time Dr. Thorne caught a full view of the features of his sister's companion. A face utterly strange to him was revealed, its fair lineaments traced with the deepest chagrin and confusion His quick, impulsive ejaculation had made matters worse. For a moment he was speechless. Then, recovering himself, his earnest, honest tones tried to convey the penitence he professed to experience.

"Most awkward!" he muttered. "It is all my sister's fault. She told me cousin Lillian would come to The Towers with her."

"I half believe you knew it wasn't Lillian," pouted pretty Blanche. "Don't mind it, Eunice, he's a big, awkward bear! You needn't play the hypocrite any longer, you blundering boy, by talking about being unlucky, with that delighted look in your face, but try and atone for your rudeness by picking up Miss Davenal's muff. He really is my brother, dear Eunice. No, don't thank him nor acknowledge the introduction. He doesn't deserve it!"

Blanche tried to look angry, but was forced to laugh at Arnold's rueful face. He won one timid glance from Miss Davenal's shy eyes, as she thanked him for recovering her muff, and then, with all the tact and delicacy of a thorough gentleman, led the conversation in to channels foreign to the unfortunate episode, which had evidently very much distressed the charming Eunice.

The broad portals of the mansion showed a scene of life and happiness beyond their threshold. Long before they reached the house Arnold had learned that Miss Davenal was a school-girl friend of his cousin Lillian, an orphan, who had accompanied the latter to Lyndhurst. Amid the welcome they all received from old Geoffrey Thorne and the score or more already gathered in the [illegible] winsome Eunice [illegible] when [illegible]

ing, perhaps the memory of those sweet stolen kisses was magnetic to thrill Arnold Thorne to an increasing emotion of interest in the beautiful girl whose company he virtually monopolized until long after dinner time. Within his secret heart he confessed to an enchantment that bound him in fetters of silk strong as steel, and yet he could not seek to avoid the witchery of her charming presence. If ever there was a lovely, gentle creature, Eunice Davenal was its ideal, and the hours of merriment that drifted by, golden-winged, and filled with laughter and joy, were, it seemed to him, th happiest of his life.

"Christmas Eve again; seventy of them I have seen, but never one like this!" remarked old Geoffrey Thorne, as the revel ran high later in the evening, and dinner had been followed by the children's tree, and this in turn had given way to the gay waltz and music and Christmas games. He looked with pride, as he spoke, on the handsome face of his favorite nephew, Dr. Thorne, and his eye brightened as it took in the charming picture of the gay coterie gathered under the mistletoe.

How the hours sped by! What an evening of hilarity and excitement and delight! Not an incident had occurred to mar its beauty; not a shadow seemed intruded from the past or presaged from the future. Arnold Thorne caught the quiver of admiration in his uncle's eye as he led Eunice Davenal to a seat near the conservatory, and noted that the unusual excitement of the occasion had somewhat wearied his fair companion.

"It is all so strange to me," she murmured. "My holidays have been quiet ones, for our home has been a lonely one since our parents died. My Aunt Rachel and I——"

"You have no brothers—no sisters?"

A dim quiver crossed the sensitive brow, a far-away, distressful expression showed in the clouded eyes.

"Yes," replied Eunice, in low, sad tones, "a brother only, but he—he has gone away, never to return."

Something in her mournful manner bade Arnold Thorne hesitate to pursue the theme. So lovely and so friendless, so innocent and so lonely! His great heart throbbed to quickened pulsations under the memory of the stolen kisses. Under the influence of the hour, which seemed to nurture and encourage loving emotions, his nature responded to the quickened impulses of soul and heart. His hand touched her own, and he thrilled to the blissful contact; her eyes met his.

"Was ever evening so happy?" he began, and then he paused abruptly.

Eunice Davenal's glance, timidly shrinking from his own, had wandered to the rose-adorned window. Over her beautiful face, like a blight, sudden and terrible, had come a change so strange and startling that Arnold Thorne stared at her in positive bewilderment and alarm.

The blushing face had faded to a pallor that was deathlike. With a moan of affright and despair, Eunice Davenal recoiled, and sat with eyes riveted on the window, as if transfixed there by some picture that held her soul in a dread thrall she could not break.

"Eunice—Miss Davenal! you are ill—something has alarmed you?" spoke Arnold, concernedly, arising to his feet; and then, his glance following her own, he discerned the cause of her emotion.

Plainly revealed, beyond the flowers, pressed close to the window-pane, distorted with the fiercest of sinister emotions, was a human face—that of a man. The dark, swarthy features seemed aglow with passionate rage; the deep, menacing eyes appeared to hold a direful fascination for the fair girl that froze her soul with terror. The baleful eyes swept the face of her companion once only, scowlingly, threateningly, and then faded into the obscurity of the night.

Intensely startled, Dr. Thorne was passive for a moment. Then, resenting what he deemed to be the insolent surveillance of some thieving tramp, he sprang toward the window.

"He has frightened you! The insolent miscreant! He should be severely punished for his intrusion."

"For heaven's sake, no! Do not leave me—do not seek a conflict with that man. Oh, Mr. Thorne, please take me to your sister!"

In absolute amazement, as Eunice Davenal clung frantically to his arm, her voice resembling a wild, helpless wail of despair, Dr. Thorne regarded her strange terror.

"Then you know that face?"

"Yes, yes," gasped poor Eunice. "Oh, why did I come here, perhaps to bring trouble to this happy home. Promise me you will not pursue him. He is cruel, wicked, desperate; he is the—man—I—have—promised—to—marry!"

As if she so feared for the safety of her companion that the confession was wrung from her tortured lips, she breathed forth the words with averted face, and seemed about to faint. One awful pang of agony rent the soul of the man who knew only at that moment how fervently he loved her. "The man she had promised to marry!" Oh, blight unutterable! Oh, darkness coming like a pall amid the light, and warmth, and beauty! In that dread moment of bitter disappointment the strong man reeled as under a heavy blow, and then, stonily, mechanically, led the way to that portion of the drawing-room where his sister sat.

As in a dream, he saw Blanche's wondering glance, caught one flitting glimpse of Eunice Davenal's boodless face, realized the dark mystery that must haunt her fair young life, traced amid its blight the element of some deep dread, some secret, sinister influence, and then, dazed, crushed, wavering, he wandered from the room and out upon the veranda.

The night had come down cold and cheerless after a day of sunshine and beauty. The stars were shut out by a mist of floating frost particles. Love's fair sky obscured alike, Arnold Thorne leaned heavily against a pillar, heeding not the chilling blast, his brain fevered, distracted, benumbed. From the drawing-room the last strains of a dreamy waltz floated softly on the air; in the hall the bustle of departing guests told that the evening's pleasures were about to terminate. Two men came out to the veranda, but did not notice his figure in the shadow.

"It's growing co'der," spoke one of them; "we'll have a stormy Christmas, I'm thinking, Maiden."

"It looks so. Thanks! A light to my cigar. Wait; hold the match, and let us see how the barometer stands."

A lucifer flashed across the boxed weather-gauge. In a silent, gnawing sense of misery, Dr. Thorne watched them mechanically.

"A storm brewing, and the mercury dropped to thirty. Why, it's down below freezing-point, Chandos!"

A dread chill seemed to strike Arnold Thorne's heart at the words. The evening, begun fair, had drifted into somber storm-habiliments; so with the new-born hopes of his devoted soul, for blight had come amid sunshine, and love's emotions, nurtured and cherished only to know sudden, deadly desecration, had gone down below freezing-point in a single hour.

So, to Dr. Arnold Thorne, after the delusive promises of an evening of fair delight, at that moment, heralded by far church-bells, pealing softly like the sweetest of sweet cradle hymns, dawned Christmas.

II.—The Shadow Lifted.

"Wanted—a patient, sir."

Dr. Arnold Thorne started from a painful reverie, and looked up as a tap at the door of his cozy little office was followed by the entrance of his servant. It was two hours after leaving The Towers, and, although on most occasions professional zest drove him uncomplainingly to the call of duty, he frowned slightly, and said, in a rather sharp tone:

"I will be there in a moment."

A weary look came over his face as he rose to his feet with an effort. The gloom that had enveloped his soul like a pall at The Towers was present yet. He was suffering love's keenest disappointment, and the emotion was all the more poignant because it had been fostered amid high hopes, and was new to his ingenuous nature. Blindly, delightedly he had followed love's bidding, only to find bitter dust and blight where promise had seemed sweet and reciprocation certain.

With a sigh he drew on his gloves and walked to the window. Silence and slumber brooded over the lonely village street. The snow was falling thick and fast, the tempest was rising. He took up his case of medicines with a weary gesture, and passed into the outer office.

"What is it?" he asked of his servant. "A village call?"

"No, sir. He'll tell you." And the servant pointed to a muffled form seated by the register.

"It's a bad case, I'm afraid, Doctor," spoke the stranger. "It's down at the glen house, five miles beyond the railroad. I'm thinking we can't walk it. I came afoot, but it's snowed deep since then. It's a man—a stranger to us. Been at the tavern since yesterday. Drank hard all last night and to-day, and came home an hour since, stark, raving mad. We found his horse and buggy lying in the railroad ditch. Must have been struck by the engine, as he was careless and had been drinking. Seems to have money, so you're sure of your fee, if you will come."

"Yes, I'll go," replied Arnold, shortly. "David, get the sleigh out."

"Yes, sir."

Anything to drive his torturing thoughts from his mind! Do what he might, Eunice Davenal's face haunted him—the hopelessness of his love mocked him. His gruff silence [illegible] of his companion as the

robes even with their faces when they reached the glen tavern. To see his patient, administer to his wants, and get home as soon as possible, was Arnold's thought, and he scarcely glanced at the form of a man tossing in delirious restlessness upon a couch as his guide ushered him into an upper room of the hotel.

But as he turned from his open medicine-case on the table he could not suppress a start. One fierce, jealous pang rent his heart, one bitter memory of hate drove an ejaculation of amazement to his lips. Then, with a powerful effort to suppress his emotions, he walked to the bedside of his patient.

It was the man of The Towers, the insolent intruder at the conservatory window, the brute-visaged being whose appearance had driven Eunice Davenal to such terror. There could be no doubt of it. The swarthy features, the evilly glowing eyes were present, only that delirium made their expression more uncanny, and the wild incoherency of maddened speech distorted the cruel lips from their habitual sneer of insolent defiance and mockery.

"How did it happen? how long has he been this way?"

Dr. Arnold Thorne's tones were husky and uncertain; his hand trembled as he felt the pulse of the sufferer. He heard vaguely as the attendant tried to explain that there was an ugly wound on the back of the patient's head. He was absorbed in listening to the wild, rapid mutterings and fiercer ejaculations of the invalid. They were subdued to whispered, ominous threats—here and there a sentiment of reason, ever and anon a word, a hint that swept the listener's heart-strings with torturing, cruel influence as the patient spoke the name of Eunice Davenal. And then, arousing every latent emotion of hatred and repugnance in his nature, there flashed upon Arnold the blinding, terrible light of the truth.

Eunice Davenal had, indeed, promised to wed this man. Over her fair life he held some baleful menace, so terrible that he had forced her to a pledge of marriage. What was it? Even in delirium, the crafty schemer's lips held well their secret. He had followed her to Lyndhurst, as if he feared she meditated flight. He raved in fiendish triumph over the power that made her tremble at his lightest word. As he watched him, for the first time in his life a great temptation came to the man whose mission bade him save the miscreant, evil as he was. His wound was a slight one; properly treated, its effects temporary; but Dr. Thorne knew that five drops less of a certain medicine, four pellets more of another drug, and Eunice Davenal would be free!

With a shudder he drove the thought from his mind, with a murmured prayer he thrust back the black temptation, with a patient though bitter resignation to fate and its decrees, he aroused himself to save the life of his unworthy patient.

"He will be well by morning—give him one more dose of the mixture, and let him sleep," said Dr. Thorne, wearily, after an hour's attendance on the patient. What skill could do had been effected, but never man so grudgingly bestowed it as he upon a hated rival—a cruel enemy of the girl he loved.

"You ain't going to start afore daylight?" asked the tavern-keeper, in wide amazement, as Dr. Thorne reappeared below.

"Yes," came the short response.

"The snow's choked every roadway, and it's blowing a hurricane."

"I know the way. Good morning," and Dr. Thorne curtly stepped forth into the storm, and faced the chilling blast staunchly.

He heeded not its wild fury at the first. Thought was dominant, his soul only was impressible in that dark hour. He had saved a life that, linked to the innocent one of fair Eunice Davenal, would break her heart, yet he could not be a murderer. To forget—to blot it all out. On! on! he urged the jaded steed through the blinding snow, until at a deep rut the animal stood motionless.

"It is serious," muttered Arnold, glancing around at the dreary landscape. "Hark! what was that?"

"Help—*lp*—LP—*lp*—lp!"

Rising and falling on the weird wings of the tempest, shrieked wildly, and then sinking to weakness of expression, the cry thrilled him strangely. His eyes could not pierce the gloom about him, his dejected mind bade him think of his own safety, still he flung the lines aside, and leaped into a snow-bank, bravely fighting his way toward the spot from which the appeal for aid seemed to have emanated.

At the edge of a thicket, upon the snow, and fast being drifted from view, was a traveling sachel. It was a clew to human proximity, but nowhere on the landscape was any living creature visible. Dr. Thorne paused and listened intently.

A low moan of pain and confusion, as of a person just sinking into oblivion or rising vainly from its influences, greeted his hearing. It proceeded from the neighborhood of the sachel. He groped his way toward it. His foot came in contact with an object. He leaned over, touched a motionless form, and drew it forth from its snowy covering.

"A man, and dead or nearly perished!" he muttered, startled and concerned. "What had I better do?"

Supporting the limp, silent figure momentarily, he reflected. The tavern was three miles behind. The village the nearest point of relief. He lifted the unconscious burden, struggled to the sleigh, placed him on the seat, muffled him up in the furs, and took his place at the head of the steed.

The experience of the ensuing hour was a thrilling and eventful one. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had the snow came so sudden and so deep. Twice ere he reached the main road was Dr. Thorne almost driven to abandon the horses and sleigh, and hasten on foot to Lyndhurst. He was knee deep in the snow, the horse almost exhausted, when, at last, the level highway was gained.

A bitter sigh escaped his lips as he passed The Towers. It held beneath its hospitable roof the one woman he loved, irreparably lost to him, he deemed. As contrasted with the early evening his present adventure seemed a transition from fairyland to the dark dominions of some hideous ogre. Ah! Dr. Arnold Thorne, the light and the shadow, the calm and the storm, the fairy and the ogre, must alternate, but the knightly hand, brave and earnest, must hew out the final destiny of hero and heroine, and the stranger to whom you have acted the good Samaritan is an element in the punishment of evil and the reward of virtue that you do not yet comprehend!

His servant awoke from a restless slumber, and stared wonderingly at the waif his master had found in the snow, as the Doctor carried him into the office. Then the same tireless skill that had been awarded the invalid at the glen house was bestowed on the belated traveler.

"He will be all right now," remarked Arnold, after an hour's labor. "A lucky thing for him that I happened down the road." And then he flung himself on a lounge, and despite his perturbed thoughts slumbered from sheer weariness until morning.

Two hours later he had breakfasted and started for The Towers. He knew that his uncle and sister would expect an early call, and he decided to hasten through the formality of congratulations and presents, make an excuse of professional duty to shorten his visit, and thus avoid meeting Miss Davenal. He had common sense enough to realize that whatever family secret might be hers, any interference on his part would be unwarranted; and he grimly resolved to forget her, while still hoping that circumstances might enable him to aid her, if the strange influence of the miscreant at the glen house was a power which any friendly intervention might weaken or destroy.

The stranger he had rescued from the storm had not awakened when he left the house, but lay in a fitful slumber, the awakening from which, Arnold felt certain, would find him only slightly the worse for his exposure.

His heart beat violently as he neared the mansion. He tried to shake off his somber manner, and became conventionally cheerful as he passed the portals of The Towers. He was somewhat amazed as his sister Blanche herself met him in the hall, on his way to the library to see his uncle.

Her face was pale and troubled, and he wondered strangely at her agitation as she caught his arm and detained him.

"Don't go there, Arnold," she said hastily. "Something has happened Miss Davenal."

"She is ill—she has gone?"

"No, but there is some dreadful secret about her life that has alarmed us all. A man called to see her half an hour since. He was bold and insolent. Uncle Geoffrey ordered him from the house, and there was a scene, and Eunice, whom he insisted on seeing, appeared, and fainted away, and they are in the library now."

The excited Blanche spoke hurriedly, breathlessly. With a firm hand her brother put her aside gently.

"Arnold, where are you going?"

"To the library. I know this man. If no one else will interfere to drive the miscreant away, I shall!"

He paused at the half-open door of the library as he reached it. His suspicions as to the identity of the unwelcome visitor were verified as he recognized the tones of the man he had attended at the glen house. Then, in his slow, measured way, Geoffrey Thorne spoke:

"Miss Davenal, you can look to me and your friends for protection, if this man's claims annoy you. I beg of you to speak. By what right does he dare to intrude upon you his presence undesired? You cannot deceive me—you shrink from him. Speak child; what power has this man over you?"

There was a painful silence. Then the cool, [illegible] of the other again, [illegible]

ing the excited listener with their insolent accents:

"I will answer that question. I am here as her affianced husband. I have asked her to leave this house and return to her own home, and she does not dare to disobey me."

"Miss Davenal, you hear? Speak, I beg of you."

"She is her own mistress. Let her refuse, if she dare."

"She does dare—she shall not go with you!"

Arnold Thorne could control his impatience no longer. He had opened the door hastily, and entered the library. His heart bled for the pale and distracted Eunice, who stood as if transfixed with terror, and he faced the insolent visitor fiercely.

"And who are you?" demanded the latter, contemptuously.

"The man who saved your miserable life last night when it quivered in the balance. You miscreant! no need to look twice in your cowardly face to read there the villain who terrifies an innocent girl with some base secret. She shall not go. I appoint myself her champion. Miss Davenal——"

Eunice Davenal lifted her white face imploringly to his own.

"Mr. Thorne," she said brokenly, "you do not understand all. I beg of you to forgive me for the trouble I have brought to this house. I must not stay here, I must return to my home——"

There she stopped; there she sank, sobbing, wretched, heart-broken, to a chair. A pained look overspread Geoffrey Thorne's face.

"We will end this scene and your unasked intervention," said the stranger, with a cold sneer directed at Arnold. "Eunice, come!"

The girl faltered and did not move.

"Remember—your brother!" he hissed, a steely glow in his sinister eye, and then he paused with a start.

From the hall without a strange, excited voice had sounded. Its tones were seemingly familiar to Eunice Davenal's persecutor, who suddenly paled, and a startled, frightened expression came into his eyes.

The door opened and a man entered. It was the stranger whom Dr. Thorne had saved from the storm.

He seemed to have eyes only for Eunice Davenal. His eager vision sweeping the room, his eyes gleaming with the deepest delight, he crossed the apartment unceremoniously with extended arms.

"Eunice—my sister!"

His sister! A strange thrill pervaded Dr. Thorne's being. One more link bound him to the woman he loved—he had saved her brother's life!

"Oh, Alan, Alan, you have returned at last; but the peril!—see, *he* is here!"

Alan Davenal turned in startled bewilderment and faced his sister's persecutor. Over his bronzed face came an awful expression. The earnest eyes scintillated a latent rage, his hands clenched wildly, his whole pose suggesting the anger of an aroused lion. He breathed but two words, but they expressed all the pent-up emotion of a mind strongly excited:

"You scoundrel!"

The man whose boldness had made him seem a veritable mountain of assurance now cringed like a craven. He shrank toward the door, but ere he reached its threshold Alan Davenal's iron grasp was on his wrist.

In the impressive scene that followed, every inmate of that room was wrought up to the highest pitch of emotion. In the fierce, denunciatory story of Alan Davenal, and the faltering narrative of his persecuted sister, such cowardly villainy was developed that only respect for the aged Geoffrey Thorne prevented the miscreant from the glen house receiving a terrible punishment then and there.

It seemed that two years previous Alan Davenal had gone West to improve his fortune. A year later this man, Ralfe Blake, had appeared at his former home. He sought Eunice Davenal, and informed her that her brother had become involved in a quarrel in the mines where he was located, had killed a man, and had been forced to fly for his life. He was now in hiding, and a price was set upon his head, and he dare not communicate with his friends for fear that the law might thereby secure a clew to his whereabouts. Blake stated that he had been sent by Alan to secure money and send it secretly to him. Poor Eunice was distracted over the peril that menaced her brother. The money was supplied, and Blake disappeared. Half a year later he returned. He avowed his love for her. She rejected him. He grew insolent, and finally threatened to betray her brother to the law unless she agreed to wed him, and for love of Alan, in bitterness and tears and heartbreaks, Eunice consented.

The secret had nearly worn her life out, when three weeks previous to her coming to Lyndhurst Blake disappeared. A railroad accident, in which many unknown persons had perished, led her to believe that Blake was dead, and she had come to The Towers only to find that he was alive, and had relentlessly shadowed her path.

And then came Alan Davenal's indignant story. Blake's entire representations were a tissue of lies. He had met Alan in a remote mining district, and had won his confidence. One night he robbed him and left him for dead. For many months Alan was ill, and later penetrated to a rich mining district, whence it was impossible to send a letter to Eunice. He had toiled for a fortune, and had returned a rich man, in time to foil a villain's desperate plots.

But for kind-hearted Geoffrey Thorne the scoundrel, Blake, would have occupied a prison cell that night, but he prevailed on Davenal to avoid notoriety by not insisting upon Blake's arrest, and he led the craven to the door and bade him go and sin no more, an admonition the scoundrel disregarded by attempting a burglary in a distant city a week later, when he was shot dead in the act by the police.

So the shadow lifted, so the brave, sacrificing Eunice Davenal came out from the darkness of a torturing secret into the bright sunlight of serenity and love once more. Her grateful eyes beamed with joyous tears as she learned that Dr. Thorne had saved her brother's life, and love's thermometer rose rapidly with the progress of that blessed, blissful Christmas Day.

By some mischievous witchery of Blanche Thorne, Eunice and Arnold that night found themselves standing alone under the mistletoe bough that hung from the chandelier in the drawing-room. Both observed it, and their eyes met.

"The same mistletoe," murmured Arnold, softly. "It was a mistake yesterday, Eunice, but now, when I give you the mistletoe kiss, will you accept with it the deep, earnest love it expresses?"

The shy, blushing face had only the timid eyes averted as pretty Eunice Davenal gave her reply.

"You saved my brother's life," she whispered, gently. "If in my poor little life there is any happiness for you, take it, and with it my heart."

And these twain, then and there, sealed the devotion that could never die, with the happy, innocent kiss of earnest love, Under the Mistletoe.

A YOUNG NABOB.

BY JOHN FOSTER.

Was there ever such a Christmas party—was human bliss ever so complete? Thus thought Elmer Ray the brightest night in all the year, Christmas, and at the same time his birthday, and his twenty or more guests wild with the unchecked hilarity of the occasion, echoed his own excited sentiments.

"Why didn't your cousin come, Elmer?" asked Reginald Davis during a pause in the tumult of the hour, as they stood awaiting the return of the butler with some plates to play a game with.

"Oh, you know how he is," laughed Elmer, gayly. "Since he went to Boston he's become very—very——"

"High-toned?"

"Exactly. He thinks it ain't fashionable to come early, and when he does come he won't play with us."

"Why not?"

"It's too undignified."

"Then he'll miss all the fun just for the sake of being a kind of nabob?"

"Yes; since his father was elected Governor, he imagines he carries all the grave duties of State government on his own shoulders."

"Poor Cecil. Hurrah! here's the plates." And the old delight of noise and merriment began again.

Suddenly there was a pause. The door opened; a very severely dressed boy faced the company. A hush fell over the group.

The new-comer advanced into the room with a supercilious air.

A little girl, who did not know the vast importance of their distinguished guest, stared wonderingly at him, and whispered, audibly:

"Who is he?"

Master Cecil regarded her coldly, essayed his fashionable role of offended dignity, and said, calmly:

"I am from Boston."

Overcome at the announcement of superior place of residence, the blushing maiden confusedly retreated, but said:

"Have a chair."

"Yes, and I am the Governor's son."

He expected the company to break into profound admiration at his haughty claim. A roguish smile came to the relief of the embarrassed maiden.

"Oh," she said, sweetly but mischievously, "I didn't know that. Have *two* chairs!"

"[illegible] presence is desired at our Christmas [illegible]," was the way a boy wrote to his [illegible]

PARTED.

BY GENEVIEVE.

Across the sea,
Where far and high the boundless billows roll
That bring to me
Sweet memories that fill my longing soul,
My weary hands reach out to night,
As mariner's to distant light.
Through joy and sorrow, love, and blight,
I sit and grieve
This Christmas Eve,
This Christmas Eve.

Through all the earth,
With all its old, sweet, patient ways of love
As from its birth,
The Christ-child faith is potent still to move;
The same old bliss and joy will come;
The faces turning back to home—
The myriad hearts of Christendom,
They still believe,
This Christmas Eve,
This Christmas Eve.

And when I know
That thou, like me, art sitting lone,
To watch the snow,
And ward the night through distant zone,
And that thy thoughts are turned to me,
Across the sad and dreary sea,
E'en as my soul goes out to thee,
Fond hopes I weave,
This Christmas Eve,
This Christmas Eve.

Love is so great,
To chain the heart through ages long,
I patient wait;
Firm in the knowledge, I am strong
To battle till the years go by,
When joy's fair rainbow spans the sky;
And side by side, our love will cry,
"No longer grieve,
This Christmas Eve,
This Christmas Eve!"

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

By JESSIE ETHEL COBB.

Christmas Eve!

The day had died in somber storm, but neither the night nor the tempest could shut out the myriad of cheerful lights in thousands of happy homes, nor its moaning blast drown the merry shouts from happy children gathered by crackling, roaring hearth-fires. All the earth, from humble cot to towering palace, knew the peace and joy of holiday greeting, and here, over the great city, seemed to hover a rare contentment, that glowed from illuminated window pane, and was infectious with the jostling, good-natured crowds that thronged its busy thoroughfares.

Surely, the homeless and the poor and the mendicant, hoping to catch ungrudgingly some of the wasted crumbs from the ample tables of the rich, would find a glowing field amid so much plenty and prosperity. Foolish, indeed, it would seem, would be the unfortunate who, needing and deserving aid, would abandon the cheerfulness and liberality of happy thousands, when every man's heart was in his pocket for at least one night in all the year. Venturesome would be he who would strike out for that tramp's paradise, the country, in such a storm; and yet, at that hour when day parted from night, and the storm flapped out with black, snow-laden wings the light of moon and stars, a woman clad in unwomanly rags breasted the rising tempest, and staggering along a desolate highway, recked not that her lonely course led far and wide from the fast-disappearing lights of the city.

Her attire was so miserable and threadbare and bedraggled that it formed a fitting frame to a face that was blank in its utter wretchedness. If in her despairing eyes there was one token of purpose as she looked ahead, ever and anon, a patience that was cruel held her to its execution, for she trod the irregular road mechanically, slowly, wearily. The wan features seemed never to relax from the throes of awful, tearless suffering, the chilled, pain-racked frame seemed bent to one purpose—to shield, with the thin, ragged shawl across her shoulder, the shivering, wailing infant at her breast.

By her side, clinging to her thin, cold hand (oh, shameful reproach on every careless heart that had passed them by, and must have read the silent prayer for help in those pinched faces!), toiled a child whose boyish beauty was angelic. His little hand shielded his snow-driven face with a brave effort to battle the tempest, his tired feet trudged onward, and his uncomplaining lips told that, young as he was, hardship and suffering were more than a part of his daily life. "Only a little farther," were the faint, broken words that were his creed of faith, and the hero soul, that love and courage had made strong, held back the sobs of weariness, and the chill of winter, and the craving torture of hunger.

Like phantoms on the darkened landscape, as the hours grew on apace, these three went that dreary road that wild December night. So silent, so grim, was the pose of the mother, that she seemed some haunting wraith of misery and homelessness and despair. Then, as far to the edge of the horizon a dim, flickering light caught her blinded vision, she quickened her pace, took up the stumbling boy in her arms, and with her double burden reeled on against the battling blast that rushed by like the waves of an angry sea.

She was chilled, confused, exhausted. Her heart seemed lead in her bosom, her feet had no longer a semblance of feeling, her hand seemed frozen to its protecting clasp of the babe, yet her pallid lips were firm and resolved, as she kept her eye fixed on the light, and murmured, gaspingly:

"Only to reach it—only to end the weary tramp where my parents lie dead, and then, like them, to die!"

The void of desolation in her tones was no more dreary than the dark picture her thoughts framed. To her of late life had been a bitter battle. Grim want had buffeted her path hour by hour, penury and homelessness had made her desperate. Every human heart had seemed closed against her, except where some one poor as herself had shared a miserable morsel. There was nothing sweet in the great, cruel city except the patient lives of the poor, and these demanded a heroism that was soul-wearing. At the last great mansion, aglow with warmth and filled with light and plenty, its sleek, bejeweled matron had turned her away with a vague direction to visit the aid association, and returned to her luxurious arm-chair to dream complacently of the check she had sent to the society that day, little heeding that when the forlorn mendicant reached its offices the closed doors told that its distributors were off enjoying their Christmas revel. God help her! Man was charitable, perchance, but, oh! so careless and heedless and selfish and cruel on this of all nights of the year!

So it had come that this wretched woman had turned her back on the city, and with a memory of days agone had asked of heaven only the strength to reach a spot a few miles distant, where a thought of its former glory might lighten the darkness of death. She was gaunt and pale and wrinkled now, yet here she had once been fair and comely and happy. She was homeless now, but here she had been the earnest, loving mother and devoted wife and queen of a bright, beautiful home. Avon! How sweet the name! how fair its memories! At the edge of the quaint, old-fashioned hamlet she paused at last.

The babe had sobbed itself to sleep, and lay exhausted on her bosom. The little boy, half-dazed in a restless, slumberous repose, looked up wearily, but smiled with pretty innocence and confidence into her face.

"Poor mamma tired!—poor mamma, have we come to the trees with the lights, and the house with the warm, nice fire?"

A heart-rending sob convulsed the mother's lips. Her tears fell like rain as she strained her darling child to her heart, and placed him on the snowy ground again, and advanced to the low, broken-down structure, a cabin by the wayside, whence the light that had been her guiding star had emanated.

"Come in!"

To her faint, uncertain knock a gruff tone had spoken a more uncertain welcome. She pushed open the door. Before a miserable fire, crouched on a stool, sat an old man.

He arose from the single article of furniture in the room, and stared at her in mute wonderment. Cheerless and chill as the wretched apartment was, the contrast to the desolate roadway seemed tranquil and grateful. The little boy, with eager, delighted eyes and in childish fearlessness of the gruff, forbidding occupant of the hut, ran to the fire and spread out his little fingers to its blaze and warmth with a satisfied cry of pleasure.

"This is—Avon? We are near the village?"

The woman spoke in faint, broken tones. She wavered unsteadily. The scowl on the man's face relaxed slightly as he regarded her forlorn appearance.

"You've [illegible] done out," he said, with a token of [illegible]

It ain't much to offer you, but"—bitterly scowling again—"it's all the cursed law has left me!"

The woman sank to the stool with a sigh of infinite relief. She removed her shawl, folded it on the warm hearth, carefully placed her sleeping babe upon it, and then, her arms falling limp to her side, every nerve and sinew relaxed, shrank into a pose of absolute exhaustion upon the frail, rude stool.

Her host watched her curiously as she sat like one changed suddenly to stone, her head sank on her breast, her eyes fixed steadfastly on the flickering firelight. There was naught but selfish, bitter disappointment and latent rage in his face, but some better feeling seemed stirred mightily as he appeared to comprehend that, hard as his own lot might be, that of the woman was doubly so. He went to a corner of the hut, took up a handful of chips, flung them on the fire, and said:

"You've come to a poor place for help, if that's your mission here. I'm as poor as you. To-day the law seized every stick I owned for debt. In an hour an old farmer comes to take me to the poor house. A fine world, ain't it, after a man working till sixty to get a morsel ahead for old age!"

The woman looked up suddenly.

"God knows best," she breathed softly. "Heaven sent me here; heaven will reward you for sheltering me and mine. Can I leave the children here for a short time—only long enough to go the village to see—to see some friends?"

A hesitating suspicion came into the man's manner. Was it a trick to leave the children on his hands? What of it? They could go to the poor house with him. He nodded assentingly, and then, as the woman with a loving, anxious glance at her little ones, sped from the place, he sank to the seat she had vacated, drew the boy toward him, and one big tear trickled slowly down his furrowed cheek.

The homeless woman to whom he had given shelter had proceeded straight toward the village as she again faced the tempest. She had told him that she was going to see some friends. A strange abode must be theirs, for she avoided the settled portion of the place, reached a dark and silent church edifice, passed its iron gate, and stood within consecrated ground, God's acre. Here were the only friends she knew in all the wide world! Her eyes scanned the spot eagerly, memory invoked this and that familiar cross or column among the many slabs of marble, and at last, before a snow-covered mound, above which a modest stone dimly showed the names of "Father—Mother," the poor, unfortunate victim of life's adverse awards sank to her knees, covered her face with her hands, and burst into a flood of burning, agonizing tears!

If her broken heart was not too full for utterance, it could have whispered a story so sad to the hovering winds that its mournful cadence would have swept a requiem of blighted hopes and happiness around the silent graves. Even as she knelt there her beautiful childhood

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by *men* the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In *women* the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

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FARMS on James River, Virginia, in *Claremont Colony*. Illustrated circulars free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

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I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York. Nov. 17-d&w-6mo.

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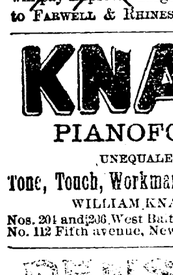

Madame Mora's Contour. Madame Mora's La Reine. Madame Mora's Aldine. Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

TRADE MARK. ORANGE BLOSSOM REGISTERED. Notice to the Ladies. I have secured the agency for Dr. McGill's Famous Specific Orange Blossom. A positive cure for all female diseases. Every lady can treat herself. A circular of explanation and a trial box free. Oct 23-d&w6mo THIEME & GROSS.

MASON & HAMLIN UNRIVALED ORGANS On the EASY PAYMENT system, from $3.25 per month up. 100 styles, $22 to $500. Send for Catalogue with full particulars, mailed free. UPRIGHT PIANOS, Constructed on the new method of stringing, on similar terms. Send for descriptive Catalogue. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

MATHEY CAYLUS' Used for over 25 years with great success by the physicians of Paris, New York and London, and superior to all others for the prompt cure of all cases, recent or of long standing. Put up only in Glass Bottles containing 24 Capsules each. PRICE 75 CENTS, MAKING THEM THE CHEAPEST CAPSULES IN THE MARKET. Prepared by [illegible] & CO. CAPSULES Sold Everywhere.

Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1886.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Let Us Join Hands With the Children and Rejoice.

The glad voices of joyous children will in a few hours greet the dawn of another Christmas and happy is, or should be, the household where such sounds are heard on Christmas morn. It is the day of all other days when the buoyancy of youth asserts itself. It is the day when contented old age is happy in the recollections of childhood pleasures. It is a day when all whose hearts have not been crushed by sad bereavements should rejoice that they have still their loved ones with them. Restrain not the exuberance of the spirits of the children on this festal day. The cares of life will do all that too soon. Give them free rein on this Christmas. They may not be here on its next return; for many who cheered and blessed bright, happy homes twelve months ago are now numbered with the dead. It is only they who have been bereft can know how sad it is to have no baskets or stockings to fill on Christmas eve. There will be no shouts of joy in their households, no exclamations of wonder and surprise, no scampering of little feet down the stairways on that early morning to see what Santa Claus has brought while they were sleeping. Oh, the house without the children on Christmas day.

FAST RUNNERS.

A Wabash Conductor and Engineer Before the Mayor of Logansport.

Conductor Hurlbert and Engineer Bob Hamilton, of the Wabash road, were arraigned before the Logansport mayor yesterday morning to answer to the charge of violating an ordinance by running a train through that city at a higher rate of speed than six miles per hour. Hurlbert and Hamilton had charge of the train that struck and instantly killed J. B. Rector, near the Twelfth street crossing several days ago. At the coroner's inquest it was shown by the testimony of two or three witnesses that the train was run at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. For this violation a warrant was issued for the arrest of Hurlbert and Hamilton and they were each fined $10 and costs, making the entire amount collected from each one about $14.

The Ohio Dow Law

Closed 200 saloons in Toledo.
Nine in Lima.
Six in Ironton.
Three in Tiffin.
Four in Athens.
Seven in Canton.
Six in Mansfield.
Two in Ashland.
Six in Lancaster.
Eight in Bellaire.
Seven in Newark.
Three in Fostoria.
Five in Hamilton.
Four in Coshocton.
Thirteen in Akron.
Two in Barnesville.
Nine in Portsmouth.
Sixteen in Zanesville.
Nineteen in Sandusky.
Forty-six in Columbus.
Thirteen in Springfield.
Sixteen in Youngstown.
Twenty-eight in Dayton.
Three hundred in Cleveland.
And 600 in the small towns of the state.

To Split the Wabash.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Gen. George W. Smith says that he intends to ask Judge Gresham to take the Chicago and St. Louis division of the Wabash road out of the hands of Receiver Cooley and place it in the hands of the purchasing committee, which would pay off all existing mortgages and take the burden of running this division off the shoulders of the receiver. It is expected that the petition will be argued in a day or two.

The Wabash.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 23.—It is alleged that the eastern and western sections of the Wabash railroad will be separated under the new order of things, and operated under different managers.

Gough's Cheese Argument.

The following from Gough's lecture, "The Foes We Fight," is a straight shot:

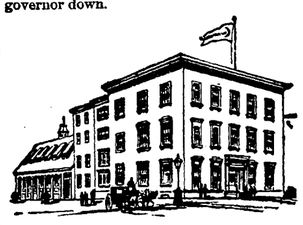
An LL. D. was dining at the table of a lady who never furnished wine, no matter who is her guest, at whose house General Grant spent nearly two days, during which time not one drop of wine, ale, or spirits would she present to him or his staff; and when the British nobility are sometimes entertained by her, they inquire, "Can you entertain Lord So-and-so?" when she replies, "Yes, but he must know beforehand that neither wine, ale, nor spirits are offered in my house." This gentleman was at her dinner-table, and he said, "Now, I think I cannot understand your position in reference to this matter, Mrs. So-and-so. Now, I enjoy a glass of wine at my dinner; it is my habit to use it. You say to me, 'Doctor, I shall give you no wine because So-and-so makes bad use of it. Here is one person cannot drink with impunity, and here is another who makes a fool of himself. By and by you will take from us all our luxuries. I enjoy cheese. I like it with a cup of coffee and a cracker; it promotes digestion. Would you say, 'Doctor, here is a man who can not eat cheese with impunity, and I shall give no cheese?'" Is that a fair way of putting it? Did you ever hear a man standing on the gallows-tree saying to those who came to witness his execution: "Now, my friends, take warning by me, never eat any cheese?" Did you ever hear a man murdering his wife, and giving as a reason, or as an excuse, that he had been eating cheese? Did you ever hear of a row in the streets where one man is murdered or several ribs broken, the papers say, "Those men have been eating cheese." Now just show to me that cheese produces eight-tenths of the crime, seven-eighths of the pauperism and half the lunacy; show to me that cheese produces the result that drink does and by the grace of God I will battle the cheese while I live.

A BALTIMORE CLUB.

THE NEW AND SUBSTANTIAL HOME OF THE CRESCENT CLUB,

A Leading Political Body in the South. Founded in 1874—Exterior and Interior Views of the New Building. Description of the Rich Furnishings.

The Crescent club of Baltimore was organized in 1874, and it has already become one of the most influential of the political clubs of the country, numbering among its members cabinet ministers, senators and representatives, foreign ministers and consuls and the prominent men in Maryland politics, from the governor down.



THE CRESCENT CLUB HOUSE.

They have recently purchased a fine residence in one of the desirable locations in the city. Through some alterations and additions the building has been transformed into one of the most comfortable of club houses. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, from which our sketches were made, thus describes it: It is a double house with broad hall and brownstone front. On one side of the hall there is a saloon parlor, the full depth of the house; on the other side there are two connected rooms, which now become the "reception rooms." On the second floor the whole house has been thrown into one room, exclusive, of course, of the stairway. This is the club room. In the space occupied formerly by the back yard, a large room has been built for the general meetings of the club.

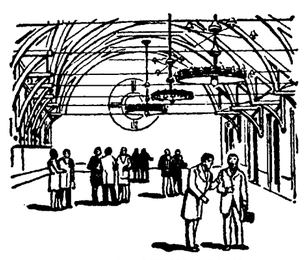
This house has been decorated and furnished in a very artistic style. The large vestibule through which the visitor enters the hall has been refitted and mounted in brass. On the left side, as you enter, are the reception rooms. These rooms are furnished with dark, carved oak, cushioned with dark green, embossed leather. The carpet is a dark one, in harmony with the curtains and furniture. The effect of this suite of rooms is very striking.

THE PARLOR.

The parlor on the opposite side of the hall, is remarkably brilliant. It seems crusted with gold. On each side of the room is an Ionic column, fluted salient, and backed by a corresponding pilaster. These columns and their capitals have been gilded. The entablature which supports the floor above is finished like the cornice. The pilasters are finished like the wall. The walls are Lincustra Walton hangings gilded in two shades of gold, and fairly blaze with light. The ceiling is of raised felt paper, painted in pale, delicate buff, with the figures picked out in somewhat stronger tints. The carpet repeats the general impression of the ceiling. Such wood work as shows is painted in ivory white and enriched with gilding. The mirrors over the mantels have heavy carved gold frames. The chimney is backed with tiles. The furniture is in part covered with a rich brown that harmonizes with the curtains and in part with a dark turquoise blue that gives a charming contrast of color.

On the second floor the three rooms have been thrown into one for the club room; the pillars that take the place of the walls that were removed, and which now support the floors above, have been paneled, and some of the interspaces filled with carving, gilded, that produces a happy effect. The room has an air of substantial comfort. At one side of the room there is a dais upon which a handsome mahogany table stands, behind which is the seat of the presiding officer. Facing this is a large mahogany table where the secretaries may sit. In one corner of the room stands a grand piano.

The floor above this contains a billiard room, a committee room, several sitting rooms and one large room as a reading room and for general social purposes. These rooms are handsomely and appropriately decorated, and furnished for solid comfort as well as for beauty. The billiard room is especially pretty, the ceiling being decorated with balls and cues in high relief very happily composed. There is also a secretary's room, fitted up like a luxurious office, with appropriate furniture. The restaurant is very neat and attractive.



GENERAL ASSEMBLY ROOM.

The assembly room is the largest, and, in some respects, the most striking room in the building. It may be entered from the house or from doors on Paca street. It looks more like a pretty little church than anything else it can be compared to. The beams of the roof are supported by wooden arches, and the natural wood of the rafters and the lining of the roof show. The windows are of stained glass. At one end there is a platform slightly raised, corresponding with the pulpit of a church. It is lighted by magnificent chandeliers. The room is not square, but occupies the whole of what was an irregularly shaped back yard, and the offsets will be separated by screens when the full size of the room is not needed. They correspond with the chapels of a cathedral. In addition to its use as a place for the club to hold its meetings it may be used as a banqueting hall, for which purpose it would be superb.

It will be interesting hereafter to note the effects of so much elegance and beauty upon the club itself, and to see how far the "dim religious light," sifting through the stained glass windows, may impart a genial mildness to the political discussions.

ABOUT TOBOGGANING.

A Canada Pastime Becoming Popular in America.

Several valued acquaintances write asking us to publish an illustrated article teiling "all about tobogganing." It would take a long time to do that. There is a good deal of it. There are some things about it that never will and never can get into any newspaper.

To be sure tobogganing is simply sliding down a snow and ice hill upon a flat bottomed sled and then walking slowly up hill, only for the fun of sliding down again. But the possibilities there are in that walk up hill are something which it is worth while to stop and contemplate. An enthusiast has written a pretty little pamphlet on tobogganing, and he is particularly eloquent on the subject of walking up hill. He seems to know how it is:

"Uphill we clambered, and as I felt the gloved hand of Dick's younger sister upon my sustaining arm, I wished the climb might have been twice the distance; and right here I want to say that if ever a woman looks fresh and young and irresistibly lovely it is when at the top of a climb up a toboggan slide she stops with her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, and her eyes shining with the exertion of the tramp. At least I thought so when I glanced into the glowing face of my pretty companion. What a sight it was to look back down the slide as we stood at the starting point."

THE UPHILL ROAD.

Artificial hills have been made where the natural ones are wanting, and it is said that these are even more successful than the natural ones, being smoother and having a more regular descent. To build one a place is chosen which has some natural descent. Then a scaffolding of heavy timbers is erected forty to fifty feet above the ground. At the top of the scaffolding a platform is made whence the tobogganists start. Descending from the platform, tracks or chutes are built in which the toboggans run. They lead to the ground at an angle more or less acute, according to the natural lay of the ground thereabouts. Sometimes as many as four chutes run from one platform, giving ample room for every adventurous tobogganer. Flaring sideboards are built to each chute, so that the toboggan will not leave the track.

Thus being substantially finished, the slides are next made ready for the revelers. They are firmly packed with snow, rammed and jammed down. Then, to clinch matters, water is poured upon the snow and allowed to freeze. Last of all, this ice track is carefully planed off and swept to make it as smooth as glass. Then it is ready. Down steep slides the sled goes with a velocity that makes the head swim. The rate is sometimes above a mile a minute. The track at Saratoga, which is a model in its way, is one of the steepest in America. Perhaps the most famous slide is that of the Tenque Bleue Toboggan club at Montreal. The starting point of both that and the Saratoga slide is forty feet from the ground, the track being lengthened by natural slope of the land to three times that. After reaching level ground, too, it is to be remembered that the gathered impetus of the icy way is enough to drive the toboggan yet three or four times the distance of the length of the track.

The toboggan itself is made to combine toughness and lightness. It is composed of a strip of wood one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch thick, steamed and bent up in front to keep the slider from slipping forward. Cleats are nailed inside to give it strength. The newest and most approved pattern has also three or four wooden strips nailed upon the bottom lengthwise to serve as runners. There are hand rails along the side to keep the rider from falling off, and the bottom and inside are warmly lined with cushions and fur.

DOWN HILL.

A double toboggan is usually 6 feet long and 24 inches wide. A single one is 4 to 5 feet long and 16 inches wide. They may be easily obtained, already made, first class ones, too.

Now for the costume. Of course, either a sunlit or torchlit tobogganing scene would be robbed of half its brilliancy without a picturesque costume for the players. The toboggan dress is made of blankets of showy colors—cream, purple, blue, scarlet and orange. These have borders, and when the blanket cloth is cut into the costume the borders are picturesquely arranged. Men wear their blankets fashioned into a blouse reaching half way down their thigh. It is belted around the waist and worn with blanket knee breeches, long woolen stockings that reach to the breeches, and moccasins. Women wear a blanket frock or coat buttoned down the front, and finished with or without a belt. The frock comes to the ankles sometimes, and sometimes not much below the knee, leaving the full blanket trowsers to show underneath, with the warm leggings and moccasins below.

The lady rides in front, the gentleman half lies down upon the toboggan behind her and steers the machine with his toe. The moccasin-clad foot sticks out behind him, and a touch of the toe is sufficient to turn the flying sled to right or left. Leather boots are not allowed to be worn to steer with upon a toboggan track. They would destroy its smoothness. Rubber overshoes or moccasins are necessary.

The costume described is sufficiently picturesque. It is completed at the top by a gay woolen cap or hood, with a long, narrow top, ending in a tassel.

Tobogganing is the fashionable sport wherever in America snow and ice are this winter. It is a most exhilarating pastime, too, far better than any artificial indoor amusement. It is set going and maintained by toboggan clubs, which have their own colors in costume, like baseball clubs. The members "chip in" and share expenses.

If not all, this is at least considerable about tobogganing.

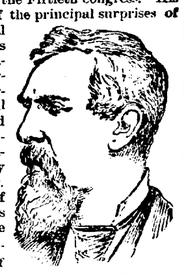
The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefitted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

A LABOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Henry Smith, the Milwaukee Millwright and Congressman-elect.

Henry Smith, who was elected to congress on the labor ticket from the Fourth (Milwaukee) district of Wisconsin, will be one of the notable figures in the Fiftieth congress. His election was one of the principal surprises of the last political campaign. He was placed in nomination by a comparatively new, unorganized political party, but defeated the old and experienced organizations by a plurality of over 3,000. Mr. Smith is a native of Baltimore, but has lived in Milwaukee since 1845. Working at his trade of millwright he earned a comfortable competency. During the past twenty years Mr. Smith has taken an active interest in Milwaukee politics, serving several terms in the city council. He was elected city comptroller in 1882, and is at present an alderman. As Mr. Smith's portrait indicates, he is a man of strong and determined character. Presenting no great erudition, but plenty of what is termed horse sense, gained by long and practical experience with politics, he is likely to make a national reputation for himself as an advocate of the rights of labor in the next house of representatives.



HENRY SMITH.

The Work of Digestion.

The sweltering noon is not a favorable time for repletion, nor is the early morning, when the energies of the system should not be unduly monopolized by the work of digestion. A heavy breakfast handicaps a worker for the rest of the forenoon. Of all the wretched slaves of conventional abuses, the most to be pitied are those who have to bolt their dinner in a minimum of time, and hasten back to their drudgery, and often to a temperature that must tempt them to barter a week of their lives for one hour of undisturbed sleep. A light breakfast and late dinner surprisingly ease the burden of the hottest working day.—Dr Felix L. Oswald.

At Newark, O., ex-Lieutenant of Police James Griffith attempted to assassinate County Clerk Thomas Lenox, but was prevented by Mrs. Lenox, who knocked the revolver from Griffith's hand.

SCALY, ITCHY SKIN. And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barber', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN. I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any one who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement. JOHN J. CASE, D.D.S. Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION. Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose. J. F. SMITH & CO. Texarkana, Ark.

DUSTPANFULL OF SCALES. H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure or record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED. For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the Cuticura Remedies. L. B. RICHARDSON. New Haven, Conn.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

IT FEELS GOOD. Those worn out with pains, Aches and Weaknesses find relief in one minute in the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. At druggists. 25 cents.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH. No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly relieves the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and an Improved Inhaler, price, $1. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

RHEUMATIC PAINS. Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains and Strains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the most perfect antidote to pain and inflammation ever compounded. New, original, instaneous, infallible and safe. At all druggists. 25c.; five for $1.000, or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.

Ladies. Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

POND'S EXTRACT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER. Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped. Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing. Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive. Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c. Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Piles. Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient. For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied. Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION. Pond's Extract. Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

Sold everywhere. Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75. Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM. *Gives Relief at once, cures* Cold in Head, CATARRH HAY FEVER. *Not a liquid, snuff or powder. Free from injurious drugs and offensive odors.* HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—An active man (one out of employment) to begin on moderate salary and work himself up, representing, in his own locality, an old established house. Reference exchanged. A.M. MANUFACTURING HOUSE, 12 Barclay Street.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A host of useful articles to select from as premiums. Send for illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special Offer:* to every *lunch* person that answers this advertisement, we will send *free* one pound of choice Tea. Address NATL TEA & COFFEE CO., Boston, Mass. Oct 22-3m

WANTED—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Goods staple; every one buys; outfit and particulars *free*. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston Oct 22-3m

WANTED—Parties in search of appropriate Christmas presents to examine the Dado window curtains and artists' materials, plaques, tassels, etc., at 16-3t L. O. HULL'S, 90 Calhoun street.

WANTED—General agents to wholesale and retail my New Motor. Rare chance to make money. Good salary or 50 cts. on the dollar commission. Send for circular. F. M. WEAVER, nov15-1m Indianapolis, Ind.

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 1357," City. 29-tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan5-1y

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A desirable dwelling house No. 123 East Main street. Inquire at 19 Lafayette street. tf

FOR RENT—A two story brick dwelling, No. 54 East Washington st. Good repair; 8 rooms; gas; good cistern and cellar. 5 tf O. P. MORGAN.

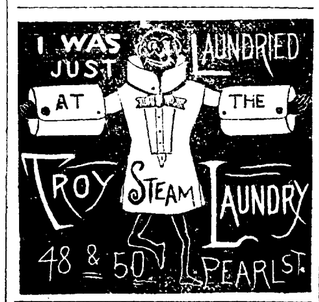
FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 215 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 21-tf

FOUND.

FOUND—That a pair of Dado window curtains or an artists' outfit for oil painting is the most appropriate Christmas present. Sold by L. O. HULL, 16-3t. 90 Calhoun street

SMOKE THE CROCODILE CIGAR. GRAY, KINGMAN & COLLINS, CHICAGO. HAVANA FILLER. 5¢ HAS NO EQUAL. LORD TENNYSON. STAMPED HAND MADE. WILL SUIT THE TASTE. FOR SALE BY

GEO. H. LOESCH, Druggist, Wholesale and Retail Agent, Corner Barr and Wayne Streets. Oct. 13-eod-6mo.



JOS. H. BRIMMER. *The Only Practical* SIGN PAINTER IN THE CITY. Is making a specialty of *REPAINTING HOUSES* In the highest style of the art. No 7 Harrison Street. April 15 1y.

THE HAMMOND TYPE WRITER! Parties who contemplate purchasing a new type writer should examine the HAMMOND TYPE WRITER before deciding upon a machine. "It has many points of superiority over all others, and is inferior in no point," is the testimony of persons who have used all of the different type writers in the market. May be examined and circulars obtained at No 64 East Jefferson St. Circulars also at 22 Calhoun St., of T. J. NOLTON & CO. 27-1m.

Candy SEND Candy 1, 2, 3, 4 or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the Candy BEST CANDIES Candy In America, put up boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address, Candy C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Candy Sept 20-2m Chicago.

MEAT DOWN!

Boiling Meat	5c per lb
Roasts	6 to 9c per lb
Stakes	8 to 10c per lb
Sausage	8c per lb
Hams	12½ per lb

Lamb, Veal and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at HALLER'S MEAT MARKET. 66 South Calhoun street. oct20-3m

MADDEN & COX —PRACTICAL— Sanitary Plumbers TEAM & GAS FITTERS. —DEALERS IN— Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools, Aartistic Gas Fixtures, 73 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, - - - - Ind. aug 21-6m.

Geo. R. Bowen. Plumbing, Steamfitting, Sewering. Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering. Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc. NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

DR. T. J. DILLS Has his office at his residence NO. 108 *EAST BERRY STREET.* Where he will give exclusive attention to all DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Ar. 1 00 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
12 45 pm—Lv.	—Mail and Ex....	—Lv 2 20 pm
7 03 am* "	Limited Ex .... "	9 00 pm*
5 05 p. m. "	Fast Thro'h Ex... "	1 45 am*
1 25 am* "	Mail and Ex..... "	
4 00 pm "	Plymouth Ac...	
5 20 am "	Local Freight.... "	7 00 am
	Crestline Ac.... "	11 00 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
5 10 am	—Lv.—Limited Ex* .....—Lv.	—7 50 pm
1 45 pm "	†Through Ex*... "	1 35 pm
7 00 pm "	†Through Mail ... "	6 38 am
8 17 pm "	*Fast mail.....	
8 35 am "	Andrews Accom. Freight †	
	Acc'n Passenger "	4 30 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDI'S.
5 10 am	10 45 am
1 35 pm	6 45 pm
8 17 pm	1 45 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:15 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:40 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:00 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:30 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH
3 00 am	—Lv.—Mail and Rx.....—Lv.—	1 00 pm
8 05 am	" Trough Rx..... "	5 35 am
2 10 pm	Express ..... "	11 45 pm

Accommodation train arrives from the south 8:25 p. m.
Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN [Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 45 am	—Ar.—Cincinnati Ex...—Lv.	
	Detroit Rx..... "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Express. "	11 20 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight.... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & [illegible]

FROM SOUTH.

ST. JACOBS OIL

LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

AMAZING RESULTS.

Suffered 15 Years and Cured.

Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.

I have been troubled with lame back for the last ten or fifteen years, and during that time have tried all kinds of remedies, but found no relief. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which I am happy to say has completely cured me.

MRS. D. H. WADE.

Suffered 2 Years and Cured.

Mr. A. Fueger, 606 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo., suffered for two years with lumbago, and was confined to his bed for several months. He was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which he says is also the best cure for sprains and all other pains.

Could not Rise and Cured.

147 York Street, Sidney, N. S. W.

I had a severe attack of rheumatic lumbago, rendering me unable to rise from my chair, and applied St. Jacobs Oil, whereby I was so far relieved that the pain was removed, and has not returned.

WALTER HAYNES,
Spice Merchant.

Severe Lumbago Cured.

103 Prince St., New York, N. Y.

I had a very severe case of lumbago, so that I could hardly walk. A friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I tried a bottle; it relieved me. I used another bottle; it cured me, and now I would not be without it if it cost $5 per per bottle.

C. C. SHAYNE.

Entirely Cured of Lumbago.

Farragut House, Salem, Mass.

Some time ago I contracted a heavy cold, and it left me with lumbago. I used numerous remedies, but got no relief. After using about one and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, I was entirely cured.

W. J. CAHILL.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Baltimore, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PENSIONS and Claims Collected or NO PAY. Increase and bounty due many. Rejected Cases reopened. Sen for circular showing who are entitled to claims

PATENTS secured or NO PAY. Model or rough sketch of invention and will report as to patent ability free. Best of reference.

BELLUM MILLER,
ATTORNEY.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."
—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

Feb 20-masly

Now Ready.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

Single copies, 25c.; yearly subscrip, $3.00.

KEIL & BROTHER, Agents,
56 Calhoun Street.

A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIANS — IT STRIKES AT THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE — DISTINGUISHED PRESCRIPTION — POSITIVE SWIFT & SURE — TRADE MARK — PATENTED. — DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CURE

FREE OF COST

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

Respectfully,
DRE[illegible]
march12-1y

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are *Safe, Effectual and Pleasant* $1 per box by mail or at druggists. *Sealed Particulars* 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro.
Oct. 18-1y.

A POSITIVE Cure without Medicine. Patented October 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that our certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular.

P. O. Box 1588
C. ALLAN CO.,
42 John st., New York.

CURE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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U. S. L. S. SERVICE.

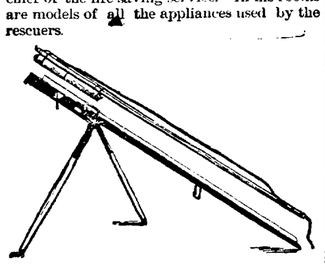
WHICH MEANS THE GOVERNMENT LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

Gratifying Report for the Last Year—How a Line is Sent to a Sinking Ship—Bringing a Passenger Ashore in the Breeches Buoy.

Those who can read meanings that underlie dry statistics must have been gratified at the report of the United States life saving service the past season. It was a stormy year. Terrific winds, mighty waves and freezing cold played havoc with those who follow the seas.

The report shows many wrecks. The lives of nearly 3,000 persons were endangered in consequence. Yet, out of all those thus imperiled, less than 100 really lost their lives. The life saving coastmen are heroes.

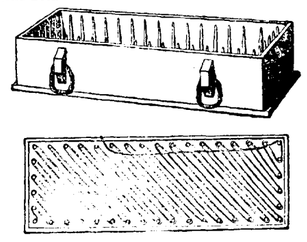
One of the most attractive points of interest in Washington is the headquarters of the chief of the life saving service. In his rooms are models of all the appliances used by the rescuers.



ROCKET AND STAND.

A very important place in the work is filled by the rocket, so called. Observe in the picture the long tube, with rope attached. Just beneath it is the stand from which it is shot. Now fancy to yourselves a ship going to pieces 300 yards from shore. The rocket, with line attached, is shot towards the ship. The aim is always to shoot it over the ship, if possible. Then it will fall upon the opposite side, and the rope will be held in the rigging. It can then be hauled down by the sailors and made fast to the ship.

This first rope is only a slender and light one; another and much heavier one is made fast to its shore end. The slight rope once fast to the ship, by means of it the heavy one can be drawn through the surf and made tight and secure. Then, by means of the heavy cable, the crew can be taken ashore in safety. There was formerly much trouble and delay occasioned by the tangling of the line as it was shot into the air with the rocket. That difficulty has been obviated by a device which appears in the illustration of the rocket line box.

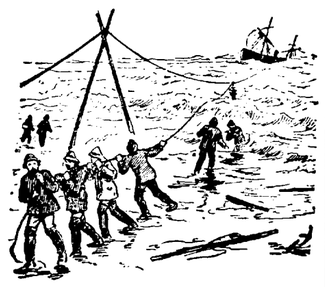


ROCKET LINE BOX.

In the upper portion of the picture is seen the box, with the points of the pegs around which the line is wound. The line is simply carried in and out about these pegs, which are sharpened at the point and reach nearly to the top of the box. In the lower part of the illustration the bottom of the box appears. A diagram of the inside is shown, as it appears looking down into the box. The line passing around the pegs is seen.

When it is possible, the life saving crew row out to a wreck in a self righting boat, specially fitted for shooting the breakers, and bring away men in that way. None but strong, able bodied and skillful men can be trusted for this service. Even then the rescuers themselves occasionally lose their lives. A heartrending instance of this kind it was that happened on Lake Erie a few weeks ago. A crew of heroes, every one of them, were actually lured to their death. They saw a schooner out in the lake suddenly hoist the distress signal. A terrific storm was raging, such that it looked like death to go out in the boat. But the life saving crew did not hesitate a second. They rigged their boat and plowed through the awful waters to the schooner. When near her she suddenly took down the distress signal and sailed away. It was only a dodge on the part of the schooner people to get a tug to steam out and take them in tow. Their lives and their vessel were in no danger at all. Seeing they had been deluded, the six heroes attempted to row back again. Only half of them live to-day. The boat capsized, and three were lost. One of them was the captain of the crew.

It has been found that the five great lakes are more dangerous than the Atlantic ocean. The storms that sweep across them are terrific. They cause more loss of life and shipwreck year in and year out than storms on the ocean do. Lake Erie is the worst. Storms from whatever direction wind up by sweeping across it and down the St. Lawrence valley.



THE RESCUE.

The breeches buoy, shown in the last illustration, is one of the most useful of the life saving devices. Suppose the rocket line is safely lodged upon a ship. A slide is passed back and forth upon the heavy cable which has next been made fast between the shore and the ship. To this slide is attached the breeches buoy. It is an india rubber device, capable of carrying one passenger. The passenger stands in it, his legs go down through holes fitted for them. Hence the name. The buoy comes well up around the arms and shoulders. Planted inside of this the shipwrecked person is drawn with the slide attached to the cable overhead swiftly and surely to shore.

American life saving appliances are probably the best perfected of those of any nation. There is a rubber life saving dress, of the pattern of that in which Paul Boyton floated down the Mississippi and other rivers. Cork life belts are also used to lessen the danger of drowning. For passengers that cannot conveniently be brought ashore in the breeches buoy there is the life car, which slides back and forth upon the cable in the same manner. The life saving service was first established by government in 1848.

Piles are one of the most disagreeable and painful of disorders. The disease is of common occurrence and to effect a cure should be treated by proper remedies. There is nothing more suitable by its wonderful curative action than Pond's Extract Ointment, in which the medicinal virtues of Pond's Extract which are very valuable in the above complaint, are in a state of great concentration. It is advisable in every instance, however, to use both the Extract and the Ointment. Ask your [illegible]

NEW YORK'S BIG FLAT.

A Colossal Cradle for Cosmopolitan Crime.

THE BIG FLAT.

There is a house in New York city that is usually visited daily by police or detectives either to quiet a disturbance or ferret out a criminal. It is situated midway between Canal and Hester streets, and extends from Mott to Elizabeth street. It was built as a model tenement house, but it has become the most degraded hovel for human beings that the United States contains probably. It contains 120 apartments of about three rooms each bringing in a rental of about $1,000 per month. It is impossible to get at the population of "The Big Flat," as it is called. A family renting three rooms will sublet two of these rooms to other families so there are probably 250 families in the house, or a population of 1,000. There are few English speaking families in the big flat. The great majority of the tenants are Jews. They are Russian, Polish, German, Austrian, Greek and Asiatic Jews. As a goodly portion of their time is taken up with argument when they meet in the long stone halls the house seems a veritable Babel. When a discussion waxes so warm that a policemen has to be called in. He knows by long experience that to bring the disputants to the station house would only entangle matters further. As he cannot understand their polyglot tongues he simply clubs them all into silence.

HALLWAY IN THE BIG FLAT.

The big flat is a favorite hiding place for thieves. If one of them happens, by accident, to rush in for safety to the apartment of a family not of his nationality, he is immediately handed over to the police. While if he falls among the right people he is likely to be secure from detection.

The agent of the big flat collects the rent every two weeks in advance, as the inhabitants are in a constant state of migration, many of them, the younger ones chiefly, going to Potter's field. Each apartment of three rooms is allowed but one window, which usually opens on an air shaft. No ray of sunlight can possibly enter the place unless by either front of the building.

Miss Emma Hamilton, of Winchester, O., committed suicide by taking poison.

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidy of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

Vilonia, an inland town of Arkansas, was set on fire by incendiaries. Losses estimated at $150,000.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs. Brown's Bronchial Troches, like all really good things, are frequently imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

Miners in the Jackson, O., district, have returned to work.

Why do you suffer with backache, pain in the chest, rheumatism, or lameness anywhere when a Hop Plaster will surely give you relief. Druggists sell them, 25 cents.

Six business buildings at Pittsford, Mich., were destroyed by fire.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Col. Wright, one of Boston's street commissioners, died Wednesday.

"Oh! if I had only known that in time." Known what? "Known that a simple cold in the head may develop into chronic catarrh." Well, it isn't too late, for Ely's Cream Balm will cure catarrh even after the sufferer's life has become a burden to him, and he a nuisance to his friends. It is the only radical and thoroughly scientific catarrh cure known. Not a snuff. Not a liquid. Price fifty cents.

Jake Sharp, one of the New York railroad bribers, wants a change of venue.

Go to the Model bakery for Sunday supply and delicacies, 88 Barr street.
s&w

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawly

Hickory, beech and sugar wood at the Raccoon Coal and Wood Yards. Telephone 260. J. W. DYER, Agt.
eodtf.

D. M. Hamlin, of Penn Yan, N. Y., shot his paramour and then tried to kill himself.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. [illegible] Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted [illegible] but gives strength, and in-

SAMUEL GOMPERS,

President of the New Federation of Trades.

The trades union convention recently held in Columbus, O., resulted in the formation of a federation of trades unions under the name of the New American Federation of Trades, the object of which is to preserve the identity of the long established trades unions and prevent their becoming subservient to the Knights of Labor. To emphasize this they elected as president Samuel Gompers, who is one of the staunchest advocates of the trades union form of organization among labor. Mr. Gompers was born in London in 1850. His parents were from Holland. His father being a cigar maker, young Gompers began work at his trade at the age of 10, attending school in the evenings. He came to New York in 1863. In 1865 he became a member of one of the first cigarmakers' unions. For the past sixteen years he has been a delegate to every convention of the Cigarmakers' International union. It is said that it is chiefly through Mr. Gompers' knowledge of the principle of trades unions that the cigarmakers have become the most successful of unions. Mr. Gompers was first vice-president of the old Federation of Trades and Labor unions, organized at Pittsburg in 1881; subsequently he was president for two terms. He is now president of the Workingmen's assembly for the state of New York.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Another Spanish revolt is rumored about to occur.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1: six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

MERRELL'S
TRADE MARK
FOOD
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by Physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.
DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.
Nov. 17-d&w-6mo.

Maverick National Bank,
BOSTON, MASS.

CAPITAL	*$400,000*
SURPLUS	*400,000*

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Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.

We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada

Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.

We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.

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ELEGANCE
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Send for Illustrated Circular.

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MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT AND DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

Sold by A. Mergentheime,
Northwest corner Calhoun and Main Streets
Fort Wayne, Ind. Oct. 11 tues&Sat15

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. *Caution.* The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

TRADE MARK

Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

WILSON WASHBOARDS.

SINGLE and DOUBLE.

These Washboards are made with a **Rent-Wood** rim. The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other.
SAGINAW M'F'G CO., Saginaw, Michigan.

O. D. WEISELL DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over 25 years. april 23 1y

AMUSEMENT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
Dec. 24 and 25.

GRAND CHRISTMAS FAMILY MATINEE

Engagement Extraordinary of Mr.

EDWIN HINFORD

In his Romantic Comedy Drama, entitled

"Partners in Crime"

Supported by

AN ADMIRABLE COMPANY.

A story of to-day, abounding with realistic scenic effects, funny situations, magnificent tableaux, sparkling humor, dry wit, new songs, etc., etc.

General Admission - - -	35c
Reserved Seats - - - -	50c
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Reserved seats now on sale at Woodworth's. All our patrons treated equal.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON.....Manager
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A Good Seat for 25 Cents.

Grand Holiday Attraction! Special Dramatic Event of the Season.

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24 and 25
—AND—
Grand Christmas Matinee
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The Eminent Irish Comedian,

MR. CHAS. VERNER!

(Of Dublin, Ireland,) supported by
MISS ANNIE LEWIS,

The charming soubrette, in Shamus O'Brien, will present Mr. Fred G. Maeder's new version of Maeder & McDonough's famous Irish comedy drama, adapted from the celebrated poem by J. Sheridan Lavenu,

Shamus O'Brien,

The Bould Boy of Glengall,

A tale of the Revolution of '98. Five acts of love, peril and adventure in the Emerald Isle. Irish wit, songs and dances, Irish patterns. Sale of seats Wednesday, December 22. Prices 25, 50 and 75 cents.

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PLUMBERS
Steam and Gas Fitters.
—DEALERS IN—
GAS FIXTURES
Main Street, East of Clinton
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Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe
Lift and Force Pumps,
Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls, Rubber Hose, etc.
Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

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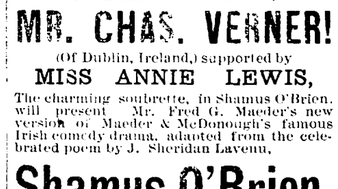

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Undertakers and Embalmers,
Corner Main and Clinton Streets
We warrant our prices less than anyone else in the City. may31-1y

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AUGUST BRUDER
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—DEALER IN—
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Etc.
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THE
Artistic Tailor!

Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS

—GO TO—

GEO. H. LOESCH!

The "Marsh" Stand and Hanging Lamp, Perfumery, Perfume Cases, Toilet Cases, Etc., Etc., Etc.

BRUSHES. SOAPS AND TOILET ARTICLES!

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BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING

Clothing

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HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

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Also an endless variety of Goods pertaining to a first class Jewelry House.

Call in and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere, as our Prices are lower than ever. All our goods are guaranteed as represented.

MESSRS. TRENKLEY & SCHERZINGER have been engaged in the Jewelry business so long that they have become well known as a reliable firm.

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FINE BRONZE
—AND—
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From 25 to 40 per cent. reduction in Silverware.

Finest assortment exhibited in the city, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Butter Dishes, Jewel Cases, Steel Picks and Crackers, Fruit Stands, Table Cuttlery, Plated, Ivory and Pearl Handle, Forks and Spoons of every pattern, Solid Gold and Silver Headed Canes, and an endless variety of novelties of all kinds.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. Having made my selections from stocks in New York myself, has given one the advantage of procuring the newest and most elegant goods at the lowest prices. The public is requested to call and examine my assortment before making their Holiday purchases, as I will make it to their interest to do so I am selling goods from 25 to 40 per cent less then ever before.

Keil & Bro. will slaughter a large line of Toys, Games, Fancy and other goods. Slightly shop worn. These goods will be sold at less than half price.

KEIL & BRO. - 56 Calhoun St.

SINGULAR AFFLICTION.

The Extraordinary Case of John Snider, Indiana's Walking Man.

Having Lost Control of His Lower Limbs, He Tramps Almost Perpetually.

[Wabash (Ind.) letter.]

John Snider, Indinna's walking man, is a dandy curiosity and no mistake.

Snider lives one mile south of Mill Grove, a small station on the Pan-Handle Railway, in the eastern part of Blackford County. Your correspondent found him industriously performing his heel-and-toe act. His home is a one-story log-cabin, located in the center of an acre lot. Around the house a beaten path, worn fully five inches below the surface, indicates the route pursued by Snider in his weary and almost ceaseless tramp. To vary the monotony of his tramp, Snider has two other promenades, both in the rear of the dwelling, circular in form and ninety feet in diameter. During the past three months Snider has walked incessantly out of doors, through rain, sleet, and snow; but, as the exposure had begun to tell on him, his relatives fitted up a room in the cabin for his pedestrian exercises.

Two years ago last April Snider, then a robust man of fifty-four, while at work in a field, was seized with a spasmodic twitching of his arms and hands and severe cramping of the muscles of the body. He was incapacitated for labor of any kind, and the physician summoned pronounced the case a most serious one. After a few days of suffering all symptoms of nervous derangement disappeared, and for a week Snider was apparently as well as ever. Then the muscular convulsions again manifested themselves, but this time in the legs. He lost control of both legs, and the propensity to walk, which will eventually carry Snider to the grave, took complete possession of him, and with the exception of about four hours each day, from 1 to 5 o'clock a. m., he is constantly on his feet and traveling at the rate of four miles an hour.

When visited by the correspondent Snider was dressed in a coarse woolen coat, a pair of jean trousers, flannel shirt, and an aged and badly battered felt hat. On his feet he wore heavy plow-shoes, much the worse for the vigorous service they have experienced. Snider is a man of dark complexion, with an iron-gray beard and short gray hair. His countenance is bronzed by constant exposure to sun and rain, and the deep lines of care on his face prove that he fully appreciates the magnitude of his misfortune. Living in the same cabin with Snider are his wife and five children, two sons and three daughters, who support themselves by laboring in the neighborhood.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, after a sleep of three to four hours, Snider begins his daily tramp and continuous walking, eating his meals as he walks, until one o'clock the following morning, when he sits down in a chair and sleeps soundly, being unable to rest in a recumbent position.

At the outset his friends endeavored by force to induce him to remain quiet, but he immediately became frantic, and with tears in his eyes the patient begged to be released or he would die. Snider was placed in the State asylum at Indianapolis for a brief time, but was returned by the authorities there, pronounced harmless and incurable. He is perfectly rational, but talks but little about his peculiar affliction, and seems rather averse to newspaper notoriety.

The walker stated that he could not possibly control himself, and that his physicians had informed him that he would walk until death claimed him. When Snider began his tramp he weighed 160 pounds; he now weighs 150 pounds, and has not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His muscles are hard and firm. He has fully recovered from a recent indisposition, when he was thought to be dying. He walks with a quick step of uniform length, striking his heels into the soil each time, the shock being apparently a grateful one to his muscles.

At times Snider sleeps as he walks, and for an hour, guided by relatives, he swings around the circle, snoring loudly, and upon awakening he runs at a rapid gait for several miles, to "rest himself," as he says. Snider suffers no pain, and is apparently contented while in motion.

During the past fall fair managers in this section of the State were lively bidders for Snider as a curiosity. At Warren he was on exhibition in a tent for three days, and proved a great card, receiving $200 for his services. He was offered $200 to appear at the Marion fair, and a New York dime museum manager made him a flattering offer for the season, both of which were declined.

Dr. Davidson, of Hartford City, who is Snider's physician, and has complete charge of the case, said that, while his recovery is impossible, Snider would probably live for many months. "The affection is a disease of the spinal cord," said the Doctor, "and from the hips down his physical condition is not subject to government by the brain, the great nerve center."

In October Snider was placed behind a plow in a field and made fair progress for a time, but when the plow struck a hidden root and stopped, Snider, instead of extricating it, let go of the handles, walked around the horses, and set off, alone on his regular tramp. It is estimated that during the two years he has been walking, Snider has traveled 25,000 miles.

The case excites wide interest among the medical fraternity, many members of which have visited Snider at his home, diagnosing the disease while walking with him, as he is unable to stop even for a moment. His case is said by physicians to be unparalleled, and his powers of endurance superhuman.

A FAMOUS HUMORIST.

Alexander E. Sweet, of the Texas Siftings.

A New York dispatch states that A. E. Sweet's new play has been fully rehearsed and that it will prove a big success. Alex. E. Sweet is the funny man of *Texas Siftings*. He is 46 years of age, and moved from Austin, Tex., to New York three years ago. His blossoming out as a playwright brings him quite prominently before the public once more. The play is said to be very funny, and deals with the doings of Col. Snort, a typical Texas editor.

POWDERLY ON LABOR TOPICS.

He Refuses to Take Active Part, but Urges Workingmen to Action.

[Philadelphia telegram.]

General Master Workman Powderly has written to the managers of the labor party in this city, refusing to address the convention of that party. He explains that he took part in the George campaign in New York City because his name was used by the opponents of George to discountenance the movement, and he wanted to show that he favored it. Continuing, he says:

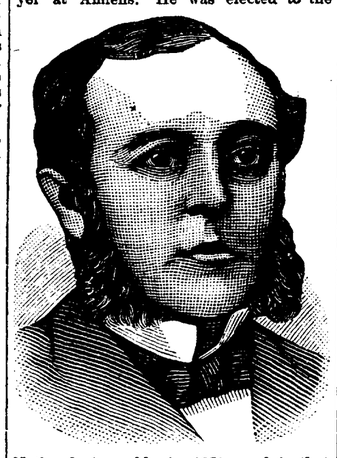
I made a departure from a rule that I have observed for some time and which I do not intend to break again, viz: not to speak at a political meeting again while I hold the position of chief officer of the Knights of Labor. At New York I spoke as an individual voicing the sentiment of united labor, and not as General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

I would not advise you not to take any action as a party. It seems to me that it becomes the duty of all interested to endeavor to educate the masses to free the ballot-box from the degrading influences of the bribe giver and taker, as well as from that tool of monopoly—whisky. Put forth your every effort to discover what is wanted in the management of the municipal affairs of your city; don't, as is too often the case, allow the interest to die out on the eve of election day, but continue until you have located the cause of the trouble. You will find that, in order to remove the cause of the trouble, you will have to begin at the bottom and work up, instead of beginning at the top and falling down. If your movement means what its name indicates, keep it up and elicit the services of all honest men, for all such are interested in honest government, regardless of their calling in life.

M. RENE GOBLET.

The French Statesman Chief of the Recently Formed Cabinet.

Monsieur Rene Goblet was born at Aire-sur-la-Lys in 1828 and began life as a lawyer at Amiens. He was elected to the



National Assembly in 1871, and in that body rapidly made himself a reputation as an orator. In 1876 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, to which body he was returned by the electors in the following year. He gained the enmity of M. Zola, for forbidding the production of "Germinal" last year. Rene Goblet, formerly a protege of Gambetta, is said to be a secret ally of Clemenceau. He was Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet which preceded the one which was defeated in the first week of December, 1886. In the year 1882 he was Minister of the Interior. M. Goblet is a journalist of liberal views, having founded while at Amiens in 1869 the liberal journal styled *Le Progres de la Somme*. He at one period voted for the Wallon Constitution, which Gambetta sought to revise. In 1876 he was beaten by a Bonapartist, and in 1882 he was described by the *Figaro* as entertaining anti-clerical views.

MR. MANNING'S DENIAL.

The American Minister to Mexico Refutes the Charges of Drunkenness.

[New Orleans telegram.]

A morning paper prints the following letter from Minister Manning, dated at the City of Mexico on the 13th inst., and addressed to Mr. Percy Roberts:

MY DEAR SIR—Revolting as the subject is to me, I can not permit my friends and the public to be deceived and misled by the slanderous misrepresentations that have lately filled many of the newspapers. The crusade against me began with accounts of what was said to be a magnificent banquet given in my honor, at which were a large number of distinguished men, and where I, in plain terms, was said to have got drunk. The actual facts, which will, I trust, by the kindness of the New Orleans press, be generally disseminated, are as follows:

Mr. Guiraud, a former resident of New Orleans, knowing my desire to meet some of the business men who were engaged extensively in the industrial development of Mexico, invited two—only two—of them to meet me at breakfast at his house. They were Mr. Braniff, an American long resident of this country, and Mr. Sebastian Camacho, a Mexican. Both of them are largely interested in the railroads and in mines; Mr. Braniff in a cotton factory, and both capitalists in the very front rank of those brainy, practical, progressive men who have done so much already to develop their country, and who are looking hopefully forward to the accomplishment of greater results.

The party consisted of those two gentlemen, our host and myself. The conversation at the table was entirely occupied by a contrastive description of the country—as it was and as it is—and with details of what was in progress now and in preparation for the future. I gained a mass of valuable and interesting information from them that I could not have obtained from books. With so staid a party and with such subjects for discussion it is hardly reasonable there would be extraordinary hilarity. Wine was drunk, but in moderation, and at the end of the breakfast I went to the legation and remained until 4:30 p. m., transacting the business of my office. I inclose Mr. Braniff's statement about the breakfast.

It was telegraphed from here some time after this—why, I don't know—that I had delirium tremens, as was evident from the noises proceeding from my room. Fortunately for me, a gentleman of the highest character had his room next to mine. He refers to the Mexican minister at Washington for information as to who he is. His name is Thomas MacManus, and his statement is forwarded. The chief of the dining-room in my hotel has kindly tendered his statement, which is herewith inclosed. The hotel has no bar-room, as in the States. All liquors are furnished in the dining-room. I do not wish to make this a letter longer, but as my confinement to my room from an attack of pneumonia has been circulated with malicious industry as a pretense, I add at this point a sentence from a statement made by my physician, Dr. Parsons:

"I began attendance on Judge Manning Nov. 25, and found him suffering extreme pain in the region of the heart, and, on examining the lungs, found that the lower lobe of the right lung was affected with pneumonia. His convalescence was protracted owing to the heart difficulty, which I attribute to the altitude of Mexico, and to the inability to procure a fire in the Judge's room. Judge Manning had previously consulted with me in reference to the effect that the altitude and extreme cold weather had upon him, stating that he had not been comfortable since his arrival. I have noticed that all Southerners who come here during the winter months suffer with colds, catarrhs, etc., especially when a northern wind has been blowing in Vera Cruz, as has been the case for the last two or three weeks.

"Dated Dec. 6, 1886."

Under continuous subjection to a wretched cold, catarrh, and sore throat, I have not, save on three occasions, been out of my hotel at night for seven weeks, and when symptoms of pneumonia supervened I was enjoined to use the greatest precautions. During that period Mr. Mariscbal, the Minister of Foreign Affairs gave a diplomatic dinner, and I accepted his invitation, though prostrate at the time, hoping I should be well enough to attend when the dinner, which was a week ahead, should come off. When my physician learned what I had done he energetically prohibited my attendance at the dinner, declaring he would not answer for the consequences. The telegraphic correspondents who had concocted the previous dispatches threatened, I am advised, that if I did not go to the dinner they would make it lively for me. You know probably by this time into what new forms of traduction this lively invention has projected itself. I do not. Very truly yours, T. C. MANNING.

The statement of Mr. Braniff is dated at Mexico, December 9, and is as follows:

"I hereby certify that I was present at the breakfast given by Mr. Guiraud, at which Judge Manning also assisted. The only guest besides the Judge and myself was Mr. Camacho, director of the mint and of several railways. The breakfast was at the usual hour, between 12 and 1 o'clock, and wine was drunk, but with moderation. At the conclusion, about 3 o'clock, Judge Manning left us for the legation. He was not in the least under the influence of the wine, and we were much surprised here at hearing that statements contrary to the above had been made. THOMAS BRANIFF."

The statement of Thomas MacManus, who occupies the room next that of the Minister at the Hotel del Jardin, says that he has been in constant intercourse with Judge Manning and has never seen him under the influence of liquor. If there had been any noise in the Judge's room MacManus says he would have heard it.

Manuel Ruiz, in charge of the dining-room at the hotel, states that Judge Manning drank very little liquor or wine and was never intoxicated.

THE sting of a bumble bee contains only one-fifth part of a drop of poison, and why a boy jumps up and down and takes on so about it is more than medical science can explain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

BY M. T. G.

Three little maidens all forlorn,
Caught in the ice, and the snow, and storm;
Three little hoods all flecked with white,
Three little arms that are busy quite—
Three little maids from school!

Three little gifts for a boy who is ill,
Who lives in a cabin down by the hill;
Three little hearts with kindness filled,
Three little souls with goodness thrilled—
Three little maids from school!

One with a bundle filled with toys,
One with a basket filled with food,
One with the best of Christmas joys,
The green fir tree from the snowy wood,
Three little faces all aglow,
Three little hearts all filled with glee;
Presents given—happy boy!
Three little sisters—of charity!

THE BOY ARTIST.

BY CLARA CARLYLE.

"Play where you like, children, but don't go near that room," said Mr. Dale to the coterie of children who were celebrating Christmas at his pleasant home.

"What's the matter with that room?" asked curious Tom Sanders, as Mr. Dale retired.

"It's a studio," explained Bob Dale.

"What? A place where they paint pictures?"

"Yes."

"Who paints—your father?"

"No, it's an old friend of his—a Mr. Warrington, who is staying with us."

"How I'd like to peep in and see what it is like," remarked Tom, longingly.

"Well, you mustn't; so come and play hi-spy."

In the pleasures of hide-and-seek the studio was gradually forgotten by Tom Sanders, but the subject was revived half an hour later. In hiding from his companion he darted into a room without noticing what it was.

"Hello!" he ejaculated with a start; "I've stumbled into the studio."

He was about to retreat precipitately, when his curiosity enchained his attention to the quaint and novel room. Upon the easel was a half-finished picture. To Tom its ugly patches of color not yet blended did not tell the story of artistic design in forming a basis for completing it.

"I believe I could paint myself," he murmured. "I'm a good draughtsman. How my fingers itch to try it!" And before he knew it he had the paint brush in his hand.

He had carried Elsie Dale's doll away out of mischief when he started to hide, and he had flung it on a chair by the easel.

"I'll try and paint the doll," he decided. "Surely this old daubed piece of canvas ain't any good."

It was a pleasant and engrossing task, and amid its agreeable details Tom did not stop to think that he was disobeying orders. With palette in hand, he was industriously completing a highly colored doll on the canvas, when the door opened.

"Oh, Tom, how could you disobey papa," cried Elsie Dale; and "Boy, I am afraid you've done serious damage here," appalled Tom, in Mr. Dale's kind but chiding tones.

Poor Tom took little satisfaction out of the rest of that day when he learned later that he had spoiled a canvas which, ugly and useless as it looked to him, had taken Mr. Warrington nearly a week to prepare. It was a severe lesson to him, and he never met Mr. Warrington's sad, reproachful glance after that but he resolved never again to meddle or disobey.

The whirligig of time went round, and Tom grew to be a young man. It was a curious thing, but he never forgot the incident of the painted doll. Many a time it would recur to him—and many a time too he wondered what had become of the old artist.

One Christmas night he was hurrying home to children of his own, when, as he passed a street corner, a wretchedly attired woman advanced toward him, timidly pleading: "I am in need, sir," then the tears choked her voice and showed that she was no habitual mendicant.

Kind-hearted Tom was soon in possession of her sad story—misfortune, a crippled husband, penury, starvation. He was a rich man and a good one, and he did not dismiss her with a trifle. Instead, he asked her to lead him to her house, where he could see her husband and aid them if they deserved assistance.

What a wretched, miserable place it was—a lonely, poorly furnished room, in a broken-down tenement house. A tallow dip showed a rude couch on which lay a pale, white-haired man, helpless and ill.

But upon the wall were two pictures at which Tom stared in mute wonderment. One was that of a little child. He thrilled as he viewed it. It was a portrait of Elsie Dale as she was when a child, on that fair Christmas Eve years and years agone. He recognized it quickly, for Elsie Dale was now his wife.

By its side was an inartistic daub that was almost ridiculous—a blurred background on which was lined in high, glaring colors a doll.

It was the same picture he had surreptitiously painted in the studio at Mr. Dale's house, fifteen years previous.

Was he dreaming? What did this all mean? He could only gasp out bewilderedly:

"These pictures!"

"They are mementos of my husband's happy past, sir," explained the woman, sadly. "He would never part with them."

"Mr. Warrington, don't you remember me?" With a great, impulsive cry big-hearted Tom was at the couch, and had grasped the startled invalid's wasted hand.

The wan face and fever-haunted eyes looked up at him, but he shook his head, sadly.

"You seem to know my name, but——"

"Tom—Mr. Dale's young guest who painted that picture of the doll."

"You that boy?"

In excited tones Tom went over all the past, and told how he had married Elsie Dale, and how often they had wondered what had become of Mr. Warrington.

And then the artist told his own pathetic story of struggle and sickness and suffering. Mr. Dale had removed to another city, and he had never seen him. By chance his wife, in seeking aid, had met Tom first—a happy chance, for one hour later the sick artist and his wife were welcome guests under Tom's hospitable roof. He was never to know poverty again, for his young friend found him work, and assisted him to regain his health.

Mr. Warrington made Tom's wife a present that night she esteemed highly. It was the doll picture which represented her husband's mischievous prochivities as a boy, nobly atoned for in later years.

AS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I saw an old, old man, and an old, old woman walking arm in arm on the street the other day, and by and by they turned into a toy store and began making purchases as eagerly as other people of half their years.

"You buy for your grand-children?" I whispered.

"No; for our own," replied the woman.

"But you are so old that your children must be men and women grown."

"Ah! but they are not. The eldest is not yet 12 years of age, and we have four."

She had tears in her eyes as she answered me, and by and by she continued:

"They are dead—all dead! Once there was but one stocking for Santa Claus to fill, and but one curly-head to creep from his trundle-bed at break of day and shout with gladness over the gifts bestowed. By and by there was a second—then a third—then four stockings hung in a row at Christmas time, and four children blessed me good-night, and said:

"'If Santa Claus comes before you go to bed, tell him we have been good children.'"

"But they are now dead."

"Yes—all dead. One week took them all from us—one grave holds them all. But on Christmas Eve four stockings will hang in a row again, and Santa Claus will come as of old. Every Christmas Eve since their voices were hushed in death the four stockings have been hung up. There are no glad voices—no soft kisses—no tender good-nights. Those have been unheard for almost a score of years. Father and I sit there and listen for footsteps, but they do not come. We hearken to voices which can never speak again. Our hearts are heavy and our eyes full of tears, but before we sleep we fill the stockings as of old, and it seems as if the children came back from heaven for that one night.

"And so," she said, as the tears came faster, "we buy for this Christmas Eve, and we shall sit down and call our children about us as in the olden time, and it will keep our hearts tender and help us to bear the burden of our many years."

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Maud—Laura, I am almost distracted trying to thing what to give Gus for Christmas. What are you going to give Algy?

Laura—I haven't made up my mind yet, but I want a new pair of lace curtains for the parlor, and a lambrequin for the library; either of them, I think, would be just lovely.

Maud—So they would. I am going to give Gus a nice cut-glass smelling bottle.

Gus—Hello, Algy! got Laura's Christmas present under your arm there?

Algy—Yes, I'm going to give her a shaving set.

Gus—Good! that will be a joke. I've got a box of cigars for Maud. But she won't give me any more than last Christmas.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

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Talk at Home.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to learn from books, and, even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training in lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1887 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

Down in Texas a number of speculators had taken out risks in matrimonial insurance companies upon a couple known to be engaged. Between the betrothed there was an agreement that the prospective groom should, before he could claim the lady for his bride, provide a house to live in; but as the day drew near it became apparent that he could not keep that part of the compact, and so the lady declared the engagement off. In sorrow the young man told his speculative friends of the turn affairs had taken, by which they were likely to lose the premiums they had paid as well as the face of the policies they held, and they, to remove the only barrier to his happiness and their own enrichment gave him the money to build his house, when he and his sweetheart were married. Whether the policies will be paid or not remains to be seen.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs, and fear of consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and it will cure you. By druggists.

JOHN DEITERLE was arrested in Jersey City, the other day, on a charge of bigamy. The complaint was made by Mrs. Carrie Deiterle, to whom he was married on Nov. 1, 1881, and whom he deserted the following week. A short time ago Mrs. Deiterle learned that her husband was living with a woman named Elizabeth Shannon, who called herself his wife. Mrs. Deiterle placed the matter in the hands of detectives, who ascertained that Deiterle was married Nov. 12, 1881, in New York, to Elizabeth Shannon.

YOUNG or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ONE industry remains to the poor Indian—that of ticket-scalper to an immigrant train.—*Phiadelphia Item.*

CLEANSES the scalp, and leaves the hair soft and beautiful. Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE flour of the family often makes a loaf-er ill-bred.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly and surely taking the place of all this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat troubles they are superior to all other articles. *Sold only in boxes.*

ALWAYS look upon the bright side. The back of the mirror is frequently adorned with cobwebs and there may be a spider or two.

IF you have any form of throat or lung disease, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WHAT weed does a gardener seldom object to? A cigar in his own mouth.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily: Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

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WIDE awake 3 or 4 hours every night, coughing.—Get immediate relief and sound rest by using "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 10 cents.

THE mother's favorite cough medicine for the children and adults is "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 10c. Liquid, 25c.

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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

NO OPIUM in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

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We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy. It corrects the acidity of the blood which is the cause of the disease, and builds up the whole system.

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100 Doses One Dollar

THE publisher of Baltimore, Md., *Every Saturday*, Mr. T. J. Wentworth, says his child aged six months, was suffering from a severe cold and he gave it Red Star Cough Cure, which acted like a charm. No morphia.

WHAT an irascible father says: As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

MR. BUCHTER, a well-known citizen of Lancaster, Pa., has used St. Jacobs Oil, and considers it an excellent remedy in cases of swellings, bruises and burns.

Supported by Evidence.

"Gessler? Who was Gassler?" said Mrs. Beckram to her husband.

"He was a tyrant, my dear, and also a life insurance agent."

"What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"There is no nonsense about it, Mrs. Beckram, I assure you. Does not William Tell say to Gessler in the third act: 'Ha, tyrant, hast thou not given me assurance of my life?' Your husband, madam, never makes a statement that he is not prepared to support by documentary evidence."—*Texas Siftings.*

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred *outward* manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

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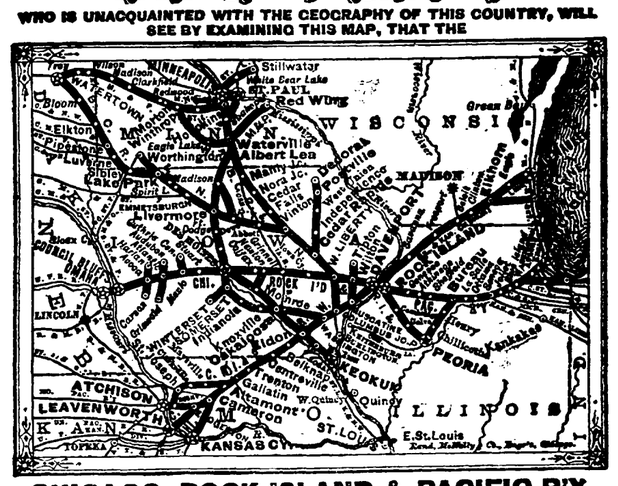
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Watseka
Momence
Crown Point
Valparaiso
Michigan City
LINCOLN
Effingham
Terre Haute
Indianapolis
Logansport
Peru
Kokomo
Marion
Richmond
Dayton
Springfield
Columbus
Xenia
Zanesville
Cambridge
Wheeling
Parkersburg
Charleston
Huntington
Ashland
Portsmouth
Maysville
Lexington
Frankfort
Louisville
Shelbyville
Bardstown
Elizabethtown
Hopkinsville
Henderson
Owensboro
Evansville
Princeton
Vincennes
Washington
Salem
Mt. Vernon
Cairo
Paducah
Fulton
Union City
Dresden
Jackson
Memphis
Grenada
Canton
Meridian
Vicksburg
Natchez
Jackson
Hattiesburg
Mobile
Pensacola
Montgomery
Selma
Tuscaloosa
Birmingham
Atlanta
Rome
Chattanooga
Knoxville
Bristol
Abingdon
Lynchburg
Danville
Greensboro
Salisbury
Charlotte
Spartanburg
Greenville
Columbia
Augusta
Macon
Savannah
Jacksonville
Tallahassee
Thomasville
Albany
Americus
Fort Valley
Columbus
Eufaula
Troy
Dothan
Eufaula
Ozark
Enterprise
Brunswick
Waycross
Fernandina
Gainesville
Ocala
Tampa
Orlando
Sanford
Palatka
St. Augustine
Key West
Havana
Nassau
Bermuda
Charleston
Wilmington
Fayetteville
Raleigh
Weldon
Petersburg
Richmond
Norfolk
Portsmouth
Newport News
Old Point Comfort
Cape Charles City
Cape Henry
Cape Hatteras
Cape Lookout
Cape Fear
Cape Romain
Cape Canaveral
Cape Florida
Cape Sable
Cape San Blas
Cape St. George
Cape Antonio
Cape Corrientes
Cape San Lucas
Cape Mendocino
Cape Flattery
Cape Disappointment
Cape Blanco
Cape Foulweather
Cape Mendocino
Cape San Lucas
Cape Corrientes
Cape Antonio
Cape St. George
Cape San Blas
Cape Sable
Cape Florida
Cape Canaveral
Cape Romain
Cape Fear
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Lynchburg
Abingdon
Bristol
Knoxville
Chattanooga
Rome
Atlanta
Birmingham
Tuscaloosa
Selma
Montgomery
P

SABBATH READING.

All That Is Good in Us Is the Result of Growth.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

"What Is Your Father Teaching You?"—The Earth-Bed of Children—Character.

What is Your Father Teaching You?

It is recorded of a certain great philosopher that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself.

Knowing that the father was such a deeply learned man, he thought that the little girl must have learned something very grave, something very deep, from such a father, and he said to her, "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked at him with her clear blue eyes, and said, "Obedience." That was what the great and wise man taught his little girl, and I believe that is the most important lesson for children to learn, "to be obedient." It is a lesson necessary for their happiness, for their safety, and I think we may say, for their life.—*Canon Pynne.*

The Earth-Bed of Children.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and kindred meditations are the little graves in the cemeteries. There are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy—half unfolded buds of innocence and purity, nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm had nestled among the embryo petals. Callous indeed, must be the heart which can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of the purity and joy which belong to God and heaven, for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without a stain, and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land enlightened by the light of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent with a purified joy while standing by the earth-bed of a lost little one, chastened because a great treasure has been taken away; joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem which God is holding out as a crown of invitation to those especially who have little children in heaven.—*Exchange.*

Character.

You know, dears, there are shops in our large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to be put right on and worn; but have any of you ever heard of a shop where "ready-made" characters were for sale? No, indeed. Character is something that grows and develops in every ... and girl little by little every day, grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength until at last, like a cloak or coat, it envelops them. Look at papa. He is an honest, upright man, prompt, conscientious, and reliable in business, and at home tender, affectionate, and considerate. Now, do you suppose he waited until he became a man to develop these qualities? And did mamma gain her winsomeness and gentle manners, her patience and forbearance, after she had grown to womanhood? No, my dears, these admirable traits were cultivated in youth and encouraged until they became fixed and permanent qualities.

Show me a boy who likes to lie abed in the morning, who is always behind at breakfast, late at school, neglectful of his lessons and duties, and always making excuses for his tardiness, and I will show you a man who is lazy and unreliable, and who will never prosper—one whom no one will honor or respect. And the girl who is idle, careless of her appearance, snappish and snarlish, and inclined to procrastinate and put off, will become a slothful, untidy, cross, dilatory woman, whom none will admire, but whom every one will shun. But the boy or girl who is prompt, industrious, persevering, honest, and amiable, who works, plays, and studies with a will, will make a reliable, prosperous, noble, generous gentleman, or a bright, clever, winsome gentlewoman.

Now is the time, then, dears, to build for your future, and grandma hopes if any of you have formed habits that cannot fail to bring unhappiness when you are older, you will get rid of them at once, before they become too deeply rooted. Somebody has taken the word habit and worked it out in this clever way, which shows how a bad habit sticks and how hard it is to get rid of: "Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it is 'a bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not 't' totally used up." So be sure and form *good* habits.—*Christian at Work.*

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

The woman who wishes to look as well as her natural gifts will allow her is not ashamed, says the London *Journal*, to assist nature in its good work. To begin, she never neglects her daily bath. Some take this at night, reasoning that it rests them and makes them sleep sweeter. Such women usually find a sponge bath in the morning all that is necessary to give the desired freshness. The bath or sponge bath taken, the next thing to do at night is to thoroughly brush the hair through, or, better still, have it brushed by a maid or other deft and reliable person. Frequent washings [illegible] and the hair should be thoroughly brushed, using the powder recommended by one's dentist. The girl who carefully washes and dries her hands before she goes to bed at night, using always, perhaps, a little cold cream, or simply a little bran or oatmeal, instead of always the nail brush, rarely has any fault to find with brown, rough hands. If she does, a few applications of cold cream or vaseline, and a few times wearing of kid gloves in bed, will generally make matters sufficiently right for beauty's sake. A dead white hand is not pretty. What is pretty is a well-cared-for, clean-looking, smooth hand, with "pinky" tips and palms.

A STUDY IN HICKORY.

It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter evenings to gather round the fire and crack and eat hickory-nuts. It is an amusement, too, peculiarly American, and for the simple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in abundance. Perhaps where almonds or English walnuts are equally common cracking hickory-nuts is superseded by a resort to these other fruits. They, however, are much easier to open than the hickory-nut, and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in those districts where the peanut does not take the place of other nuts, the cracking of hickory-nuts still continues. Whether it be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell-bark or mocker nut of the Central or Eastern States, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor to the much-esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and thousands of bushels of the shell-barks, the hickory-nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the many differences they present. Some are small and nearly round; some are long, narrow, angular; some have thick shells, and some thin ones, as any one who has cracked his fingers along with the shell can bear witness. According to evolutionary doctrines, variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development or that the organism is in a state of advancement. Various facts show the latter to be the case with the shell-bark hickory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought far back in the prehistoric times, for it boasts an ancient if not an honored lineage. Before the hairy mammoth roamed the forests of the Ohio Valley; before the soil of Louisiana was yet above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio had become tributary to the mighty Mississippi; before even the Rocky Mountain range had been elevated above the waste of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

POINTS FOR POKERITES.

If you want to find out the true character of a man get him into a game of poker. He is bound to show his true colors there. It does not make any difference whether he is a winner or loser, he will show himself just as he is before he gets through. It takes a cool head and lots of nerve to keep quiet in a game of poker, watch the players and never to be moved by the jokes, growls, and jeers of fellow players. There are some players who never know when they are being whipped around the bush. These fellows are never satisfied with the text of the game. If the ante is 25 cents they will invariably make it 75 cents when it comes their turn, so as to make a big jackpot. But it is seldom that they win one of their big pots. Some quiet duck, who had no hand in the job, will open the pot with two pair or better, and then one of the smart Alecks, with a small pair and an ace or a bob-tail flush, will raise the pot and attempt to steal by a reckless bluff. But he always gets a call, and in the end finds himself only the deeper in the hole. And then he swears; calls the fellow who beats him a tight-bellied player, and thinks he is playing in terrible hard luck. A man who makes it a practice of bluffing in a small limit game, or who invariably comes in on a small pair when a jackpot is opened, is nothing short of a chump. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, as it fits a good many of you. There are some players you can never satisfy, no matter how you play; so the only way is to attend to your own business, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, play your hand for all there is in it, see that the cards are well shuffled and cut, and when you find a chronic growler or a chronic bluffer in the game, study his weak points and make him your meat. —*Boston Herald.*

REMEDY FOR TIRED EYES.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion of the eye, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscles of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscle are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eye or gazing at far distinct objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surround- [illegible]

BABY BERTIE.

BY ELLIS VANCE.

Old Jack Frost, with chilling fingers,
Touched the glistening window-pane
Santa Claus, with warm heart tender,
Made it fair and bright again.
And the sunshine, with its radiance,
All the frosty veiling tore,
Till four chubby, smiling faces,
Watched from it the great front door.

Not a sled, or cart, or wagon,
But they watched it pass the street;
Not a great mysterious bundle
But they prattled soft and sweet,
Or in quick, excited wonder,
Of what it might contain,
As they watched for good old Santa
At the darkening window-pane.

"Santa Claus won't come till midnight,"
Big-eyed, dreaming Tottie said;
"Yes, he will! he's round the corner
At the toy-shop," shouted Ned.
"When the toy-man goes for supper,
He'll sneak out with all the toys,
And you'll see him coming yonder;
Oh, no, girls won't—only boys."

"Oh, you little story-teller!"
Pouted May, and shook her curls;
"Santa don't like the rude, rough boys,
He loves the little girls.
And the chimney in our room up-stairs
Is the biggest in the house;
He'll come down it first for Tot and I,
As quiet as a mouse."

So they watched, and talked, and quarreled,
In their pretty, childish way,
But little baby Bertie
Had not a word to say.
He was thinking of his papa,
Wondering why he didn't come,
When he said that very morning
By dark he'd sure be home.

So, as people passed and didn't stop,
He softly crept away
And stole to the side window,
But not a word did say.
By and by along the side yard,
Hidden from the front door view,
Little Bertie watched a gliding form
With wondering eyes of blue.

And he saw that it was papa,
And his arms were crowded quite,
Packages that looked like candy,
Rocking-horses, dolls, a sight
That made him look like Santa Claus,
And these he hid away
In the hall, then softly crept around
To the front as plain as day.

Then a shout from all the others,
Then kisses of delight.
"Papa, papa, when will Santa come?"
Was the burden of the night.
And when he took up Bertie,
He saw his thoughtful face,
And said, "Well, little jewel,
What's the matter? here's your place.

"Lying here on papa's shoulder,
Tell him of your pains and joys;
Have the girls been good to Bertie?
Did you quarrel with the boys?
Did you want to hear of Santa Claus,
And how he's going to creep
Down the great big black old chimney,
When you all get fast asleep?"

"I knows Santa Caus," said Bertie,
Very solemn. "Why, he's tum;
And he brought a lot of bundles;
Santa Caus has dust tum home.
Papa, you tant fool 'our little boy."
There was a wondering pause.
"What for 'oo go round oder way?
Why—*you* is Santa Caus!"

ERIC WINSTON'S CHRISTMAS.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

One winter's afternoon a group of boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen years, were engaged in a mimic battle on a public street in a retired portion of a great, thriving city. It was the day before Christmas, and school was out, and the friendly affray, partaking of entire good feeling and heartiness, was a parting expression of cheer for the holiday vacation. Robust health and high spirits spoke in the tingling faces, and pleasant anticipations filled every boyish heart as they bandied words of defiance or challenge, and the snowy spheres navigated the clear, crispy air in a white, scattering shower.

"Hurrah, drive them back to the fence!" shouted the leader of one of the contending factions, and so hot and furious became the assault that the beleaguered party retreated in dismay and confusion, leaving only the trodden, disordered snow and one prostrate boy on the abandoned field of battle.

The latter raised himself, with a hearty laugh at being downed in the battle, waved a parting adieu to his retreating friends, and shaking the snow from his garments, started homeward at a brisk rate of speed.

He paused as he happened to glance toward the high stone fence which surrounded a building near by. What he had not noticed before was visible now. Seated on the coping, gazing around him in a dazed, confused sort of way, was an old man, closely muffled. His hat was on the ground, an old, worn gripsack lay trodden under feet near by, and the ruddy face and gray head showed where a dozen stray snow balls had left their mark. He shook his fist half-angrily after the shouting throng that had been the cause of his discomfiture, and then struggled to his feet.

"The—the young ragamuffins!—the conscienceless rascals!" he ejaculated. "Ha! boy, are you one of them?"

There was a half-amused, half-penitential expression on Eric Winston's face as he hastened to the side of the old man and took up his hat and handed it to him with a bow.

"I'm afraid I am, sir," he replied; "but I'm sure my friends didn't mean to make you a target. They're too good-natured for that, and you only happened in the way."

"And got assailed for wandering into the enemy's camp, eh?" laughed the man, his good humor completely restored, as Eric brushed the snow from his satchel and politely handed it to him. "Well, well, boys will be boys, and you're a good one for trying to help me in my distress;" and, patting Eric on the shoulder, he hobbled from the spot.

"Dear me, how late!" ejaculated Eric, as a distant bell chimed four silvery strokes; "this won't do. I've loitered too long already, and good mother Ursula will be boxing my ears for playing so much on the way;" and with a bound the lad made the snow fly, and never relaxed his speed until he reached a one-story, antiquated house that stood far back from the street, on one of the most modest thoroughfares of the vicinity.

He did not enter the house at once, but casting a sly look at the windows made his way to the shed at its rear, and seizing an ax he plied it right industriously, trying to make up for lost time, and had soon split the fuel for the night. Then he entered the warm, cozy kitchen with the air of a conscious culprit.

He had expected a severe scolding for his delinquency, but as he softly piled an armful of wood behind the stove, he was amazed to see the object of his fears—good Dame Ursula—regarding him with tears in her eyes.

Eric Winston's story was a strange and sad one. When he was two years old his mother had died and his father was away at sea. The lonely child was cared for by a hired nurse until the money Robert Winston had left before going on his last voyage was exhausted, and then his fate quivered in the balance. Neither Robert Winston nor his ship had ever been heard from, and it was supposed that he had perished in some severe ocean storm. This conviction became surety as the months sped by and there was no word from the missing sailor. It was decided to send the child to the orphan asylum, when Ursula Chester and her husband, who had been befriended by the Winstons in times past, adopted him, and with them he had lived ever since.

It was a lonely life that the boy led in the companionship of these old people. Adolph Chester was a strange, eccentric old man, whose soul knew but one passion, whose life was passed in one atmosphere—music. With him harmony was a devotion, a shrine of worship, and he had infused much of his genius into the adopted waif. While Dame Ursula managed to make a modest living, aided by Eric, from the sale of knit stockings and herbs raised in the garden, the husband devoted all his time to music. Once he had sold a composition, and then his refined nature, jarred by contact with quick, rough business men, had returned to his darling theme, and, becoming more and more absorbed in playing his old violin, was adjudged to be half demented by his neighbors.

But what a musician! What divine strains he drew from the old time-worn violin. What a jewel of melody and beauty was that cracked and aged instrument. Many a time, recognizing its rare [illegible]

savants had offered him fabulous amounts for the violin. It was a genuine Stradivarius, they told him—one of seven of its peculiar make in existence. To all their offers old Adolph Chester had smiled negatively, and said sadly and placidly:

"We will sell the violin—when I die."

Thinking of all this at that very moment, Eric was moved to tender sympathy as he noted Dame Ursula's somber face. He glided to her side. Of late there had been little money and much of worry and destitution at the humble cottage, and the absence of usual preparation for the Christmas festivities was noted by Eric with some little disappointment manifest in his handsome boyish features.

"What has happened, good mother?" he asked, softly.

"The worst, my poor boy," replied the old woman, pathetically. "A debt is due—a debtor has run away. We are destitute To-day I told Adolph. He must sell his violin—we must have bread, I told him. He smiled sadly. 'I have given my years to music,' he said. 'To-day I give my life, my violin, my jewel of harmony and sweetness, but not to sell—instead, to benefit the world, to bequeath to others the glory and rapture of the past, when true musicians starved to give beauty and light to the world.' These were his strange words. He must be daft, Eric, to leave us to starve, and a fortune in the house. Since then he has shut himself in his lonely room, but the violin is mute. What is that? Eric, my boy, run, run! There was a crash in his room. He may have done himself some harm."

In a flash Eric Winston was at the door of the old musician's apartment. He burst open the door, his mind filled with a thousand direful apprehensions. One glance showed him that Adolph Chester was safe, but the violin—

It lay a mass of ruins upon the table, and its destroyer bent over it, a hammer in his hand. The cherished companion of his lonely years lay in fragments before him. What monstrous delusion could have induced him to this act, which wrecked a fortune and made his life void of delight?

Before Eric could speak to him the musician gathered up the pieces of the broken violin and walked from the room and the house, a strange, wild light in his eyes, his pallid lips muttering:

"The temptation has passed. What are my deprivations to the welfare of millions?"

Evening dawned. A deep gloom had settled over the cottage. What did the strange actions of the mad musician mean? what would be the result? Tortured with distressing anxiety, Dame Ursula sat by the cheerless hearth, Eric, sad and silent, by her side.

One hour later the door opened. Adolph Chester entered the room. He placed some gold coins in his wife's hands. he looked at him in a startled way.

"The violin?" she quavered.

"Yes, the money—it is there."

"You—sold—the—violin—for—that!"

"No, I sold it not; I gave it to posterity. Too long have I selfishly kept my secret. I discovered long since that the exquisite tone of the Stradivarius lies not in the maker's art, nor the strings, nor the age, but in the wood."

"In the wood?"

"Yes, the peculiar wood employed in making it. I broke it to learn the name of that wood. I took the fragments to a scientist. I told him my story. He examined it and found that the wood is now obsolete in Europe, but exists in vast forests in various portions of America. He gave me money, because the secret was valuable. It is a secret no more. To posterity I transmit it. Soon aspiring genius shall not be forced to seek to learn the beauty of melody from poor, cheap instruments, but all the world shall have a Stradivarius like my own, and not only the antiquarian and man of wealth. My life's purpose is wrought. I am content."

A calm dignity came into the musician's face, a placid joy haunted his eyes. Right or wrong, his was a noble, unselfish soul.

There was a quick knock at the door. Dame Ursula, sadly mistrusting the future, opened it.

"Does Adolph Chester live here?"

"Yes; enter."

"No, not till I know. There was a sailor years agone—Robert Winston. He went to sea. His wife died, and his child——"

"Is here."

"Thank heaven!"

Eric Winston looked startled. The visitor was the old man whom he had met at the snow-ball battle field.

"You know my friend Winston?" began the musician.

"I am he."

"You? Then this boy is your son."

"Eric, my boy, my boy!"

It was indeed his father. And what a happy ending to a mournful Christmas Eve! For Robert Winston, after fifteen years' exile on a desert island, had returned a rich man, and the old musician never wanted friends more.

So courtesy, friendship, and sacrifice to art were richly rewarded as the sweet bells rang out the glad Christmas morn.

HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

For many pleasant features of our social life we are indebted to horticulture. As one instance we may name the use of flowers on Easter Sunday, which is now almost universal in this country. Then the ceremonies of Decoration Day, in which the use of plants and flowers in memory of our patriotic dead is the prominent part; and another we may mention, the custom, in many churches, of celebrating Rose Sunday, when the children bring great quantities of roses into the church, placing them in every effective spot, and the whole place glows with their tints, and is odorous with their perfume. Again, with the decorations of Thanksgiving Day, in its public observance, we are all familiar; and, lastly, the use of evergreens at Christmas. These are all public occasions—in private life the employment of floral decorations is constant. The Christmas holiday, will, no doubt, engage many of us in decorating our churches and our homes with evergreens, and it may be interesting to look back through the ages and notice the antiquity of this custom. An old English poem, entitled "Christmas," says:

From every hedge is plucked by eager hands
The Holly branch with prickly leaves replete
And fraught with berries of a crimson hue;
Which, torn asunder from its parent trunk,
Is straightway taken to the neighboring towns,
Where windows, mantels, candlesticks, and shelves,
Quarts, pints, decanters, pipkins, basons, jugs,
And other articles of household ware,
The verdant garb confess.

This style of decoration may be called profuse, and modern taste will not warrant its imitation.

Those who have investigated the subject say that decking the houses with evergreens at this season of the year, or the winter solstice, was an old pagan custom practiced long before the introduction of Christianity and by different nations. It was first, probably, a harvest celebration or feast, or, perhaps, in honor of the sun's return from the lowest point in the heavens. With this view, it must be regarded as a most natural and appropriate celebration, and as naturally attended with good cheer and good wishes as the rising of the morning sun. It was the Saturnalia of the Romans, which in time came to be attended with the wildest excess of revelry.

The keeping of this feast was first opposed by the early Christians, but as it was impossible to discontinue it, the regulation and observance of it in an orderly and moral manner was sought, and finally it was recognized by the church as a holiday anniversary of the birth of Christ.

IRVING ON CHRISTMAS.

Perhaps there is no holiday more generally observed, the world over, or which calls out all that is most gracious in human nature, than Christmas. Some of the choicest thoughts of the best writers, in both prose and verse, take their inspiration from this season. Irving, in his Sketch Book, writes thus gracefully:

"One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris-sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and hustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously—times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its homebred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castle and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light, shadowy saloons, and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa."

[illegible]

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Christian on Trial the Theme of His Discourse.

The World, Conscience, an Angel, and the Holy Ghost Bear Witness Against Him, but Christ Pleads His Case and He Is Saved.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 19.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "On Trial," taking for his text I. John i., 2: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." He said:

Standing in a court room you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than oyer and terminer, or circuit, or supreme, or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal. The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then who are the witnesses in the cause; and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on, the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up, then, oh, Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul! It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked, and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees, and said: "O Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the sign of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head, and the hands, and the side, and the feet, there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember me!" You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and, as in a sea shell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion, and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Savior's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods, and the leaves, and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter voiced than ever before; and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further, this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we by our inconsistency say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is, that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life, about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male. I think the males are the worst. Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world, but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted, "Hosanna to the son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: "Oyez! oyez! oyez! Whosoever has anything to offer in this trial, in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial."

The first witness that I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas, for the mistake! When they get amid stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in Heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself, I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World with the greedy eye and the hard heart! I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the world on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with some allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do. You may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh!" says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been [illegible] He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an Angel of God. Bright and shining one, what dost thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh!" says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes when he knew it not I led him into the green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him I fought them back with infinite fierceness; and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again among the sinless ones before the white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man! "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the third person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort, and sanctify, and yet look at that man, and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the World, of Conscience, of the Angel, and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes, unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in, the advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The court room has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster Hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster Hall was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court-room, Edmund Burke advanced, in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons house of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on, and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser, and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou Judge and lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees in stating that this man has sinned against all these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die."

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the Judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" and some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see one rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God! "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

O, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all you may not have to die. The best advocate in all the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend a man as this advocate is qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise Him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasures to His feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the care of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and he has never lost a case. Courage, oh Christian soul! I think that after all there may be some chance for you, for the great advocate rises to make his plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins, aye, more; but look at that wounded hand of mine, and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot and at my left foot. But all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in my tears he hath washed; in my righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free; I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my cross of shame set his throne of triumph."

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room you know the silence, and the solemnity, when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial, shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention, above, around, beneath. All the universe cries, "Hear! Hear!"

The judge rises and gives this decision, [illegible] to be changed, never to be revoked:

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial, in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be standing at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at mid-noon. A wave of darkness rolls over the earth. The stars appear at noonday. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets, and send down their granite cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalayas. Beasts bellow and moan, and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on His throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or will he plead against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an advocate.

The Smifkinses' Remedy.

Pere and Mere Smifkins and Smifkinses six have been, as a family, noted for their jollity and unanimity, but of late things have been sadly changed; contentions have arisen, and the family peace has sorrowfully wended her way to the Common Council, from whose convocations she has long absented herself. In short, the Smifkinses have eight double-back-action, liver-padded, hand-sewed colds, warranted to keep in a damp climate.

Mrs. Smifkins first fell a victim, some three weeks ago; but the family, recalling the woman and mother she once had been, and bound to her by many years' ties of endearment, spared her wretched life, bore with her, and were bored by her. Next, Mr. Smifkins succumbed, and the children, with a gnawing pain, beheld the widening chasm between their erstwhile devoted parents. But, one after another, all felt the demon's sway.

A suit for divorce seemed imminent. The family treasury became deplenished (soothing syrups, potash, quinine, cough lozenges, handkerchiefs, laundry-bills, etc., etc.). The night season was passed in groaning and coughing, nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, having closed a contract with the patrons of a State lecturer, and conversation was limited to inquiries for "that old silk handkerchief of mine," requests for slices of salt pork, and the discussion of untried remedies. Sneers ended in snuffles. Miss Hortensia Smifkins quarreled with her lover; Mr. Horatia Smifkins was discarded by his lady-love (sneezed plumb in her face while saying that life had been a miserable existence before he knew her); the younger ones stayed home from school and made each other as well as the traditional Rome howl, and the servant gave warning. To sum it up, the Smifkinses' once happy home was a thing of the past, and family harmony was lost in an octavial snuffle.

However, the other evening, the eldest Smifkins, with a beaming face, triumphantly produced a bottle of cat

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TO ALL!

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PATRONS

AND

FRIENDS

Many thanks for the unusually large patronage they have enjoyed this

Holidas Season

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WISH THEM ALL

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Home Made Mince Meat!

SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES

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Aug. 15-1y

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At prices that cannot be beat. Custom work and repairing neatly and promptly done. Don't forget the place.

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Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Irin Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.

Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.

Good lamp chimneys 3c each.

Decorated chamber sets $3.

Bargains in glass ware at half price.

Hanging Lamps $2 50 each.

Fifty-six pieces, tea set, $3 50.

Silver plated castors, tea sets, butter and pickle dishes.

1847 Roger Brothers knives, forks and spoons.

LOOK!

I have just received through my brother (now living in Chicago) a full line of Plaques, Albums, Bisc and Nankeen Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Whisk Broom Holders, Jap Mats, Toilet Sets, Fancy Dishes, Cheap Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, etc., at the lowest Chicago Market Prices

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HOUSE COATS And Robes in plain colors and gay. Nobby jackets for the yourth, stylish coats sor the young man, and the dignified gown, in subdued colors, for those of quiet taste or the elderly. There are many exquisite patterns that were made for us and controlled by us—can't be seen elsewhere. we name the lowest prices for these goods. $10 buys a pretty garment; $12 to $18 fine ones, that are richly and elaborately trimmed.

MUFFLERS. A Display that outshines any other, A combination of new and fashionable colors that are attractive and beautiful beyond description; wreaths, vines, horse shoes, moons, half moons, dots, spots, stripes, checks, etc.; pussy in basket, etc. Any color or shade you want. Plain white cashmere, 50c, 75c. and $10. Fancy patterns in wool cashmere, $1 and $1.25. Scotch wool, $1.25. white brocaded silk and cream white, $1.25, $1.50. $1.75 and $2; fancy colors in Silk Twills, $1 25, $1.50, $1.75. Extra quality in rich and confined patterns that're selling like wild-fire at $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

SAM, PETE & MAX,
Fine Furnishers.

Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

Thursday, January 6, is the day of prayer for colleges.

Motto for Santa Claus: "Know all men by these presents."

Judge S. M. Hench was at Bluffton this week on legal business.

The Rome City postoffice did a big money-order business last week—$1,360.53.

Everybody is invited to attend the Saengerbund dance at Turner hall, Thursday evening, December 30.

Once more the postmasters on the Grand Rapids and Indiana feel well and breath easier since the arrest of Elwood.

The Fort Wayne Saengerbund will give a grand ball at Turner hall, Thursday evening, December 30. Tickets 50 cents.

Conductor Hoyt, of the Wabash, is at Toledo, in a critical condition, inflammation of the bowels being the trouble. Conductor Prince has charge of his run.

According to the reports received by the state bureau of statistics, there was a full crop of apples in only five Indiana counties—Floyd, LaGrange, Lawrence, Noble and Steuben.

Tom Scanlan, a former clerk at the Sylvan Lake house saloon, Rome City, has skipped out. The present session of the court demanded his presence against Mr. Scanlan's wishes.

The Princess Roller Skating rink will be open Christmas day and evening, during the holiday week in the mornings and afternoons and on Wednesday evening and on New Years day and evening. Music every evening.

The Plymouth *Republican* says: "Winfield Simons has gone to Fort Wayne to take charge of his brother's estate. Leander Southworth is acting as agent at the Pittsburg depot until the new agent, Conductor Haines, is ready to take the place, then Mr. Southworth will go to Fort Wayne as book keeper for Mr. Simons. The citizens of Fort Wayne will find Winfield Simons and Leander Southworth gentlemen in the true sense of that word."

The reports received by the state statistician from the county clerks in regard to divorces granted last year show that on the complaints of wives 581 divorces were granted, and on complaints of husbands, 244; total, 825. The grounds upon which the divorces were granted cover all the statutory causes, and were as follows: Abandonment, 245; cruel treatment, 144; drunkenness, 31; failure to provide, 91; criminal conviction, 12; not stated, 202.

Miss Vie Stone, a clerk for Root & Co., is visiting at her home, Decatur.

The Street Railroad company is talking of building a toboggan slide at the fair grounds.

Michael Gilmartin, jr., returned from Cincinnati yesterday morning, where he was attending college, to spend the holidays.

An Andrews correspondent says: "Mrs. F. S. Baals and children returned Friday from a pleasant visit with relatives in Fort Wayne."

J. Bart Shirey, a typo who used to work here, has been given a position at the Washington printing office. Shirey lives at Decatur, but has been at work at Bluffton.

Conductor Barnhart, while coupling cars, pinched his hand, disabling him several days. J. J. Knee and J. F. Heth also met with slight bruises on the Wabash, which will lay them up for four or five weeks.

Friendly Hand division B. of R. B., will give a supper at Andrews the evening of December 31, the proceeds of which are designed as a benefit for Wabash Brakemen C. F. Moore, who, on account of sickness, has been unable to work for nearly a year.

The farmers report that the prospect for a good crop of wheat never was better at this season of the year. The mild winter has allowed the crop to grow nicely and it has so covered the ground as to be a protection to the roots and good judges say there is no danger of a freeze-out, no matter how cold it gets.

Adjutant General Koontz thinks he will be able to induce several Indiana companies to participate at the coming national encampment in Washington next May. He has received orders from the department there to extend an invitation to them all, and the Fort Wayne rifles want to go.

Gus Schwartz, who is firing Wabash engine 1,184 for Johnnie Glenn, is thinking seriously of laying off one round trip. Gus is worth probably $3,500, most of which is invested in Fort Wayne property, which needs his attention. Most of the boys will not credit the story of his laying off and yet he may do so.

When asked why the Salvation army used red so much in their dress, Sister Thompson said: "It grew on us. We began by wearing a small badge to know each other. Then it became bigger and bigger, till some of the officers dress in red from top to toe. I live and sleep in red. I hope to die and be buried in it and go to glory in it."

Judge Cooley, the newly appointed receiver of the Wabash lines east of the Mississippi river, held a lengthy conference with Mr. Talmage, general manager for the receivers of the entire system, yesterday, and said afterwards to a reporter that he would make a tour of the entire system with Mr. Talmage, with the object of determining whether or not the east and west lines could be operated under one management and their accounts kept separately. If this could be done he thought it would work to the best interests of all concerned.

The "Three I" road, connecting with the Nickel Plate at Knox, has become an important feeder to the latter. The Knox *Ledger* says that the interchange of business at that place, between these two lines, for the three weeks ending December 1st, amounted to $11,879.71, and it is expected that this will be doubled in the succeeding month. The Nickel Plate road employs two operators, two clerks and one car inspector. The Indiana, Illinois and Iowa employs only an agent and one car inspector. The principal freights are corn, oats, pigs lead, cotton, meats, raisins from California and flour from Minneapolis. The Nickel Plate company are furnishing the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa empty cars at the rate of thirty-five per day, which supply will be continued daily indefinitely.

A merry Christmas to all our readers.

"Partners in Crime" at the Academy to-night and to-morrow night with a Christmas matinee.

"Shamus O'Brien" at the Temple to-night and to-morrow night with a Christmas matinee.

There will be mass at the Cathedral to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock. This Christmas service is usually very impressive.

Dr. A. J. Raush, of Fort Wayne, has located at Haw Patch, for the practice of medicine. The doctor, it will be recalled, ran for recorder last fall.

Peter Moran & Co., of Fort Wayne, have been at Pleasant Lake this week trying to contract with parties for the cutting and packing of ice to fill the old Van Orden ice house.

Engineer Geo. Quidore is now placed regularly in charge of the Wabash "creeper," 1036, in place of Dan Connell, who will run one of the small engines transferred from the Detroit branch.

Supt. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stevens wil celebrate the fifth anniversary of their marriage next Monday, the 27th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Stevens' parents in Logansport. Quite a number of Fort Wayne people will attend.

Natural gas has been discovered in paying quantities in nineteen states and territories in the union. In western Pennsylvania alone sixty-six natural gas companies have been organized, and nearly $21,000,000 of capital invested.

There are sixteen patients in the Wabash railway hospital at Peru, six of them with injured right hands. Winter weather is particularly severe on the brakemen and yardmen who are apt to get fingers smashed while coupling cars, as cold digits have a faculty of getting between drawbars.

The children of Trinity Episcopal Sunday school will have their Christmas service in the church on Sunday evening, Dec. 26. The exercises will consist of singing carols and the presentation of prizes and banners. On Tuesday evening they will have an entertainment at White's hall.

Indiana has a license tax liquor system, and calls dealers to account if they violate any features of the law. In Cass county (Logansport) recently, the grand jury found 200 indictments against dealers in the county—and when they get through with these they will know better next time.

Last evening at Trinity Episcopal rectory Mr. J. B. Barnes, master mechanic of the Wabash system, and Mrs. Ann Shyrock were married by Rev. W. N. Webbe in the presence of Mr. Will Shyrock and wife, J. H. Bass and Mrs. W. N. Webbe. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Barns repaired to the residence of bride on West Berry street, where they are at home to a host of friends. THE SENTINEL sends its choicest congratulations.

On the sixth of the present month Mrs. Frank Norwald, of Dyersville, Dubuque county, Iowa, started to visit her father, Mr. Shearer, of Huntington. Of her coming her relatives knew nothing until the father received a telegram from her husband making inquiries about her. The man had become alarmed at the failure to receive a letter from her and telegraphed the inquiry to learn the trouble. She has not been seen and her papa was up here inquiring for her.

The Toledo *Bee* says: "Mr. W. J. Craig, proprietor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, was in Toledo yesterday on business. He informed the *Bee* that the democracy of Indiana propose to stand by their rights in the coming legislative struggle; that they honestly have a majority of two votes on a joint ballot and intend that such majority shall count in the senatorial contest. Hoosier democrats will restore to no unfair methods, but will insist upon fair play and an honest count.

The supreme court adjourned yesterday afternoon until after the holidays, to reconvene on January 4. The lieutenant governor case has been under consideration for several days, but no decision has been reached, and it will be given on the first day after they come back, which is just two days before the meeting of the legislature.

N. A. Sprong, of Kalamazoo, the gentleman who was appointed to succeed H. D. C. Van Asmus as contracting freight agent of the Grand Rapids road, has concluded that he does not desire the position on account of its onerous duties, and has returned to his home to resume his place as station agent at that town. It is understood that Mr. Fred Rand, the present clerk of Mr. Van Asmus, will be promoted to the position.

Judge Cooley, recently appointed to the Wabash receivership by Judge Gresham surmounted many difficulties and disappointments to reach a high legal standing. For a long time he divided his attention between the law and farming. He is described as having a chilly bearing, an abstracted manner and a thin rasping voice, but when speaking he holds his audience by his perfect command of his subject.

Thankful to Mr. J. H. Bass.

Editor SENTINEL.

Please allow us space in your paper to render our many thanks to Mr. Jno. H. Bass, who so kindly remembered us this Christmas, by presenting each one of us with a fine turkey. Wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we ever remain, Respectfully,

THE YARD EMPLOYES,
P., F. W. & C. Ry.

"What's the matter, Tommie?" "Papa, my po-po-pony has cu-cu-cut his foot." "Pshaw! don't fret, papa has got a bottle of Salvation Oil."

This is the month when those troubled with a cough should go for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Woman Cook Wanted,

Immediately, at the Commercial house, Calhoun Street and Douglas avenue.

The man who buys an artists outfit for oil painting, at L. O. Hull's 90 Calhoun street, and presents it to his or somebody else's sister, will surely be embraced by the lady for it. A word to the wise is sufficient. 16-8t

Florida oranges 35c per dozen.
Bananas 30c per dozen.
Malaga Grapes 15c and 18c per pound.
Large frying oysters 33c.
Large stewing oysters 23c.
Yankee Grocery.

A good cup of coffee will make your Christmas dinner complete. Buy at the Yankee Grocery. We roast every day.

The finest dressed poultry in the city at A. A. Martin's, 37 West Main street.

Free warm lunch every morning at Schwaben Fritz's. 20-tf

Dressed poultry and game of all kinds at A. A. Martin's, 37 West Main street.

If you wish to have a pleasant time, don't fail to attend the Saengerbund dance at Turner hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 30. Admission 50 cents. 24-3t

Pure stick candy 10c per pound.
Pure mixed candy 10c per pound.
French cream bon bon candy, 15c per pound.
Yankee Grocery.

Go to Martin's, 37 West Main street, for your Christmas turkey. A large supply on hand.

Peters Box and Lumber company are offering Extension Tables at 50c per foot; usual price, 90c to $1 per foot, 19 and 21 West Main and corner Calhoun and Wayne, White's building.

English walnuts 20c per pound.
Almonds 20c per pound.
Brazil nuts, 12½c per pound.
Pecan nuts, 12½c per pound.
Filbert nuts, 12c per pound.
Mixed nuts 15c
Yankee Grocery.

John Christen will open his new house of call on Christmas eve. This is one of the most elegantly fitted up places in the city. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend the grand opening. 23-2t

Numbers Thicken.

Our Horn of Plenty Inexhaustable—With Smiles and Gifts We Meet Our Patrons.

Since December 1, we have presented W. S. Lane, architect of St. Mary's church, with a valuable cook stove.

Chas. Nathan, 49 West Berry street with a superb base burner stove.

A. Zimmerman, 40 Pritchard street. John Metcalf, Perry township, each a first class overcoat.

Albert Bacon, Maples, Ind., John Roy, Academy Station, Ind., August Pelz, 40 Laselle street, D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street, John Stucky, Harlan, Ind., Val Erdel, Aboite township, each with a fine silver watch.

F. Figel, 121 Wells street; F. F. Garman, Huntertown, Ind.; with an English seal fur cap.

B. Poulson, 46 East Columbia street; Jacob Voltz, Olds' factory; A. W. Garman, 175 Force street; George Conrad, 211 East Wayne street; each with a barrel of choice flour.

John M. Schilling, Wayne township; Frank Scheid, 129 East DeWald street; Henry Seele, Wilt street; Wm. Tonkel, Cedarville, Ind.; Andrew Beber, Hall's Corner; each with a sugar cured ham.

1,000 capital prizes, including a $500 city lot, will be presented to our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

The "Boss" Clothiers.

Chicago Bakery.

Leave orders for fruit cake, white cake, pound cake, cocoanut cake, charlotte russe, home made mince pies, tarts.

Fancy pastry of all kinds for the holidays.

Fancy ice cream and sherbets made to order.

Fine candies of all kinds.

23-2t W. F. GELLER.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 26.

Engagement Extraordinary.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.

J. Randall Brown,

The world famed mind reader and spiritual medium, in his wonderful experiments in mental telegraph and exemplifications of the latest refined spiritualistic phenomena, assisted by

LILLIE MAY BROWN.

The young and fascinating mind reading medium. The most complete and varied combination of mysterious manifestations ever brought before the public. The phenomena of mind reading demonstrated beyond a possibility of doubt.

The mystic veil drawn aside and the beauty and the grandeur of the spirit world revealed. The only mediums who have successfully given tests upon an open, brilliantly lighted stage, attended with all the weird surroundings of the seance room. The many phases of Mediumship presented through these Mediums are entirely new and original. No old rope-tying tests given. All manifestations will be presented under strict test conditions, and by a committee chosen by the audience. Every opportunity will be given for the closest investigation.

Nothing like it ever before attempted.

Your dear departed ones who have passed from earthly life to the spirit world, will appear before you as in life. You will recognize them. You will feel their presence! You will converse with them!

Your once idolized husband, your wife, your dear little children, your aged father and mother, all will unite in a grand army of Etherialized beings, and proclaim to the world that life is eternal. Come and see for yourselves. Take no one's word. Investigate and believe your own eyes. Be guided by your own reason. A cordial invitation to all.

A nominal price of admission will be charged. Doors open at 7. Seance opens at 8. Carriages may be ordered at 10:15 p. m.

A GREAT INDUCEMENT

We have had a car load of Oil Paintings sent to us by an overloaded artist, with orders to dispose of them to his best possible advantage. We can think of no better way of entirely getting rid of them than by giving every buyer of $5.00 worth of dry goods one of these beautiful paintings. Every one should avail themselves of this opportunity to decorate their home.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

Next Saturday, Christmas, we shall receive Chicago, Cincinnati, etc., daily papers as usual. Will have an extra supply of all the dailies to be able to meet the demand for Christmas extras. All the weekly story papers will arrive one day earlier this week, on Friday. The special Chicago *Sunday Tribune* arrives Saturday, at 7 a. m.

KELL & BRO.,
22-3t News Dealers.

Do not fail to attend the concert and Christmas tree lottery to be given by the Fort Wayne Turnverein society at Turners' hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 26. Reineke's full orchestra will be in attendance and a general good time is anticipated. 22-3t

Take a Pleasure Trip.

The Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway will sell low rate excursion tickets Dec. 24, 25 and 31 and Jan. 1, to points within 150 miles, good to return until Jan. 3, 1887. 14-10t

Do not fail to attend the concert and Christmas tree lottery to be given by the Fort Wayne Turnverein society at Turners' hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 26, Reineke's full orchestra will be in attendance and a general good time is anticipated. 22-3t

I will remove to my large room, No. 244 Calhoun street, opposite Y. M. C. A. reading rooms, about Jan. 15. Until then I will sell goods at reduced prices. Call and examine before buying your holiday presents. F. J. VOIROL,
21-4t. 164 Calhoun St.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE!

879 Counted and Found to Contain 879 Overcoats! 879

The first floor of the building situated exactly north from the Court House and No. 9 East Main St.

This is too many by half and something must be done to make them go. Commencing today and continuing until January 1 we shall cut prices

Every Child's O. C. Every Boy's O. C. Every Man's O. C. Every School O. C. Every Youth's O. C. Every O. C. in the house one-fourth, one-third and even one-half from the already low prices.

Tre Greatest, Grandest and Best Opportunity Ever Offered to Provide an Overcoat at Little Cost

To Stimulate and Make the Demand Brisk We Will Give Away With Every Overcoat a

KNIT JERSEY STORM CAP!

Trade early in the day and avoid the crush and confusion caused by the crowds later in the afternoon.

A. S. LAUFERTY & CO.,

C. O. D. One Price Clothiers. 9 East Main Street. Go N

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1886. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Newest Fancies!

The newest shade is tomato red.

Smoked pearl buttons have designs in relief.

Very close about the wrists are the new lined cuffs.

Heliotrope retains its place as a color and perfume.

Rosettes of ostrich feathers have bead and feathered pendants.

Pearl and diamond stars may be used as brooches or hair pins.

A Scotch plaid, which is very small is among the new goods.

For plaids go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.

Rough curled fabrics are shown extensively this season.

For rough dress goods go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.,

For general wear this season cheviot, tweed and canvass goods take the lead.

The above goods can be found at

DeWALD & CO'S.

Lace hose, so much worn abroad last season, are again seen. They are made of Chantilly and point d'esprit lace. Seventy yards of lace are required for their fabrication.

For lace go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

More quaint, pretty and beautiful things are shown at the fancy stores this season than ever before, the majority coming from Europe. It will be a great season for Christmas shoppers.

For Christmas goods go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

It seems decided there is to be a scarcity of India shawls. In India there are "only a few more left," and these inferior. Happy the owners of the "genine."

For shawls go to

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Something new in a sealskin muff is square, with a place in the rear for the hands. The top lifts up, and holds "trifles." It is supposed to be worn by a cord around the neck, and is rather too unique to be generally fashionable.

For Muffs go to

DEWALD & CO.

Colored silk handkerchiefs, with striped and dotted borders, are used for trimming hats and bonnets.

For Silk Handkerchiefs go to

DEWALD & CO.

Oriental mufflers for dudes sensitive to cold are quite showy enough to attract attention.

For Mufflers go to

DEWALD & CO.

Something very lurid in color is the glove worn by local Brummels "for the street, you know."

For gloves go to

DEWALD'S.

All shades of brown are fashionable, and bronze brown is held in high favor for evening dress combinations.

For Brown Dress Goods go to

DEWALD'S.

Bright red will in a great measure be supplanted by bright yellow in brightening dark costumes.

Very high collars on wraps and dresses make the girls of the period look as if they had sore throats.

For Collars go to

DEWALD'S.

Among the fashionable combinations black and yellow retains its popularity.

Jet ornaments were never handsomer or never more fashionable than this season.

The tapestrips among the new woolens look as if had been sewed on the fabric.

For striped dress goods go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

Newest Parisian fashion plates are said to show a marked decrease in size of bustle.

For Bustles go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

People who thought plush was going out of fashion are now convinced they were mistaken.

For Plushes go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

The new shade of bottle-green is called Russe. The green supposed to have been worn by Robin Hood and his merry outlaws will also be in high favor.

For green dress goods go to

GEO. DEWALD & CO.'S.

Ribbon tied about Flora McFlimsey's neck is wider than heretofore worn, and is tied in what Vassar girls call a "smashing bow" under the left ear.

For Ribbons go to

GEO. DeWALD & CO.'S.

Two umbrellas are necessary to every swell—one for fair weather and another for rainy days.

For umbrellas go to

GEORGE DeWALD & CO.

Scarfs for the dinner table grow more and more elaborate. Just now those of plush trimmed with lace are in greatest favor.

For table linens go to

DeWALD'S.

A realistic hairpin is a pompon of frosted gold half open displaying wine pearl peas. An enameled snail nips one of the pearl.

For hairpins go to

DeWALD'S.

Purses made out of cats' or kittens' heads are the newest for change. Although reputed "from Paris," they are made in New York.

For purses go to

Geo. DeWald & Co.

MASKED MEN

Shoot and Kill a Man and Seriously Wound His Wife.

KOSCIUSKO, Mich., Dec. 24.—At midnight, Wednesday night, four or five armed masked men went to the house of Jordon Teague, a colored man, about four miles below town and demanded an entrance, claiming to have a search warrant. A son of Jordan opened the door and, on discovering the men masked, made a quick exit through a back window, the masked men firing at him. They then killed Jordan and shot his wife through the tongue. She cannot speak but signified that she knew who shot her. There are different opinions as to the cause of the crime.

$2,000,000 FIRE.

An Extensive Retail Store Consumed by Fire.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 24.—The largest and most disastrous fire in Liverpool since 1847, occurred this morning, when the extensive general retail store of John Lewis & Co. was entirely destroyed. The loss is placed at $2,000,000.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Following are the weather indications:

Kentucky, rain, followed by fair weather.

Ohio and Indiana, rain colder.

Michigan, snow, followed by fair weather, colder.

THE END.

Capt. Scott Swann's Liberty in the Hands of the Jury.

Hon. R. C. Bell followed Prosecuting Attorney Dawson last evening and his exposition of the defense was a magnificent piece of flowery oratory, intermingled with points that swayed the jury, called for applause and carried things by storm, while on the other hand he withered things for the state.

Hon. W. G. Colerick opened this morning and also spoke for Captain Swann. Judge Colerick put his whole soul into his theme and his logic was masterly, his eloquence captivating and the great ability of the jurist was never manifested to a nicer degree.

Col. R. S. Robertson closed for the state. The colonel handled the state's case with great earnestness and made his points tell with fearful effect. He is a fine talker and seemed to feel keenly that, while popular sentiment was with the other side, it should not deter him from making the mighty argument he did.

SIX GUILTY.

Right after dinner Judge O'Rourke charge the jury, and after being out two hours and a half returned a verdict of not guilty, thereby entirely clearing Captain Swann from all charges.

The verdict was received with cheers and general approbations of favor.

Captain Swann says he will now push his suit for libel and damages against the Detroit *Free Press*.

Gas Explosion.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 24.—To-day Second Engineer Thomas Hunter and six Chinese firemen of the British steamer Suez, went to the coal bunkers for the purpose of trimming coal. The engineer carried the lamp and as soon as he entered the bunkers an explosion occurred, caused by the accumulated gas coming in contact with the flame of the lamp. The engineer and six Chinamen were badly burned about the face, hands and body. Hunter and three of the Chinamen were fatally burned, it is believed.

Didn't Know it was Loaded.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 24.—A frightful case of "didn't know it was loaded" is reported to-day from Bunker Hill, Miami county. Two lads named Ora Curtis and James Adams, sons of prominent residents, were playing with a revolver, when Ora playfully pointed the weapon at his companion and pulled the trigger. The ball struck young Adams in the mouth, knocking out teeth and ranging upward lodged in the brain. The victim died in a few hours. It is thought that the Curtis boy will lose his reason.

DARING JOB.

A Gang of Safe-Blowers Rob a Safe at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 24.—The five safe-blowers who attempted to rob the treasury of Medina county came to Cleveland early yesterday morning and are evidently at work here. Last night five men entered the dry goods store of Hexter Bros., on Woodland avenue. A hole was drilled in the door of the safe and a heavy charge of Giant powder was inserted in the hole. Two valuable plush sacques and a piece of Canton flannel were placed over the safe to deaden the noise of the explosion. The loud noise that awakened the sleepers in the block and adjoining buildings followed. The doors of the safe were blown from their hinges across the room, completely demolishing two chairs, knocking the panel off of the outside doors. The office desks and furniture was more or less injured, and the office itself was thrown out of plumb. The robbers secured $250 and a large amount of valuable property.

$10,000.

The Great Express Suit at Van Wert Decided.

VAN WERT, O., Dec. 24.—In June last the Union National bank of Cincinnati, sent by United States express $10,000 to the Van Wert National bank, and when the package reached the Van Wert bank it contained no money. A suit was brought against the express company and the jury gave a verdict for the money and interest.

THE DEATHS.

Eight People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following deaths have occurred since last Saturday:

Anna Smith, 4 years, croup.

Barbara Wiedman, 76 years, lung fever.

Ellen Flood, 50 years, dropsy.

Elizabeth M. Graffe, 44 years, pulmonary disease.

Child of Frank Alderman, 3 days, debility.

Elizabeth Leuthner, 69 years, appoplexy.

Louisa Plitt, 1 year and 6 months, croup.

Sophia Eggert, 44 years, lung fever.

Great Services at the Cathedral.

The services at all the Catholic churches will be of the grandest character in their ritual to-morrow. At the cathedral first mass will be celebrated at 5 o'clock by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. The musical program is Weber's mass in G., Gounod's Adeste Fideles, Lambillotte's Pastores.

At 10:30 Bishop Dwenger will again pontificate and the choir will render Gounod's Messe Solennelle, Lambillotte's Pastores, Plotow's Veni Sancte.

Kyrie	Gounod
Gloria	Gounod
Veni Sancte	Mohr
Credo	Gounod
Offertory	Adesti Fidules
Sanctus	Gounod
Benediction	Gounod
Agnes Dei	Gounod

The afternoon services will begin at 3 o'clock. Some of the musical selections will be: Lambillotte's Magnificat, Lambillotte's Altus, Tours' O Salutaris, Silas' Tantum Ergo.

Mind Reading and Ghosts at the Temple Sunday Night.

Mr. J. Randall Brown, the famous mind reader and spiritual medium, assisted by Lillie May Brown, the young and fascinating materializing medium, will give one of their grand light seances at the Masonic Temple, on Sunday evening next. His wonderful mental achievements have excited the greatest interest among the most eminent scientists throughout the land and wherever he has been the press and public are enthusiastic over his unique and startling demonstrations. Many very wonderful manifestations will be given Sunday evening. The spirit friends of those among the audience will present themselves with loving messages from the spirit world.

Mr. Brown will no doubt be greeted with a large audience, as people who have heard of him are anxious to see what he does, and as he is the original mind reader, whose methods of operating are different from all others, the phenomenon will be of such a character as to excite unusual interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman will eat Christmas turkey at South Bend.

Miss Sallie Little will pass the holidays at Columbia City with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neise and daughter Ethel will spend Christmas with friends in Lima, Ohio.

Christmas tree and Sunday school exercises at Grace Reformed church Saturday evening.

The Misses Mary Bloom and Maggie Mugg, of Lafayette, Ind., are guests of Mrs. J. J. Neidenberger during the holidays.

The Hammond type writer would make a valuable and handsome Christmas present. See advertisement in another column.

Preaching in the Second Presbyterian church Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All are welcome.

The usual services will be held in the rooms of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., Sabbath at the usual hour, 3:30 standard time. All are welcome.

CHASKA FAILS.

The Dry Goods Merchant Confesses Judgments for a Big Sum and His Stock is Seized.

The suit of Sweetzer, et al, to recover $300 from Samuel Chaska was followed by attachment proceedings and this morning, before Judge O'Rourke, Mr. Chaska confessed judgments in favor of his creditors as follows:

Newman Barnhard, $1,692.56.

Peter Oertis, $200.

Edward Chaska, $374.

Leopold Freiburger, $557.56.

Simon Freiburger, $644.87.

Berths Falk, $187.66.

Leopold Falk, $1,692.35.

Falk & Lumley, $3,392.22.

Leopold Falk and trustees of Heraclie lodge No. 61, $463.45.

Dwight L. Gillett, $60.

Joseph Hayman, $448.

Wm. Jolesch and Ed. Chaska, $567.91.

Fred W. Klinger, $133.33.

Following the confessions, Mr. W. P. Breen's client was admitted among the preferred creditors and executions were issued on the stock of the dry goods man, Sheriff Nelson has the key to the store and will dispose of the stock unless an assignee is appointed and the counsel for the creditors want one, believing that Mr. Chaska has enough to pay all of them.

A SENSATION.

Churchill Resigns His Position in the English Cabinet.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The *Times* announces that Lord Churchill has resigned his office as chancellor of the exchequer, owing to his disagreement with the admiralty and its officers in the matter of increasing the expenses of the government and the country, in view of the existing financial depression, and also because he does not regard with favor the home legislative measures of the government.

A $600,000 Structure.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—The contract for the chamber of commerce in this city, has been awarded to Norcross & Co., of Worcester, Mass., for $524,000. Worcester granite is the material chosen. This bid does not include excavation and carving, which will make the building cost $600,000.

WEARY OF BREATH.

Mrs. Jesse Johnson, a Female Lawyer, While in the Above Condition Hurls Herself to a Suicidal Death.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Jesse Johnson, daughter of Henry C. Hurch, formerly a wealthy board of trade speculator, and wife a young lawyer at Knoxville, Iowa, threw herself into the lake at Thirty-ninth street yesterday. Her rich apparel and beautiful face attracted the attention of a group of boys who saw her hastening toward the breakwater. They saw her jump into the ice and drift that was dashing against the pier. A rope was thrown to her by the boys but she refused to grasp it. Her body was rescued by a policeman before life was extinct but efforts to revive the suicide were of no avail. She had visited the office of Dr. Chamberlain previous to her death but he was so busy and she was so agitated that he told her to come to his office to-morrow and explain her case. It is stated by friends of Mrs. Johnson that her intellect, previously brilliant, had been more or less unbalanced since her admission to the Iowa bar about four years ago. Overstudy is the cause assigned. Mrs. Johnson came to Chicago only a short time ago to place herself under the care of a physician. Her husband was to have been here to-morrow to spend the holidays in her company.

A Sensible Decision.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The president has declined to interfere in the case of James L. P. Burnside, charged with defrauding the government while holding the position of disbursing clerk of the postoffice department. Before trial Burnside was adjudged insane and has since been confined in the government asylum for the insane. His friends asked his discharge from the asylum and promised to take care of him. The president refused their petition on the ground that if Burnside is still insane, he is better off where he is, and if he is not insane he had better be remanded to jail for trial.

NOTRE DAME.

A Handsome Monument to Commemorate the Missionaries of Northern Indiana.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic* says: "At the request of Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Prof. Gregori is preparing plans for a grand monument to be erected by the university of Notre Dame to the memory of Rt. Rev. Bishop Brute—the first bishop appointed in this state and Rev. Fathers Badin, de Seille, and Petit, early missionaries in the northern part of Indiana. The monument will consist of several steps and a triangular pedestal, bearing a full length statue of Bishop Brute with beretta in hand, saluting those who approach the main portals of the university. At each corner of the pedestal, sitting on the steps leading to it, will be placed full length figures of the three saintly missioners mentioned above. From the drawings we have already seen we can say the monument will be a grand work of art, and a historical memorial of religion. Prof. Gregori who, besides being a great painter, is also a sculptor of rare ability, will himself model the statues."

FRIGHTFUL.

Two Hundred and Fifty People Drowned in a Collision.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The British iron clad Sultan ran into and sunk the French steamer Nelle DeVictoria, while the latter was lying at anchor in Tagus. The Nella DeVictoria had 250 persons on board and the most of them were drowned. The Sultan is an iron steamship and armor plated. Both vessels were at anchor. The Sultan dragged her anchors and drifted against the Nello Victoria.

CHRISTMAS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SENTINEL.]

Oh, Christmas! O, holy, holy night!
Holy birth night of the darling Babe,
Who, in far-off starlit cave,
Lifts His little loving arms
To Mary, mother sweet and mild.

Ring out, ye bells, so softly speaking,
Of peace, and love, and holy Joy;
Ring into each heart on Christmas morn
A ray of peace from the Child now born!
Perchance a tear from the Baby weeping.

Softly, sweetly, ringing bells!
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Me thinks I hear the angel's wings,
As through the midnight air the music rings.
How joyously the peals swells!

Dear holy Babe, round Thy brow
The morning glories of our love we'd twine,
Mother of the "Child Divine,"
In whose arms lay the Infant thou
Dost love, with a love sublime!

Ask of Him, O, mother blest!
As thou boldest Him to thy loving breast.
Gifts for the little ones He blest:
The fair Christ Child, thy heavenly born,
Whom angels watch this Christmas morn.

—MADGE.

The Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The stock market was extremely dull at the opening this morning. The first prices were weak, showing declines of ¼ to ⅜ per cent.

Wheat, firm and quiet, with a slight advance; No. 2 red, Jan., 90¼@90⅜c. Corn, a trifle stronger, but very quiet, at 46@48¼c. Oats, quiet and firm, at 35@41c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Wheat, steady at 77¾c. Corn, steady, at 36¼c. Oats, steady, at 26c. Rye, 53c. Barley, 51c. Flaxseed, 92½c. Prime timothy, $1.74. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, firm, $11.35. Lard, steady $6.20.

The Sentinel Would Like to See

Officer Funshuber attend drills.

Officer Wahrenburg as "the Gladiator."

Lieut. Wilkinson as a bugler.

Officer O'Connell stop winking at us.

Officer Lee's whiskers starched.

Officer Humbrecht attend Sunday school.

Officer Rohle as a dude.

Captain Diehl dance a horn pipe.

Quinn and Sheridan in an Irish reel, with Trammel and Schroeder beating time.

A Washington correspondent to the Indianapolis *Journal* says: "Captain White, representative-elect, of Fort Wayne, is expected here soon after congress re-convenes in January."

Senator Voorhees, Hon. Joseph E. McDonald and Congressman Lowry called on the president yesterday, and immediately thereafter Judge Lowry started for his home in this city.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance association, of Allen county, Indiana, for election of officers and other business, will be held at the Allen county court house in the city of Fort Wayne on the 11th day of January, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m.

GEO. V. KELB,
Secretary.

From Sassafras, Kent Co., Md.—I find I sell as much of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as of all other cough remedies combined. J. E. Hartley, druggist.

Beware of counterfeits!—Be sure you get the genuine Salvation Oil. Have no "just as good."

FINE SILK UMBRELLAS. A capital Christmas present. Our $4 silk umbrellas with gold and silver handles, sold to-night at $2 50 apiece.

BEE HIVE DRY GOODS STORE, Calhoun and Berry streets.

One lady's solid gold watch to be given away at the Fair, 37 Calhoun Street, To-night.

LOCAL NEWS.

No paper to-morrow.

Try and make some one happy to-morrow.

THE SENTINEL wishes a merry, joyous Christmas to one and all.

John A. Bonham, an attorney from Hartford City, is in town.

Mr. Clarence Cromwell is home from Kansas to spend the holidays.

The total gross receipt at the G. A. R. fair will not be far from $5,000.

Police court was a blank and the justices are celebrating Christmas.

Mrs. George Gale, of Chicago, is visiting relatives and friends in the city.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Samuel M. Miller, of the *Journal*, is on the sick list.

Rudolph Rabish et al. sue Louise Coes on note for $160. J. E. Graham is attorney.

THE SENTINEL employes want to celebrate Christmas, consequently no paper will be issued.

Ed Kuhns, of Greensburg, Pa., is the guest of his brother, Mr. Jack Kuhns, at the Aveline house.

Mr. J. H. Bass presented turkeys also to the switchmen and yard engineers of the Wabash company.

The Scottish Rite Masons of Northern Indiana sat to a banquet at the Temple parlors last evening.

The Berry Street M. E. Sunday school entertainment to-morrow evening promises to be a very interesting affair.

Mr. Hiko Himbert fell heavily on the sidewalk yesterday and cut his scalp severely. Dr. J. M. Dinnes attends him.

The funeral of Miss Lizzie Graffe will occur to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock instead of 2 o'clock as announced yesterday.

Most of the men in the Olds wagon works were laid off till January 1. Only the blacksmith department is still running.

Mr. Wm. Sparks, at one time the old Bijou theatre manager, is in the city looking for a place to establish a first class variety theatre.

The street committee of the council was up on Lafayette street to-day consulting with the railroad authorities about that thoroughfare.

Geo. L. McCrary and Elma Eliza Kryder, Cyrus E. Miller and Harriet M. Turner, Thomas J. Hundman and Lmara Unger have been licensed to wed.

There will be a great game of curling at the Brookside farm to-morrow morning. The play will be called at 10:30 and begin promptly at 11 o'clock.

All scholars of the Wayne Street M. E. church are requested to bring to the Christmas services to-morrow night some article of food or clothing for the poor.

Agent Newton, of the Wabash road, has been ordered to make a complete inventory of all the property of the Wabash company under his charge till December 31.

President J. K. McCracken, his private secretary, Seymour Boyd, and Superintendent Alfred Langley, arrived here last night to spend the holidays with their families.

THE SENTINEL reporter yesterday looked at as neat a Christmas gift as human skill devises. It was a jewel box hand painted and gilded by the sisters of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a friend and patron in this city.

There was a big party at the residence of Mr. Tom Greer, in Pleasant township, last night. Mr. and Mrs. Greer were in the city yesterday, and returning home found their friends awaiting them with a royal welcome. The occasion was Mrs. Greer's birthday and it will always be cherished as the happiest of her life.

Warren D. Spore has sold to Daniel M. Hays lot 29, Hanna & Fisher's addition, for $500; H. R. Bond to G. W. Seavey lot 87, Chute's homestead, for $1,000; Frank W. Pond to Thomas B. Shoaff part of lot 47, Old Plat, for $9,000; Father A. Orff to Daniel Tagtmeyer lots 23 to 26, Huffman's addition, for $500; Charles C. Aldrich to T. J. and M. H. Dills lot 60, Fairfield's addition, for $4,000.

You are cordially invited to attend service on Christmas day at Trinity (Episcopal) church. The principal services will begin at 10:30 a. m. Musical program: "Gloria," from the Twelfth Mass, Mozart; "Gloria in Excelsis," Dudley Buck; Te Deum, Woodward. Solos by Miss Hinke, Miss Burdick and Master Maguire; Duett by Mr. Horace Hanna and Mr. D. S. Griffith; Jubilate, Lambillotte; anthem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings"; trio—"Praise Ye"—Verdi, Miss Randall, Miss Burdick and Mr. D. S. Griffith; baritone solo, "Nazareth"—Mr. D. S. Griffith.

The postoffice will be open on Christmas day from 9 to 11 a. m., in order to give the public an opportunity to call for mail which will not be delivered by carriers until Monday.

WILLIAM KAOUAN,
Postmaster.

MASSACHUSETTS SHOE CO.,

3 KEYSTONE BLOCK.

The rush was so great on Friday and Saturday that we were unable to wait on all. All who can do so are requested to call in the forenoon and thus avoid the crowds.

A CARD TO OUR PATRONS.

Cheapest Shoe Store in Indiana!

Massachusetts Shoe Co.,

3 KEYSTONE BLOCK!

Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1886.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Beauties and Novelties of the Present Season.

WINTER FASHIONS FOR FAIR DAMES.

Handsome Outfits for Lovely Women During the Present and Coming Months.

Velvet, plush, and felt are the materials used for hats and bonnets. For ordinary wear, a felt is the most serviceable, it does not catch the dust, and is not affected by the rain or snow.

FELT.

In felt hats, there are a number of shapes which are noticeable for the old shaped crowns which they possess. Crowns with a ridge are popular, and those with a dicod-off crown are also favorite.

Almost all the felt hats have brims and most of them have a rolled brim. Any and all forms of the turban are worn.

In felt bonnets there is a variety of shapes, none of them, however, are very large. A close, narrow brim and a turned-over felt had brim are the two prominent styles.

Velvet is the usual trimming, and fancy feathers or novelty velvets are used for the aigrettes.

PLUSH AND VELVET.

Soft crowns is a feature in plush and velvet hats, especially so the shapes, which by the position on the head, may be termed either a hat or a bonnet.

Rolled brims of both hats and bonnets are covered smoothly when the crown is soft, and rolled when the crown is smooth. This custom shows clearly the exact place of the joining, which is one of the fashions of this season.

In soft crowns, those pleated loosely and going in two directions are very pretty. Another pretty crown is pleated from the back in graduated pleats, which are raised high in the front of the crown.

All kinds of fancy feathers are used. Fancy feathers include wings, breasts, tufted tips; indeed, everything made of feathers, excepting plumes. All these trimmings are massed high in front.

Often the brim and crown are different colors, and then a fan-shaped bow of velvet, faced in the color of the brim, is a pretty front trimming.

FOR GIRLS AND CHILDREN.

Winter hats are large for young girls, and flat turbans are worn by girls verging into womanhood.

Beautiful silk beaver hats, with a wide brim, trimmed with tips of faille ribbon or bunches of feather pompons in the same color, are the elegant hats for young girls.

Wide felt hats trimmed in astrakan or pompons are very pretty, too.

Turbans are trimmed in velvet, ribbons, breasts, or tips. In the manner of trimming, the fashion in vogue for ladies determine that for girls.

Soft worsted caps lined with silk and ornamented with silk and worsted pompons, are comfortable and pretty for small boys and girls.

Cashmere with a raised silk pattern is used for making infant bonnets.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

The materials employed for the costumes of children and young girls are in the main the same as those used for the toilets of their mothers and grown-up sisters. Plain, striped, and chequered woolens are all permissible, provided the stripes are not excessively wide nor the chequers of the largest dimensions. Plush and velvet will be used as trimmings for these costumes, and also for more dressy toilets combined with faille, poplin, or sicilienne. Striped and figured plushes will be less rarely employed; few mothers care to dress their children in these costly fabrics, which are unsuitable for childish costumes both from their appearance and their want of durability.

GIRLS' COSTUMES.

The woolen costumes for girls over 12 are made in the same simple styles that are adopted by older wearers for these materials. The skirt is box-pleated all round, if made of striped or chequered fabric, but plain, that is to say gathered or pleated from the waist at the sides and back, if made of figured material. Over this is a simply-draped tunic, long on one side, but canght up high on the other, or else shorter and either rounded or pointed in front.

The corsage is made in various ways, as an open jacket over a full plastron of plain surah, or over a plain waistcoat of striped or figured material matching the skirt. Pleated bodices, with deep, round basques, like Norfolk jackets, are also in vogue, and are worn with a leather belt fastened by a buckle.

Many of these rough woolen fabrics are made up with a pleated skirt and a polonaise draped like a rounded tablier in front. The corsage has draped bretelles ending in points under a metal clasp, below the waist, and framing a pointed plastron of surah ganged at the neck in several rows, and mounted on a deep rounded collar lined of plush or velvet. The polonaise is fastened down the center under the surah plastron, and the opening, which is continued for a few inches below the point of the plastron, is drawn with the drapery toward the left side, and disappears in the folds of the tablier. The sleeves are trimmed with plush parements matching the collar band.

MODELS FOR GIRLS.

The forms preferred for youthful women are the polonaise, the redingote, and the plain waist. To these may be added the open jackets, made without pleats in front, which are very much worn by young girls, and long, close-fitting jackets taking the place of a basque, and generally open over a plastron or waistcoat. Redingotes with pointed fronts like the habits of a riding habit, and long pleats at the back falling to the edge of the skirt, are stylish for girls over twelve.

A material much used for the costumes of young girls is a rough woolen, with wide black and white stripes. The skirt is plain and full, especially at the back, and there is neither tunic nor back drapery. The corsage is a jacket, tight-fitting at the back, and terminating in a pleated postillion basque; the fronts open over a chemisette of cerise foulard, with a small pattern of sprigs of white flowers. A deep collar and parements of pleated foulard complete the costume which is both youthful and original.

Latest Effects in Jewelry.

The Marquis ring is still supreme in fine goods.

One or more forget me-nots are now worn pendant from rings.

Stars appear in great variety in pins, often combined with flower work.

Buttercups now find a place in enamel work both as pins and as settings for bracelets.

An open envelope in Roman finish, having a little bouquet within, is a decided novelty in pins.

Abroad bar pins set in silver are set with large cats' eyes or occasionally with hematites and cats' eyes.

Groups of daisies or wild roses are favorite enamelled pins, the long stems being sometimes preferred.

Ball ear drops, in Etruscan finish, with one or two small groups of turquoise set on them, are neat.

Who would think that a section of a cow's horn when polished would make anything so beautiful in its variegated tints as some of the late devices.

A beautiful charm for a watch chain is a hollow ball that opens, and inside is to be placed a small sponge to hold perfume, the outside of the ball to be of openwork design, allowing the odor to spread in the atmosphere around the wearer. These can be attached to fans, to handkerchiefs, and bracelets.

The popular gem seems to be the moonstone, perhaps from its supposed supernatural power to bring good luck. In one of the windows are shown exquisite designs of moonstone set in wishbones for pins, carrying the double meaning of a wish coming true and good luck, besides the beauty of the pin itself.

The conventional long and narrow designs for jewelry are not the prevailing ones, but each ornament takes the form of an object—a dog's head, a figure in a hummock, a leaf, a group of three acorns, an anchor decorated with brilliants, a rose in bright or chased burnished gold with a gem in the center are among the novelties.

Two or three years ago the extent of the desire for long pins with an ornamental head was for two pins, in a most unobtrusive way, to hold down the bows of a lady's bonnet strings; now the number of long pins for a lady's hair and throat is becoming so great as to take up a very large corner in every one's jewel case.

Notes of the Fashions.

All shades of violet and heliotrope are in high favor. Both stripes and plaids prevail.

The round waist, with its graceful belt adornings, is still a feature among novel French costumes.

In the matter of buttons fashion has decreed that rich dresses must have them of solid gold. Many of the fancy buttons are of so rich a design that they may be classed among jewelry.

A capote of bronze felt has the brim bound with pale pink velvet. A cluster of nodding ostrich feathers passed in front and an aigrette form the trimming. The short strings are of pink velvet ribbon.

New cloth bonnets in all shades of color and black are seen. They are in Fanchon and capote shapes and decorated with jet and silk balls around the brims and crowns, and will require very little trimming.

A black velvet capote, with bands of jet, has the brim bordered with fancifully-cut jet beads. A large kind of white silk lace is transfixed by an amber dagger with a jet hilt. The knot is arranged upon the bonnet so that the highest part is at the crown.

Gold braiding and passementerie are used as bordering on the folds in the front of skirts. Arabesques of cord and braid are the usual designs for the passementerie. Sometimes jet or colored beads are introduced. On one side there is a straight edge, by which it is sewed when it is used as edging.

Now that old mine diamonds are the favorite of royalty there will be a demand for these stones that are so distingue. They are to many persons more attractive than those worn in recent years. A prominent up-town jeweler has some fine specimens that were originally the property of the Khedive.

Brilliant-hued arabesques, leaf designs, shaded exotics, heraldic figures, and bourette effects in silk Astrakhan are now exhibited in new dress and cloak fabrics. These are shown upon the fronts of Louis XIII. waistcoats, the edges of panels, bodices, collars, and cuffs, if wrap to correspond be made of the brocaded fabrics alone.

Modern fashion, not content with the combination of one material for the skirt and one for the tunic, requires that all the trimmings and necessories of the bodice and tunic, or upper-skirt, should be of the same material as the under-skirt, or matched to it; by accessories we mean the collar, plastron or vest, sleeve-facings, revers on the tunic, panels, and so on.

THE FAIR SEX.

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle About Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

In Style.

Mrs. Arlington—I want a thermometer. Give me the best you have.

Optician—Well, here is one of the finest Venetian glass, and the very best quicksilver.

Mrs. Arlington—Quicksilver? I want it for my drawing-room. Haven't you any thermometer with quick gold? I shan't mind the cost, you know.

Why His Wife Never Asked Him for Money.

"Daturday, my wife is almost worrying me to death. There isn't a day that she doesn't ask me for money."

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Roberts. My wife hasn't asked me for money since we were married."

"O, she hasn't, eh? Maybe she's dumb?"

"No."

"Or goes through your pockets while you're asleep?"

"No."

"Why doesn't she ask you for money?"

"Her father keeps her. Keeps me, too."

How Ladies Redden Their Lips.

"So far as my experience goes," said a physician, "painting the lips is not a widespread vice in America. It is seldom resorted to, for men of the smallest observation know the methods women pursue in making their lips red."

"What do you mean?"

"They bite them. It is impossible to see a woman in a car or anywhere when men are around that they do not continually press their lips with their teeth and bite them with more or less fierceness. This brings the blood to them and makes them red. Still, as it also keeps them from chapping in the winter, there is no reason why it should be condemned. As for cosmetics, they have almost gone out of date, and have not anything like the run they used to have. Women have at last learned that good health brings color, and exercise has taken the place of powder and paint."

Think a Moment.

Think a moment. Will you be led to say: "The good old ways are good enough for me," and so drop into the swollen ranks of toucherdom, or rattle awhile on a martyrized piano, and then set up for a musician, though you have not a particle of music in throat or finger-tip? Or will you stay at home and let papa support you until you grow tired of doing nothing and expecting nothing, and proceed to marry some man whom you endure rather than love, just to get decently out of your dilemma?

Nay, I do you injustice. Few girls who breathe the free air of our western prairies will be so cowardly. I may not construct your horoscope, but this much I will venture—that when you marry, no matter what you find, you will seek not a name, behind which to cover up the insignificance of your own; not a "good provider," to feed and clothe one who has learned how to feed and clothe herself; not a "natural protector," to shield you in his phlegm, the baddie, from the cauld, cauld blast: but you will seek (and may heaven grant that you shall find) that rarest, choicest, most elusive prize of man's existence, a of woman's: one which—mournfully I say it—the modern marriage is by no means certain to involve, namely, a mate.—*Frances E. Willard.*

A Plea for the Fluctuating Female.

Modern fiction seems to like to dwell more and more upon the uncertain, unpredictable, illogical action of the female mind, as if it were a fault or a reproach. There is usually a touch of satire in the kindly writer when he appears to dwell admiringly upon the changing moods, whims, impulses, of a lovely woman. By pointing these out and dwelling upon them he gets a reputation of understanding woman, of having surprised her secret. He sometimes has the air of expecting to improve her, or at least to change her, by holding up to view her inconsequent, fluctuating conduct. He seems to be searching, furthermore, for some law of her being that will apply to all women, so that when he has studied one he will know all. And always, in one way or another, it is impressed upon the public mind that this non-uniformity of action according to some plain law is somehow a reproach to the sex. All literature, in fact, is full of this notion that what with insufferable insolence is called the inconstancy of woman is a most unfortunate element in human life, that because you cannot predict from what a woman did yesterday what she will do to-morrow, or because no two women can be expected to act alike under similar circumstances, therefore our social life is all a muddle. Now it were easy to prove that a chief charm of woman is in her infinite variety and unexpectedness, but the fluctuating female needs to rest her defense upon no such superficial argument. This, her fluctuating quality, is the necessary basis of society and of polite letters. Probably it is the only thing that will save us from the cast-iron uniformity of the results of social science.

Take the novel. The interest of the novel—the real story, not the social science tract—is in love-making. And the interest in the love-making in the novel lies in the uncertainly and individuality of the female mind; that is to say, every case is positively a new one. Not only is it impossible to lay down a rule of action for this mind, a rule evolved from the study of innumerable cases in fiction and in real life, but it is next to impossible to predict what will be its action from a study of its own tendency. Hence the inexhaustible interest of the comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and the infinite resources of the student of love-making and the adjustment of the relation of man to woman, which is the great business of life. The interest in the novel, if it is a story of love, is inexhaustible not only because every woman is different from every other, but because every real woman has infinite variety of impulse and action in herself. If the lover in the novel were sure to find his beloved every day just the same, the public would not care to read about more than one interview. Fiction would perish of monotony. If the female mind had a law of uniformity, and the novelist were to discover it, he would simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of literature. He would dissipate all the mystery and charm of his art. But there is no danger. The novel in this is a reflection of real life. The great interest of the world lies in the uncertainly attending love-making, and in the variety, the ineluctable mood and action, of woman in all circumstances. Take an appeal to experience. It is true that there are women who are comparatively stolid, reduced to rule and uniformity. But they are uninteresting. Who is it that forever excites, charms, attracts, and makes life lively and varied and worth living? It is the fluctuating female, the woman who does and says the unexpected, who—to make the case extreme—has tears one minute and smiles the next, who can pass easily from gay to grave, and keep expectation on tiptoe for her delightful variations. Life would be intolerably stupid if she were otherwise.

Doubtless she somehow obeys a law of her being, a higher law that cannot be measured and reduced to rule. And it is this quality of fluctuation that is the hope and safety of society. We have a conceit in these days that if we can get together a sufficient number of facts on any subject, we can evolve a certain general rule. We hope by-and-by to make a science of political economy out of our observations. We do, in fact, set up a machinery of this sort based upon facts, and are surprised that it does not work, forgetting that we have left out of the calculation such imponderables as imagination, need of sympathy, and other elusive mental and moral conditions. Now woman, with her divinely ordered variableness and obedience to the higher law of being, which we conceitedly call illogical, stands fortunately in the way of a cast-iron sociology, or science of it, by which we are all expected to become parts of a piece of machinery moving with clock-like precision. Man does not know what is good for him. He thinks he likes regularity and uniformity, and he works at his formula to produce them. If he could realize his idea he would die of monotony. If he were able to predict from his experience what any given woman would do next—that is any real woman whose individuality is not crushed out of her—he would find that the world had lost all its salt and relish. Changeable? Let us hope so. If the wind did not blow and shift, and give us now a zephyr and now a hurricane, the atmosphere would stagnate, and life on the globe become insupportable. It is perfectly well known that man, left to himself, is likely to fall into ruts and habits, and grow uninteresting. We sometimes say that he is uncertain. And so he is in a most disagreeable way; but is a plodding, uniform subject compared with the other sex, whose inealculable mood or humor is in human life what the weather is to nature—sunshine, clouds, rain, animation. To know the future would be a very doubtful boon. But to know woman, to know one woman, or for a woman to know herself, would take the zest out of life. What we are pleased in our conceit to call in her sex the fluctuating female is the delightful, saving, indispensable element in the higher economy of life.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

It is a fact not generally known that the Flying Dutchman was a real ship and its captain a real character. In the early seventeenth century, when competition between the Dutch and English for East Indian trade ran high, one ship, plying between Rotterdam and Java, was known as the Flying Dutchman. Its captain and owner was one Bernard Fokke, whose name deserves to be exhumed as that of the first man who used iron in the construction of a ship. Sheets of iron were visible in many parts of Fokke's ship, and the populace, knowing well that iron naturally sinks, grew suspicious when this one, instead of sinking, surpassed all others in swiftness.

It seemed "uncanny," as the Scotch say. Wiseacres of the wharf shook their heads as the big tarliurn captain passed to his ship which so defied the laws of specific gravity. With what dark power of the air or the wave was he in league? When from one of its voyages the Flying Dutchman never returned these suspicions organized into the seed from which grew the well-known superstition. It was whispered that, in trying to round the Cape of Good Hope, the iron-bound ship was repeatedly driven back by storms, till at last the captain cried, "I will round that cape if it takes me till Judgment Day!" Then a voice of thunder echoed down from the sky—"till Judgment Day!" So the Flying Dutchman was believed to be doomed to try and round the cape till Judgment Day.—*Memories D. Conway, in Philadelphia Press.*

Love is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.—*Alphonse Karr.*

THE CHILDREN.

Matters Funny and Otherwise, Selected for Little Readers.

BOYS AND THEIR WAYS.

A Sharp-Eyed Boy—"The Cellar-Door Club," a Very Funny Story.

A Sharp-Eyed Boy.

A poor lad living near Philadelphia was invited a couple of years ago by a wealthy friend in town to dine with him. Among the dishes new to him on the table he noticed that which he particularly relished was set down on the menu as "Filet de beouf aux champignons." A sharp scrutiny showed him the "champignons" were only mushrooms, such as he had gathered on the sheep-walks. These, however, as his friend explained to him, were of finer quality, and had been cultivated and canned in France. They sold at retail, his friend explained to him, readily at 60 cents a can. Strolling through the market the next day, the boy saw one or two quart baskets of native mushrooms marked at that price.

"Is there much demand for these things?" he asked. "We do not think much of them in the country."

"They are considered a rare delicacy," said the man, "but only epicures can afford to buy them."

The lad passed on with a new thought in his brain. Why could he not grow mushrooms? He was poor, to be sure, had little time to spare from his regular work, and had no land. Here was a crop which he had been told could be raised in a cellar, one for which there was already a demand which could easily be increased, and no supply. He went home and during the next few weeks read every book he could find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a back cellar, manufactured his spawn with a few old mushrooms and the manure heap, and last fall filled the market with his boxes of tiny silver buttons, blushing delicate pink. They were of precisely the same quality as the French canned champignons, only they were dewy fresh and sold at 20 cents. Epicures eagerly filled their baskets, and others who had never tasted them, in the prevailing high prices of food, tried the new cheap vegetable and came again and again. The crop fairly took the market, and the boy has already laid up a snug sum toward going to college.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Cellar-Door Club.

What queer places boys have of assembling! Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Hay-mows, river banks, threshing floors—these were the old places of resort for the country boys. And nothing was so sweet to me, when I was a boy, as the newly-cut clover hay, where I sat with two or three companions, watching the barn swallows chattering their incomprehensible gabble and gossip from the doors of their mud houses in the rafters. And what stories we told, and what talk we had! In the city who does not remember the old-fashioned cellar-door, sloping down to the ground? These were always places of resort. I'm afraid there are many evil things learned in these places of resort, but there are also many good things. A boy's parents ought to know whom he meets, but he must have company.

Tom Miller was the minister's son, and there was a party of boys who met regularly on Parson Miller's cellar-door. Mrs. Miller used herself to listen to the stories they told, as she sat by the window above them, though they were unconscious of her presence. They were boys full of life and ambition, but they were a good set of boys on the whole, and it was not till lessons were learned and work done that they met then on the cellar-door. They belonged to the same Sunday-school class, and besides were "cronies" in all respects. There was Tom Miller, the minister's son, who intended to be a minister himself, and Jimmy Jackson, the shoemaker's boy, as full of fun and playfulness as a kitten, and poor Will Sampson, who stammered, and Harry Wilson, the son of a wealthy banker, and a brave boy too, and John Harlan, the widow's son, pale and slender, the pet of all, and great, stout Hans Schlegel, who bade fair to be a great scholar. These half-dozen were always on the cellar-door for half an hour on Friday evenings, when they happened to have a little more leisure than on other evenings.

"I say, boys," said Hans, "I've got an idea."

"How strange it must seem to you," said Tom Miller, whereupon they all laughed, good-natured Hans with the rest.

"Do let us hear it," said Harry; "there has not been an idea in this crowd for a month."

"Well," said Hans, "let's every fellow tell a story here on the cellar-door, each about, Friday evenings."

"All except me-me-me," stammered Sampson, who was always laughing at his own defect; "I ca-ca-couldn't ga-get through be-be-before midnight."

"Well," said Miller, "we'll make Will Sampson chairman to keep us in order."

They all agreed to this, and Sampson moved to the top of the cellar door and said: "Ga-gentlemen, (both this and the the prondest mo-mo-moment of my life. I'm president of the Ca-cellar De-door Ca-club! Mo-many thanks! Harry Wilson will tell the first ste-ste-story."

"Agreed!" said the boys. After thinking a minute, Harry began:

"I'll tell you a story that my father told me. In a village in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill River, there lived a wealthy man."

"Once upon a time," said Jimmy Jackson.

"I-be st-still! Come to order th-there, Jackson," stammered the chairman, and the story went on.

"Yes, once upon a time there lived a wealthy man who had two sons. The father was very anxious to make great men of them, or at least educated men. I think, or rather my father thinks, that their father used to dream that one of these boys would grow to be President and that the other would be a member of Congress at any rate. But, whilst his younger son grew to be a good student, the other one was a good, honest, industrious, and intelligent boy, who did not much like books. His father intended to make him a lawyer, and he got on well enough in arithmetic and geography, but grammar came hard, and when he got into Latin he blundered dreadfully. He studied to please his parents, and from a sense of duty, but it mortified him greatly to think that he could not succeed as the other boys did. For you know it is hard to succeed in anything unless your heart is in it. And so one night he sat down and cried to think he must be a dolt. His mother found him weeping, and tried to comfort him. She walked out in the dusky evening with him and talked. But poor David, for that was his name, was broken-hearted. He had tried with all his might to get interested in 'Hic, hæc, hoc,' but it was no use. He said there was something lacking in his head. 'And I'll never amount to anything, never! Brother Joe gets his lessons in a few minutes, and I can't get mine at all.'

"His mother did not know what to say. But she only said that God had some use for everybody. She knew that David was not wanting in intelligence. In practical affairs he showed more shrewdness than his brother. But his father had set his heart on making him a scholar. That very day the teacher had said to his father that it was no use.

"'Your father,' she said, 'intends to take you from school, and it is a great disappointment to him. But we know that you have done your best, and you must not be disheartened. If you were lazy we should feel a great deal worse.'

"Just then they came to the orchard brook. Here she saw in the dim light something moving in the water.

"'What is that, David?' she said.

"'That's my flutter-wheel, and I feel like breaking it to pieces.'

"'Why?'

"'Well, you see, all the boys made little water-mills to be run by the force of the stream. We call them "flutter wheels." But I made one so curious that it beat them all,' he said.

"'Show it to me, Davie,' she said. And David explained it to her, forgetting all about his unhappiness in his pleasure of showing the little cog-wheels and the under-shot wheel that drove it. 'And why do you want to break it up?' she asked.

"'Because, mother, Sam Peters said I should never be good for anything but to make flutter-wheels, and it is true, I am afraid.'

"'If you were a poor man's son, David, you might be a good mechanic,' said his mother.

"That night Davie resolved to be a mechanic. 'I won't be a good-for-nothing man in the world. If I can't be a learned professor I may be a good carpenter or a blacksmith. If I learn to make a good horseshoe I'll be worth something.' So the next morning he asked his father's leave to enter a machine shop. His father said he might, and with all the school boys laughing at him, he took his tin pail with his lunch in it and went into the shop each morning. And now he began to love books, too. He gathered a library of works on mechanics. Everything relating to machinery he studied. He took up mathematics and succeeded. After a while he rose to a good position in the shop. And he became at last a great railroad engineer. He built that great bridge at Blankville."

"Why," said John Harlan, "I thought your Uncle David built that."

"So he did," said Harry. "My uncle was the boy that could not learn Latin. But he wasn't above honest work, and tried to be useful."

"I suppose," said Tom Miller, "that God has use for us all, boys. Perhaps Jimmy's father was as much intended to serve God making shoes as mine in preaching the Gospel. What a mistake it must be to get in the wrong place, though."

"The m-m-meeting's adjourned," said the president. "Jimmy Jackson will be the sp-speaker at the n-next meeting of the Cellar D-door C-club."—*Edward Eggleston, in Christian at Work.*

COOKING ON BOARD SHIP.

My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was—how many practical lessons might be learned from it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks complain, "there is no doing anything in this pokey kitchen," the pokey kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch, and dinner have to be prepared for over 200 persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Mme. Patti is reported as as much broken up over the Mexican ticket swindle, and so apprehensive of her reception at the hands of the indignant Mexicans, that she has refused to go to Mexico. On the other hand, some people believe that the whole affair is an advertising scheme of her manager, and that the alleged bogus tickets will all be redeemed.

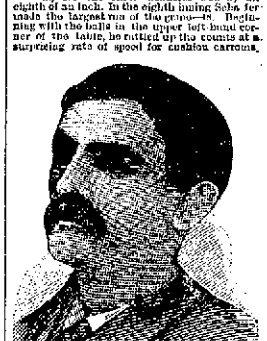
Good Christians should never revenge injuries.—*Cervantes.*

THE "WIZARD" WINS.

An Exciting Billiard Contest between Jacob Schaefer and George Slosson.

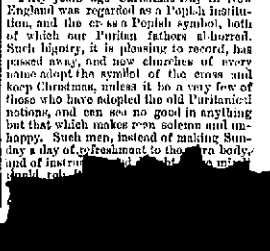
The Little Dutchman Defeats the Chicago Man—Some Very Brilliant Playing.

Central Music Hall was packed from pit to gallery, Friday evening, with people who had assembled to witness the great cushion-carom match between George Slosson, of Chicago, and Jacob Schaefer, of St. Louis, the two billiard champions of the world, says the Chicago *Daily News*. Among the assemblage were many ladies, and the private boxes presented a fine display of elegant toilets. After a few moments' delay Mr. John W. McCullough, of St. Louis, stepped forward and introduced the champions with a few timely remarks. The speaker briefly announced the conditions of the game—cushion carroms, 500 points up, for $2,000 a side and all the gate receipts. The box less no time in getting ready for play. Both stripped off their coats and appeared in dark knit jackets. A moment later they were banking for the lead. Schaefer won by an eighth of an inch. In the eighth inning Schaefer made the largest run of the game—48. Beginning with the balls in the upper left hand corner of the table, he rattled up the counts at a surprising rate of speed for cushion carroms.



JACOB SCHAEFER.

Some of his shots barely moved the balls, and yet they all went to the cushion in order to make the count. His delicacy of play surprised even the most knowing ones, and a murmur of admiration ran through the crowded auditorium as he kept on counting. For a while Slosson seemed a little rattled, and after a few singles and a nice or two he began to creep up. With runs of 5, 13, and 17 in rotation he crept up a little, but in the eighteenth inning Schaefer knocked out 47 points and put up a jam again. The 17 points made Schaefer a round 100, while Slosson had 69 buttons stacked up on his side of the string. The players kept on banging away, and the score kept creeping up about as fast as the regulation gait of a North Side car.



GEORGE SLOSSON.

Slosson would keep plodding along until he was within hailing distance of Shaefer, and then the latter would wake up and go spooning along, leaving Slosson behind him. But the game was not stupid, by any means. A great variety of shots were shown, even if the men did run more along very fast, and there were frequent bursts of applause when any surprising venture resulted in a count. At the end of the forty-fifth inning the score stood 500 for Schaefer to 456 for Slosson. Then it was the game Slosser had shown himself the stronger of the two. His specialty seemed to be to set the balls near the rail and then, by delicate nursing shots, string out double figures nearly every time. Slosson, on the other hand, depended more on open-table play, and seemed unable to make subsequent double figures which netted the most points for his antagonist.

In his eighty first inning Schaefer made a run of 37. During the spurt he gave the finest exhibition of cushion-carroms ever before witnessed in public. His delicate mastery of the balls was perfectly marvelous. Men who had been for years considered experts in billiardmanner-and-tongs style were astounded. The game at that time stood: Schaefer, 416; Slosson, 320.

Now, who were friends of Slosson looked blue, and even the friends of Schaefer pitied him, and said: "Poor George! The little Dutchman is undoubtedly his master." But Slosson is a stand-still," but they did not give Slosson credit for the nerve he really possessed. With such an opponent as Jacob Schaefer leading him 127 points in such a game as cushion carroms he settled down to work and astonished every one by his brilliant finish. As if by magic the haze became the color of his name. Time after time, in the face of Schaefer's run Slosson rattled up 22 points before an inning on a difficult carom. Sometimes twelve, even three times on the piano became exciting, as Slosson steadily gained on Schaefer, who seemed unable to play even an ordinary game. For twenty-seven innings he never once scored double figures. He missed easy shots, made a couple of miscues, played in bad luck, and altogether frightened the larger portion of his supporters. In the meantime Slosson was playing much better than he had been doing during any part of the game.

After a dozen innings devoted to this staggering duel, Schaefer suddenly seemed to recover, and, as easy as if he were rattling peas in a tray, he banged out 15 points. Slosson relieved with a goose-egg, while Schaefer added 7 more buttons to his string. Then Slosson pulled himself together for the last effort, and with many a brilliant shot he collected 47 points, one of which was worth a $10 bill to him just at that time. When he at last missed at the 43d point, Harry Lee took off his hair, Schaefer chalked his cue, set his teeth, and then, marching up to the table, he ran up the few points needed to make game as easily as if rolling off a log. When the winner scored his five hundredth point Slosson tossed his cue aside and shook Schaefer warmly by the hand, and then in an instant two or three hundred excited men rushed forward and fell on the little Dutchman. They hoisted him on their back, cheered for him, and tried to carry him out of the hall on their shoulders, and would have succeeded had not a friend rushed up and rescued him while another friend presented him with a diamond gold watch and chain of Tiffany's make. Following is the score:

Schaefer—2, 1, 0, 2, 0, 5, 2, 48, 7, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 1, 0, 17, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 29, 4, 0, 4, 2, 0, 0, 0, 7, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 58, 0, 0, 0, 11, 12, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 0, 0, 7, 1, 3, 0, 15, 0, 1, 16, 2, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 36, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 0, 0, 2, 36, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 7, 25, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 3, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 4, 4, 3, 1, 0, 1, 4, 3, 2, 15, 7, 10—500.

Slosson—1, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 3, 14, 2, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 15, 12, 4, 2, 0, 12, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1, 12, 0, 3, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 5, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 29, 4, 0, 4, 1, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 11, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 1, 12, 0, 2, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 3, 5, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0

THE CHRISTMAS ELVES.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as ever can be,
And down where the cedar, and fir, and pine,
And the honey hemlock tree
Sing and wail to the brook all night,
As the bronzes sweep with earnest or blight,
Comes the echo of mighty glee.

For there, all hidden from mortal sight,
Are the fairy-folks, you know,
Under the grasses, away from the light,
Under the ice and snow.
To glittering palaces of frosty rime,
And towers and turrets of needles of pine,
They constantly come and go.

And they hoed not the revels of lady or lord,
These elves of the forest fay;
They heed not the conquest of battle and sword,
Nor the glimmer of sun or star.
For their eyes are like diamonds, and gloom
like the fire,
And their soft tripping feet never falter or tire,
As their garments of gossamer are.

But these have their mission, the fairy books
say,
And surely the story is sweet;
They go forth when the dark night succeeds to
the day,
The dear little children to meet.
All unknown and unseen, they listen and smile,
And they stay at the pillows of sleepers awhile,
And guess what they dream, then away.

These are the fairies of good Santa Claus,
These are the elves that he minds,
To tell him which ones of the children are
good,
Still the children of various kinds;
And he writes down their names on a tablet of
gold,
And he makes up his presents, as you have been
told,
And each little good one he finds.

So—time the story—my child, you'll agree
That if you are pleasant and true,
When evening comes down in its sweetness and
glee,
You'd better look out what you do.
For if you're been good through the long, earnest
day,
The fairies will come black and fast in array,
And Santa Claus won't forget you.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

I.—Down Below Freezing Point.

BY W. E. HILL.

A radiant December afternoon, the sky a dome of spotless blue, the sun a gleaming sapphire, the air pure and bracing as clearest wine. The ground was hard and frozen, but except that here and there in some shaded copse a bonfluf of snow nestled like a cluster of white roses, and the leafless, shriveled bushes that lined the wayside were mute witnesses to the harsh breath of the north wind, any stranger to the long reach of timber, hill and winding water-way, would have believed winter at its birth or death, would have thought of October or April, instead of the merry, happy season that it was—Christmas! In all Christendom its joys and pleasures hovered never so cheerily as at Lyndhurst, and to the pleasant village overlooking the river, as to the lordly domain known as "The Towers," a mile distant, the recurring celebrations of yule-tide ever brought a harmony and delight that was unalloyed and hearty. Upon that lovely afternoon, buoyant and beautiful under the influences of the day, bright and blissful in anticipation of the dawning evening, two girls tripped gayly along the path that led through the grand old forest from the village to The Towers. They had crossed the private drive with their faces when they reached the glen tavern. To see his patient, stalwart figure was magnetic to thrill Arnold Thorne to an increasing emotion of interest in the beautiful girl whose company he virtually monopolized until long after dinner time. While in secret heart he confessed to an enchantment that bound him in fetters of silk strong as steel, and yet he could not seek to avoid the witchery of her charming presence. If ever there was a typical, gentle creature, Eunice Davenal was the ideal, and the hours of merriment that drifted by, golden-winged, and filled with laughter and joy, were, it seemed to him, its happiest of his life.

"Christmas Eve again; seventy of them I have seen, but never one like this!" remarked old Geoffrey Thorne, as the revel ran high later in the evening, and dinner had been followed by the children's tree, and this in turn had given way to the gay waltz and music and Christmas games. He looked with pride, as he spoke, on the handsome form of his favorite nephew, Dr. Thorne, and his eye brightened as it took in the charming picture of the young people gathered under the mistletoe.

"How did it happen? how long has he been this way?"

Dr. Arnold Thorne's tones were husky and uncertain; his mind troubled as he felt the pulse of the soldier. He heard vaguely as the attendant tried to explain that there was nothing wrong on the back of the patient's head. He was absorbed in listening to the wild, rapid mutterings and fierce ejaculations of the invalid. They were uttered in a whisper-ed, ominous threat, and there a sentiment of reason, over and anon a word, a hint that swept the listener's heart-strings with torturing, cruel indifference as the soldier spoke the name of Eunice Davenal. And then, moaning, every latent emotion of hatred and repugnance in his nature, there flashed upon Arnold the blinding, terrible light of the truth.

Eunice Davenal had, indeed, promised to wed this man. Over her fair life he held some baleful menace, so terrible that he had forced her to a pledge of marriage. What was it? Even in delirium, the cruelty of Sylvester's life held well their secret. He had followed her to Lyndhurst, as if he feared she meditated flight. He feared in Hendish triumph over the power that made her humble at his lightest wish. As he watched him, for the first time in his life a great temptation came to the man whose mission lads him save the miscreant, and but for Thorne knew that fire-arms lose of a certain pistol-shot, four pellets more of another drug, and Eunice Davenal would be free!

With a shudder he drove the thought from his mind, with a murmured prayer he forced back the black suggestion, with a patient Christian resignation to fate and its de-crees, he crowned himself to save the life of his unworthy patient.

"He will be well by morning—give him one more dose of the mixture, and let him sleep," said Dr. Thorne, wearily, after an hour's attendance on the patient. What skill could do had been effected, but never man so grudgingly bestowed it as he upon a hated creature, he crowned himself to save the life of the girl he loved.

"Eunice—the Davenal! you are ill—something has alarmed you!" spoke Arnold, concernedly, arising to his feet and then, his glance following her own, he discerned the cause of her sudden agitation.

The blushing face had faded to a pallor that was ghastliness. With a moan of affright and despair, Eunice Davenal recoiled, and sat with eyes riveted on the window, as if translated there by some picture that held her soul in a dread thrall. She could not look away.

"Eunice—the Davenal! you are ill—something has alarmed you?" spoke Arnold, concernedly, arising to his feet and then, his glance following her own, he discerned the cause of her sudden agitation.

Plainly prevented, beyond the flowers, pressed close to the window-pane, distorted with the fiercest of sinister emotions, was a human face—that of a man. Dark as night, swarthy face—that of a man, with passionate rage; the open, menacing eyes appeared to hold a direful fascination for the fair girl that froze her soul with terror. The hateful eyes swept the face of her companion once only, seemingly, through the glass, but then fadled into the obscurity of the night.

Intensely startled, Dr. Thorne was parallyzed for a moment. Then, resenting what he decreed to be the impertinence of some loitering tramp, he sprang toward the window.

"He has frightened you! The insolent miscreant! He should be severely punished for his intrusion!"

"For heaven's sake, no! Do not leave me—do not seek a conflict with that man. Oh, Mr. Thorne, please take me to your sister!"

In absolute amazement, and unable to understand the import of the words, her voice resembling in wild, helpless wail of despair, Dr. Thorne regarded her strange terror.

"Then you know that fiend?"

"Yes, yes," grasped poor Eunice. "Oh, why did I come here, perhaps to bring trouble to this happy home. Promise me you will not follow that man—promise!—to—marry!"

As if she so feared for the safety of her companion that the confession was wrung from her tortured lips, she breathed forth the words with restless face, and seemed about to faint. One awful pang of agony rent the soul of the man who knew only at that moment how fervently he loved her. "The man" she had promised to marry! Oh, blight unholy! Oh, darkness coming like a pall upon the light, and warmth, and beauty! In that dread moment of bitter disappointment the storm raged as under a fiery sky. The trees and flowers, unheeded, mechanically, led the way to that portion of the drawing-room where his sister sat.

As in a dream, he saw Blanche's wondering glance, caught one flitting glimpse of Dr. Davenal's troubled face, then, as if impelled by some mighty force that must haunt her fair young life, treated amid its blight the element of some deep dread, some secret, sinister influence, and that, dazed, crushed, wavering, he was driven from the room and out upon the verandah.

The night had come down cold and clear-less after a day of sunshine and beauty. The stars were thick out by a mist of flaming frost. A crescent moon, just obscured, like a silver shield, against a pillar, looking out the children's band, his brain fevered, distracted, benumbed. From the fire-lighted room the last strains of the merry waltz floated softly over to the lawn in the hall the bustle of departing guests told that the evening's pleasures were about to terminate. Two men came out to the verandah, but did not notice his figure in the shadow

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ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "Has Brown's Iron Bitters any merit?" "Will it benefit me?" "Is it only a humbug?" We answer, from our own observation and knowledge, and from the testimony of physicians and druggists, that Brown's Iron Bitters is the best tonic known to the profession, and inquiry of all leading chemical firms will substantiate the statement that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. Having considered that iron is seemingly adapted to be the most important factor in vegetable and animal nutrition, it requires a scientific fact, that preparation of the class of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is perfect, and will not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. It thoroughly digests, assimilates and nourishes the food, regulates the liver and kidneys, stimulates the nerves, purifies the blood, strengthens the muscles, and builds up the whole system. Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Heartburn and Nervousness, are all the symptoms that it effectually cures. For all these troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is the only remedy that will give permanent relief. Physicians and druggists recommend it. Take only the genuine, which has the Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

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FARMS on James River, Virginia, in Albemarle County. Elmwood Colony. Illustrated circulars free. J. F. MANNHA, Charlottesville, Virginia.

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Nov. 1-d&w-6mo.

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Notice to the Ladies.

I have secured the agency for Dr. Scott's Famous Specific Orange Blossom. A positive cure for all female diseases. Every lady can treat herself. A circular of explanation and a trial box free. Oct 23-d&w3mo THEMEA GROSS.

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Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1886.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Let Us Join Hands With the Children and Rejoice.

The glad voices of joyous children will in a few hours greet the dawn of another Christmas and happy is, or should be, the household where such sounds are heard on Christmas morn. It is the day of all other days when the buoyancy of youth asserts itself. It is the day when contented old age is happy in the recollections of childhood pleasures. It is a day when all whose hearts have not been crushed by sad bereavements should rejoice that they have still their loved ones with them. Restrain not the exuberance of the spirits of the children on this festal day. The cares of life will do all that too soon. Give them free rein on this Christmas. They may not be here on its next return; for many who cheered and blessed bright, happy homes twelve months ago are now numbered with the dead. It is only they who have been bereft can know how sad it is to have no baskets or stockings to fill on Christmas eve. There will be no shouts of joy in their households, no exclamations of wonder and surprise, no scampering of little feet down the stairways on that early morning to see what Santa Claus has brought while they were sleeping. Oh, the house without the children on Christmas day.

FAST RUNNERS.

A Wabash Conductor and Engineer Before the Mayor of Logansport.

Conductor Hurlbert and Engineer Bob Hamilton, of the Wabash road, were arraigned before the Logansport mayor yesterday morning to answer to the charge of violating an ordinance by running a train through that city at a higher rate of speed than six miles per hour. Hurlbert and Hamilton had charge of the train that struck and instantly killed J. B. Rector, near the Twelfth street crossing several days ago. At the coroner's inquest it was shown by the testimony of two or three witnesses that the train was run at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. For this violation a warrant was issued for the arrest of Hurlbert and Hamilton and they were each fined $10 and costs, making the entire amount collected from each one about $14.

The Ohio Dow Law

Closed 200 saloons in Toledo.
Nine in Lima.
Six in Ironton.
Three in Tiffin.
Four in Athens.
Seven in Canton.
Six in Mansfield.
Two in Ashland.
Six in Lancaster.
Eight in Bellaire.
Seven in Newark.
Three in Fostoria.
Five in Hamilton.
Four in Coshocton.
Thirteen in Akron.
Two in Barnesville.
Nine in Portsmouth.
Sixteen in Zanesville.
Nineteen in Sandusky.
Forty-six in Columbus.
Thirteen in Springfield.
Sixteen in Youngstown.
Twenty-eight in Dayton.
Three hundred in Cleveland.
And 600 in the small towns of the state.

To Spill the Wabash.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Gen. George W. Smith says that he intends to ask Judge Gresham to take the Chicago and St. Louis division of the Wabash road out of the hands of Receiver Cooley and place it in the hands of the purchasing committee, which would pay off all existing mortgages and take the burden of running this division off the shoulders of the receiver. It is expected that the petition will be argued in a day or two.

The Wabash.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 23.—It is alleged that the eastern and western sections of the Wabash railroad will be separated under the new order of things, and operated under different managers.

Gough's Cheese Argument.

The following from Gough's lecture, "The Foes We Fight," in a straight shot:

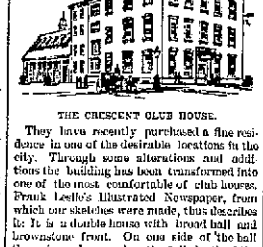
An LL. D. was dining at the table of a lady who never furnished wine, no matter who is her guest, at whose house General Grant spent nearly two days, during which time not one drop of wine, ale, or spirits would she present to him or his staff, and when the British nobility are sometimes entertained by her, they inquire, "Can you entertain Lord So-and-so?" when she replies, "Yes, but he must know beforehand that neither wine, ale, nor spirits are offered in my house." This gentleman was at her dinner-table, and he said, "Now, I think I cannot understand your position in reference to this matter, Mrs. So-and-so. Now, I enjoy a glass of wine at my dinner; it is my habit to use it. You say to me, 'Doctor, I shall give you no wine because So-and-so makes bad use of it. Here is one person cannot drink with impunity, and here is another who makes a fool of himself. By and by you will take from us all our luxuries. I enjoy cheese. I like it with a cup of coffee and a cracker; it promotes digestion. Would you say, 'Doctor, here is a man who can not eat cheese with impunity, and I shall give no cheese?'" Is that a fair way of putting it? Did you ever hear a man standing on the gallows-tree saying to those who came to witness his execution: "Now, my friends, take warning by me, never eat any cheese?" Did you ever hear a man murdering his wife, and giving as a reason, or as an excuse, that he had been eating cheese? Did you ever hear of a row in the streets where one man is murdered or several ribs broken, the papers say, "Those men have been eating cheese." Now just show to me that cheese produces eight-tenths of the crime, seven-eighths of the pauperism and half the lunacy; show to me that cheese produces the result that drink does and by the grace of God I will battle the cheese while I live.

A BALTIMORE CLUB.

THE NEW AND SUBSTANTIAL HOME OF THE CRESCENT CLUB.

A Leading Political Body in the South Founded in 1874—Exterior and Interior Views of the New Building. Description of the Rich Furnishings.

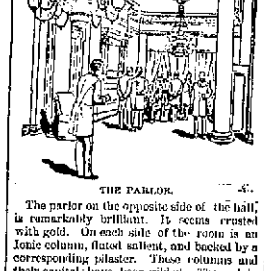
The Crescent club of Baltimore was organized in 1871, and it has already become one of the most influential of the political clubs of the country, numbering among its members cabinet ministers, senators and representatives, foreign ministers and consuls and the prominent men in Maryland politics, from the governor down.



THE CRESCENT CLUB HOUSE.

They have recently purchased a fine residence in one of the desirable locations in the city. Through some alterations and additions the building has been transformed into one of the most comfortable of club houses. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, from which our sketches were made, thus describes it: It is a double house with broad hall and brownstone front. On one side of the hall there is a saloon parlor, the full depth of the house; on the other side there are two connected rooms, which now become the "reception rooms." On the second floor the whole house has been thrown into one room, exclusive, of course, of the stairway. This is the club room. In the space occupied formerly by the back yard, a large room has been built for the general meetings of the club.

This house has been decorated and furnished in a very artistic style. The large vestibule through which the visitor enters the hall has been refitted and mounted in brass. On the left side, as you enter, are the reception rooms. These rooms are furnished with dark, carved oak, cushioned with dark green, embossed leather. The carpet is a dark one, in harmony with the curtains and furniture. The effect of this suite of rooms is very striking.

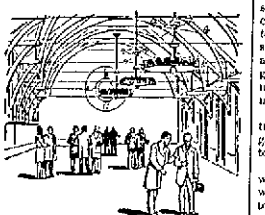


THE PARLOR.

The parlor on the opposite side of the hall, is remarkably brilliant. It seems crusted with gold. On each side of the room is an Ionic column, fluted salient, and backed by a corresponding pilaster. These columns and their capitals have been gilded. The entablature which supports the floor above is finished like the cornice. The pilasters are finished like the wall. The walls are Lincrusta Walton hangings gilded in two shades of gold, and fairly blaze with light. The ceiling is of raised felt paper, painted in pale, delicate buff, with the figures picked out in somewhat stronger tints. The carpet repeats the general impression of the ceiling. Such wood work as shows is painted in ivory white and enriched with gilding. The mirrors over the mantels have heavy carved gold frames. The chimney is backed with tiles. The furniture is in part covered with a rich brown that harmonizes with the curtains and in part with a dark turquoise blue that gives a charming contrast of color.

On the second floor the three rooms have been thrown into one for the club room; the pillars that take the place of the walls that were removed, and which now support the floors above, are paneled, and some of the interspaces filled with carving, gilded, that produces a happy effect. The room has an air of substantial comfort. At one side of the room there is a dais upon which a handsome mahogany table stands, behind which is the seat of the presiding officer. Facing this is a large mahogany table where the secretaries may sit. In one corner of the room stands a grand piano.

The floor above this contains a billiard room, a committee room, several sitting rooms and one large room as a reading room and for general social purposes. These rooms are handsomely and appropriately decorated, and furnished for solid comfort as well as for beauty. The billiard room is especially pretty, the ceiling being decorated with balls and cues in high relief very happily composed. There is also a secretary's room, fitted up like a luxurious office, with appropriate furniture. The restaurant is very neat and attractive.



GENERAL ASSEMBLY ROOM.

The assembly room is the largest, and, in some respects, the most striking room in the building. It may be entered from the house or from doors on Paca street. It looks more like a pretty little church than anything else it can be compared to. The beams of the roof are supported by wooden arches, and the natural wood of the rafters and the lining of the roof show. The windows are of stained glass. At one end there is a platform slightly raised, corresponding with the pulpit of a church. It is lighted by magnificent chandeliers. The room is not square, but occupies the whole of that area irregularly shaped back yard, &c., the effects will be separated by screens when the full size of the room is not needed. The [illegible] correspond with the chapels of a cathedral. In addition to its use as a place for the club to hold its meetings it may be used as a banqueting hall, for which purpose it would be superb.

It will be interesting hereafter to note the efforts of so much elegance and beauty upon the club itself, and to see how far the "dim religious light," sifting through the stained glass windows, may impart a genial mildness to the political discussions.

ABOUT TOBOGGANING.

A Canada Pastime Becoming Popular in America.

Several valued acquaintances write asking us to publish an illustrated article telling "all about tobogganing." It would take a long time to do that. There is a good deal of it. There are some things about it that never will and never can get into any newspaper.

To be sure tobogganing is simply sliding down a snow and ice hill upon a flat-bottomed sled and then walking slowly up hill, only for the fun of sliding down again. But the possibilities there are in that walk up hill are something which it is worth while to stop and contemplate. An enthusiast has written a pretty little pamphlet on tobogganing, and he is particularly eloquent on the subject of walking up hill. He seems to know how it is:

"Uphill we clambered, and as I felt the gloved hand of Dick's younger sister upon my sustaining arm, I wished the climb might have been twice the distance; and right here I want to say that if ever a woman looks fresh and young and irresistibly lovely it is when at the top of a climb up a toboggan slide she stops with her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, and her eyes shining with the exertion of the tramp. At least I thought so when I glanced into the glowing face of my pretty companion. What a sight it was to look back down the slide as we stood at the starting point."

THE UPHILL ROAD.

Artificial hills have been made where the natural ones are wanting, and it is said that these are even more successful than the natural ones, being smoother and having a more regular descent. To laugh one a place is chosen which has some natural descent. Then a scaffolding of heavy timbers is erected forty to fifty feet above the ground. At the top of the scaffolding a platform is made whence the toboggans starts start. Descending from the platform, tracks or chutes are built in which the toboggans run. They lead to the ground at an angle more or less acute according to the natural lay of the ground thereabouts. Sometimes as many as four chutes run from one platform, giving ample room for every adventurous tobogganer. Flaring sideboards are built to each chute, so that the toboggan will not leave the track.

Thus being substantially finished, the slides are next made ready for the revelers. They are firmly packed with snow, rammed and jammed down. Then, to finish matters, water is poured upon the snow and allowed to freeze. Last of all, this ice track is carefully planed off and swept to make it as smooth as glass. Then it is ready. Down steep slides the sled goes with a velocity that makes the head swim. The rate is sometimes above a mile a minute. The track at Saratoga, which is a model in its way, is one of the steepest in America. Perhaps the most famous slide is that of the Tuque Blue Toboggan club at Montreal. The starting point of both that and the Saratoga slide is forty feet from the ground, the track being lengthened by natural slope of the land to three times that. After reaching level ground, too, it is to be remembered that the gathered impetus of the fey way is enough to drive the toboggan yet three or four times the distance of the length of the track.

The toboggan itself is made to combine toughness and lightness. It is composed of a strip of wood one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch thick, steamed and bent up in front to keep the slider from slipping forward. Cleats are nailed inside to give it strength. The newest and most approved pattern has also three or four wooden strips nailed upon the bottom lengthwise to serve as runners. There are hand rails along the side to keep the rider from falling off, and the bottom and inside are warmly lined with cushions and fur.

DOWN HILL.

A double toboggan is usually 6 feet long and 24 inches wide. A single one is 4 to 5 feet long and 16 inches wide. They may be easily obtained, already made, first class ones, too.

Now for the costume. Of course, either a sunlit or torchlit tobogganing scene would be robbed of half its brilliancy without a picturesque costume for the players. The toboggan dress is made of blankets of showy colors—cream, purple, blue, scarlet and orange. These have borders, and when the blanket cloth is cut into the costume the borders are picturesquely arranged. Men wear their blankets fashioned into a blouse reaching half way down their thigh. It is belted around the waist and worn with blanket knee breeches, long woolen stockings that reach to the breeches, and moccasins. Women wear a blanket frock or coat buttoned down the front, and finished with or without a belt. The frock comes to the ankles sometimes, and sometimes not much below the knee, leaving the full blanket trousers to show underneath, with the warm leggings and moccasins below.

The lady rides in front, the gentleman half lies down upon the toboggan behind her and steers the machine with his toe. The moccasin-clad foot sticks out behind him, and a touch of the toe is sufficient to turn the flying sled to right or left. Leather boots are not allowed to be worn to steer with upon a toboggan track. They would destroy its smoothness. Rubber overshoes or moccasins are necessary.

The costume described is sufficiently picturesque. It is completed at the top by a gay woolen cap or hood, with a long, narrow top, ending in a tassel.

Tobogganing is the fashionable sport wherever in America snow and ice are this winter. It is a most exhilarating pastime, too, far better than any artificial indoor amusement. It is not grating and maintained by tobogganing clubs, which have their own colors in costume, like baseball clubs. The members "chip in" and share expenses.

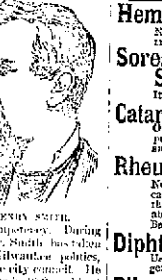
If not all, this is at least considerable about tobogganing.

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefitted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

A LABOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Henry Smith, who was elected to congress on the labor ticket from the Fourth Milwaukee district of Wisconsin, will be one of the notable figures in the Fiftieth congress. His election was one of the principal surprises of the last political campaign. He was placed in nomination by a comparatively new, unorganized political party, but defeated the old and experienced organizations by a plurality of over 1,000. Mr. Smith is a native of Baltimore, but has lived in Milwaukee since 1865. Working at his trade of millwright he earned a comfortable competency. During the past twenty years Mr. Smith has taken an active interest in Milwaukee politics, serving several terms in the city council. He was elected city comptroller in 1882, and is at present an alderman. As Mr. Smith's portrait indicates, he is a man of strong and determined character. Personally no great sensible, a big, honest person who has no sense with politics, he is likely to make a big reputation for himself as an intelligent champion of labor in the next House of representatives.



HENRY SMITH.

The Work of Digestion.

The sweltering noon is not a favorable time for repletion, nor is the early morning, when the energies of the system should not be unduly monopolized by the work of digestion. A heavy breakfast handicaps a worker for the rest of the forenoon. Of all the wretched slaves of conventional abuses, the most to be pitied are those who have to bolt their dinner in a minimum of time, and hasten back to their drudgery, and often to a temperature that must tempt them to barter a week of their lives for one hour of undisturbed sleep. A light breakfast and late dinner unquestionably save the burden of the hottest working day.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

At Newark, O., ex-Lieutenant of Police James Griffith attempted to assassinate County Clerk Thomas Lenox, but was prevented by Mrs. Lenox, who knocked the revolver from Griffith's hand.

SCALY, ITCHY SKIN

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barber's, Baker's, Grocer's and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands here-about, with a view to help any one who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.
JOHN J. CASE, D.D.S.
Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered a life long miserably distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.
J. F. SMITH & CO.
Texarkana, Ark.

DUSTPANFULL OF SCALES.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanfull of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED

For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the Cuticura Remedies.
L. H. RICHARDSON.
New Haven, Conn.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

IT FEELS GOOD.

Those worn out with pains, Aches and Weaknesses find relief in one minute in the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. At druggists. 25 cents.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its degenerative influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and broaks up the most robust constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, importunately meddled by quacks and charlatans, the sufferers from it have little hope to be relieved, save in the side of the grave. At this time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all, placed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The ever and highest recommended method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly relieves the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and an Improved Inhaler, price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Sciatic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains and Strains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the most perfect antidote to pain and inflammation. Never compounded. New, original, instantaneous, infallible and safe. At all druggists, 25c.; five for $1.00, or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

POND'S EXTRACT

VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages, Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease. Cold in the Head, &c.

Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet former cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in Lumbago, Backache, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat, Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples, Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints, In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

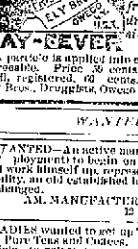
CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk, or by the pint.

Sold everywhere. Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Gives Relief at once, cures

Cold in Head, CATARRH HAY FEVER.

Not a liquid, snuff or powder. Free from injurious drugs and offensive odors.

HAY-FEVER.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—An active man (one out of employment) to begin on medium salary and work himself up, representing, in his own locality, an old established house. Reference exchanged.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay Street.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A best or useful article to select from as premiums. Send for illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special Offer:* to every fourth person that answers this advertisement, we will send *free* one pound of choice Tea. Address
NATURAL TEA & COFFEE CO., Boston, Mass.
Oct 23-30m

WANTED—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Goods staple; every one buys; outfit and particulars free.
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston.
Oct 2 30m

WANTED—Parties in search of apple-parers and other kitchen utensils to combine the Dado window curtains and artists' materials, fringes, tassels, &c., at
best L. O. HULLS, 9 Calhoun street.

WANTED—General agents to wholesale and retail my New Water. Rare chance to make money. Good salary or 50 cts. on the dollar commission. Send for circular.
F. M. WEAVER,
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MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 857," City. 20-tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amherst Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Manufactured by H. Clausen, Amberg & Co. Send for catalogue. jan6-ly

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A desirable dwelling house No. 123 East Main street. Inquire at 10 Lafayette street. H

FOR RENT—A two story brick dwelling, No. 51 East Washington st. Good repair; 8 rooms; gas; good cistern and cellar.
G. P. MORGAN.

FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 242 East Berry St. Inquire of R. D. Ascoll, 92 Calhoun St. 30-tf

FOUND.

FOUND—That a pair of Ilallo window curtains are articles worth the cost of painting in the most appropriate Christmas present. Sold by L. O. HULL,
10-tf. 9 Calhoun street.

SEND

Candy 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 for a sample retail box, by express of the

Candy BEST CANDIES

Candy In America, put up in boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents.

Candy 5c Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address,

Candy C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,

Candy Sept. 26-3m Chicago.

MEAT DOWN!

Boiling Meat	8c per lb
Roasts	6 to 8c per lb
Steaks	8 to 10c per lb
Sausage	8 to 10c per lb
Hams	12½ per lb
Lamb, Veal and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices	

at HALLER'S MEAT MARKET,
38 South Calhoun street. oct20-3m

MADDEN & COX

—PRACTICAL—

Sanitary Plumbers

—AND—

STEAM & GAS FITTERS.

—DEALERS IN—

Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,

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Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

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NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence

NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,

Where he will give exclusive attention to all

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR,

Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

THE HAMMOND TYPE WRITER!

Parties who contemplate purchasing a new type writer should examine the

HAMMOND TYPE WRITER

before deciding upon a machine. It has many points of superiority over all others, and is inferior in no point, as the testimony of persons who have used all of the different type writers in the market. May be examined and circulars obtained at

No 64 East Jefferson St.,

Circulars also at 22 Calhoun St., of

T. J. NOLTON & CO. 27-1m.

JOS. H. BRIMMER

The Only Practical

SIGN PAINTER

IN THE CITY.

Is making a specialty of *REPAINTING HOUSES* In the highest style of the art.

No 7 Harrison Street.

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DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR,

Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 05 pm
Lv. 1 40 pm	Accommodation	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
12 45 pm—Lv.	Mail and Ex.	Lv.—5 30 pm
7 05 am "	Limited Ex.	" 9 00 am
9 05 p. m. "	Fast Through Ex.	" 1 45 am
1 35 am "	Mail and Ex.	" 1 45 am
4 00 pm "	Plymouth Ac.	"
5 20 am "	Local Freight	" 7 10 am
	Crestline Ac.	" 11 01 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
5 10 am—Lv.	Limited Ex*	Lv.—7 50 pm
1 45 pm "	†Through Ex.	" 1 35 pm
7 00 pm "	†Through Mail	" 1 30 am
8 12 pm "	*Fast mail	
8 38 am "	Andrews Accom. Freight†	
	Accom Passenger	" 4 00 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Pullman sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME BOARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDE S.
5 10 am	10 45 am
1 45 pm	6 45 pm
8 17 pm	1 45 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 11:55 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:40 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:50 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:30 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING SOUTH
8 00 am—Lv.	Mail and Ex.	Lv.—1 00 pm
8 06 am "	Tecumseh Ex.	" 5 33 pm
2 10 pm "	Express	" 11 45 pm
	Accommodation train arrives from the south	9:25 p. m.

Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN

[Fort Wayne Division.]

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
10 45 am—Ar.	Cincinnati Ex.	Lv.
3 40 pm "	Detroit Ex.	" 4 40 pm
5 20 pm "	Way Freight	" 11 20 am
	All trains daily except Sunday.	6 40 am

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE.

FROM SOUTH.		GOING SOUTH.
9 10 pm—Ar.	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 30

ST. JACOBS OIL

LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

AMAZING RESULTS.

Suffered 15 Years and Cured.

Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.

I have been troubled with lame back for the last ten or fifteen years, and during that time have tried all kindsof remedies, but found no relief. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which I am happy to say has completely cured me.

MRS. D. H. WADE.

Suffered 2 Years and Cured.

Mr. A. Frueger, 936 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo., suffered for two years with lumbago, and was confined to his bed for several months. He was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which he says is also the best cure for sprains and all other pains.

Could not Rise and Cured.

147 York Street, Sidney, N. S. W.

I had a severe attack of rheumatic lumbago, rendering me unable to rise from my chair, and applied St. Jacobs Oil, whereby I was so far relieved that the pain was removed, and has not returned. WALTER HAYNES,

Spicus Merchant.

Severe Lumbago Cured.

103 Prince St., New York, N. Y.

I had a very severe case of lumbago, so that I could hardly walk. A friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I tried a bottle; it relieved me. I tried another bottle; it cured me, and now I would not be without it if it cost $5 per per bottle. C. C. SHAYNE.

Entirely Cured of Lumbago.

Farragut House, Salem, Mass.

Some time ago I contracted a most severe cold, and it left me with lumbago. I used numerous remedies, but got no relief. After using about one and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, I was entirely cured. W. F. GAHILL.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Baltimore, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PENSIONS and Claims Collected at NODAY. Increase and bounty due many. Rejected Cases re-opened. Send for circular showing who are entitled to claims

PATENTS secured or NO PAY. Model or rough sketch of invention and will report as to patentability free. Best of reference.

BELLUM MILLER,

ATTORNEY,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whereever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO.,

Homœopathic Chemists,

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56 Calhoun Street.

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FREE OF COST

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

Respectfully,

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march18-1y

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are Safe, Effectual and Pleasant. $1 per box by mail, or at druggists. Desired by Retailers; postage stamps. Address THE LUNDELL CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro.

Oct. 15-1y.

A POSITIVE cure without the use of Mercury, Iodide Potash, or any injurious drug. Over 10,000 cases in which they have failed to cure the most obstinate cases in four days or less.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

Possessing those valuable properties of oil of sandal-wood that surrender to destroy the urethra of the stomach. Prompt, Safe, Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2 per box. Pamphlet free. Address A. O. ALLAN, M.D., 26 John St., New York.

CURE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing *less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. L. S. SERVICE.

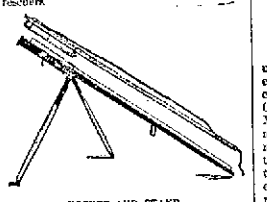
WHICH MEANS THE GOVERNMENT LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

Gratifying Report for the Last Year—How a Line is Sent to a Stinking Ship—Bringing a Passenger Ashore in the Breeches Buoy.

Those who can read meanings that underlie dry statistics must have been gratified at the report of the United States life saving service the past season. It was a stormy year. Terrific winds, mighty waves and freezing cold played havoc with those who follow the sea.

The report shows many wrecks. The lives of nearly 3,000 persons were endangered in consequence. Yet, out of all those thus imperiled, less than 100 really lost their lives. The life saving coast men are heroes.

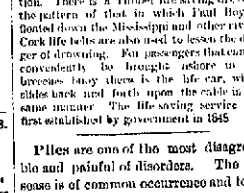
One of the most attractive points of interest in Washington is the headquarters of the chief of the life saving service. In his rooms are models of all the appliances used by the rescuers.



ROCKET AND STAND.

A very important place in the work is filled by the rocket, so called. Observe in the picture the long tube, with rope attached. Just beneath it is the stand from which it is shot. Now fancy to yourselves a ship going to pieces 300 yards from shore. The rocket, with line attached, is shot toward the ship. The aim is always to shoot it over the ship, if possible. Then it will fall upon the opposite side, and the rope will be held in the rigging. It can then be hauled down by the sailors and made fast to the ship.

This first rope is only a slender and light one; another and much heavier one is made fast to its shore end. The slight rope once fast to the ship, by means of it the heavy one can be drawn through the surf and made tight and secure. Then, by means of the heavy cable, the crew can be taken ashore in safety. There was formerly much trouble and delay occasioned by the tangling of the line as it was shot into the air with the rocket. That difficulty has been obviated by a device which appears in the illustration of the rocket line box.



ROCKET LINE BOX.

In the upper portion of the picture is seen the box, with the points of the pegs around which the line is wound. The line is simply coiled in and out about these pegs, which are sharpened at the point and reach nearly to the top of the box. In the lower part of the illustration the bottom of the box appears. A diagram of the inside is shown, as it appears looking down into the box. The line passing around the pegs is seen.

When it is possible, the life saving crew row out to a wreck in a self righting boat, specially fitted for shooting the breeches, and bring away men in that way. None but strong, able bodied and skillful men can be trusted for this service. Even then the rescuers themselves occasionally lose their lives. A heartrending instance of this kind is said to have happened on Lake Erie a few weeks ago. A crew of heroes, every one of them, were actually lured to their death. They saw a schooner out in the lake suddenly hoist the distress signal. A terrific storm was raging, such that it looked like death to go out in the boat. But the life saving crew did not hesitate a second. They rigged their boat and plowed through the awful waters to the schooner. When near her she suddenly took down the distress signal and sailed away. It was only a dodge on the part of the schooner people to get a tug to steam out and take them in tow. Their lives and their vessel were in no danger at all. Seeing they had been decoyed, the six brave attempted to row back again. Only half of them live to-day. The boat capsized, and three were lost. One of them was the captain of the crew.

It has been found that the five great lakes are more dangerous than the Atlantic ocean. Tempests that sweep across them are terrific. They cause more loss of life and shipwreck year in and year out than storms on the ocean do. Lake Erie is the worst. Storms from whatever direction wind up by sweeping across it and down the St. Lawrence valley.

THE RESCUE.

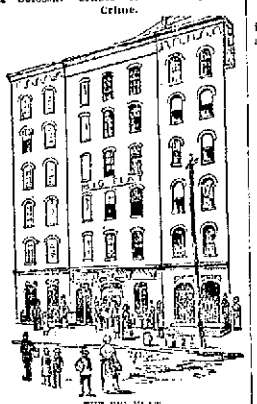
The breeches buoy, shown in the last illustration, is one of the most useful of the life saving devices. Suppose the rocket line is safely lodged upon a ship. A slide is passed back and forth upon the heavy cable which has next been made fast between the shore and the ship. To this slide is attached the breeches buoy. It is an india rubber device, capable of carrying one passenger. The passenger stands in it, his legs go down through holes fitted for them. Hence the name. The buoy comes well up around the arms and shoulders. Seated inside of this the ship wrecked person is drawn with the slide attached to the cable overhead swiftly and surely to shore.

American life saving appliances are probably the best perfected of those of any nation. There is a rubber life saving dress, of the pattern of that in which Paul Boyton floated down the Mississippi and other rivers. Cork life belts are also used to lessen the danger of drowning. For passengers that cannot conveniently be brought ashore in the breeches buoy there is the life car, which slides back and forth upon the cable in the same manner. The life saving service was first established by government in 1848

Piles are one of the most disagreeable and painful of disorders. The disease is of common occurrence and to effect a cure should be treated by proper remedies. There is nothing more suitable by its wonderful curative action than Pond's Extract Ointment, in which the medicinal virtues of Pond's Extract which are very valuable in the above complaint, are in a state of great concentration. It is advisable in every instance, however, to use both the Extract and the Ointment. Ask your druggist and be sure you get the right articles.

NEW YORK'S BIG FLAT

A Colossal Cradle for Cosmopolitan Crime.



THE BIG FLAT.

There is a house in New York city that is usually visited daily by police or detectives either to quiet a disturbance or ferret out a criminal. It is situated midway between Canal and Hester streets, and extends from Mott to Elizabeth street. It was built as a model tenement house, but it has become the most degraded hovel for human beings that the United States contains probably. It contains 120 apartments of about three rooms each bringing in a rental of about $1,000 per month. It is impossible to get at the population of "The Big Flat," as it is called. A family renting three rooms will sublet two of these rooms to other families so there are probably 250 families in the house, or a population of 1,000. There are few English speaking families in the big flat. The great majority of the tenants are Jews. They are Russian, Polish, German, Austrian, Greek and Asiatic Jews. As a goodly portion of their time is taken up with argument when they meet in the long stone halls the house seems a veritable Babel. When a discussion waxes so warm that a policeman has to be called in. He knows by long experience that to bring the disputants to the station house would only entangle matters further. As he cannot understand their polyglot tongues he simply climbs them all into silence.

HALLWAY IN THE BIG FLAT.

The big flat is a favorite hiding place for thieves. If one of them happens, by accident, to rush in for safety to the apartment of a family not of his nationality, he is immediately handed over to the police. While if he falls among the right people he is likely to be secure from detection.

The agent of the big flat collects the rent every two weeks in advance, as the inhabitants are in a constant state of migration, many of them, the younger ones chiefly, going to Potter's field. Each apartment of three rooms is allowed but one window, which usually opens on an air shaft. No ray of sunlight can possibly enter the place unless by either front of the building.

Miss Emma Hamilton, of Winchester, O., committed suicide by taking poison.

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

Vilonia, an inland town of Arkansas, was set on fire by incendiaries. Losses estimated at $150,000.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, Brown's Bronchial Troches, like all really good things, are frequently imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

Miners in the Jackson, O., district, have returned to work.

Why do you suffer with backache, pain in the chest, rheumatism, or lameness anywhere when a Hop Plaster will surely give you relief. Druggists sell them, 25 cents.

Six business buildings at Pittsford, Mich., were destroyed by fire.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Gen. Wright, one of Boston's street commissioners, died Wednesday.

"Oh! if I had only known that in time." Known what? "Known that a simple cold in the head may develop into chronic catarrh." Well, it isn't too late, for Ely's Cream Balm will cure catarrh even after the sufferer's life has become a burden to him, and he a nuisance to his friends. It is the only radical and thoroughly scientific catarrh cure known. Not a snuff. Not a liquid. Price fifty cents.

Jake Sharp, one of the New York railroad bribers, wants a change of venue.

Go to the Model bakery for Sunday supply and delicacies, 88 Barr street.

sdw

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Jan. 19 sodaeiy

Hickory, birch and sugar wood at the Raccoon Coal and Wood Yards. Telephone 260. J. W. DYER, Agt. codtf.

D. M. Hamlin, of Penn Yan, N. Y., shot his paramour and then tried to kill himself.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. J. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile Wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

SAMUEL GOMPERS,

President of the New Federation of Trades.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

The trades union convention recently held in Columbus, O., resulted in the formation of a federation of trades unions under the name of the New American Federation of Trades, the object of which is to preserve the identity of the long established trades unions and prevent their becoming subservient to the Knights of Labor. To emphasize this they elected as president Samuel Gompers, who is one of the staunchest advocates of the trades union form of organization among labor. Mr. Gompers was born in London in 1870. His parents were from Holland. His father being a cigar maker, young Gompers began work at his trade at the age of 10, attending school in the evenings. He came to New York in 1863. In 1865 he became a member of one of the first cigarmakers' unions. For the past sixteen years he has been a delegate to every convention of the Cigarmakers' International union. It is said that it is chiefly through Mr. Gompers' knowledge of the principle of trades unions that the cigarmakers have become the most successful of unions. Mr. Gompers was first vice-president of the old Federation of Trades and Labor unions, organized at Pittsburg in 1881, subsequently he was president for two terms. He is now president of the Workingmen's assembly for the state of New York.

Another Spanish revolt is rumored about to occur.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BACON, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURHANS, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." A. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla heals all others, and is worth its weight in gold." C. BARRINGTON, 330 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

MELLIN'S FOOD

TRADE MARK

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for Mother's Milk. The most nutritious food for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by Physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our Book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLLIER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy by the use of which thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

Nov. 17-d&w-6mo.

Maverick National Bank,

BOSTON, MASS.

CAPITAL	$300,000
SURPLUS	400,000

Accounts of banks, bankers and corporations solicited.

Our facilities for collections are excellent and we re-discount for banks when balances warrant it.

Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.

We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada.

Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.

We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.

We do a general banking business, and invite correspondence.

ASA P. POTTER, Pres't.

JOS. W. WORK, Cashier.

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PERFECTION OF SHAPE.

Most Perfect Fitting Corset in the World.

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WEEDSPORT SKIRT AND DRESS CO

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Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and Relieves consumptive in more advanced stages. Pleasant to take. Does not contain Opium or Morphine in any form. Children like it. Quieting. The Genuine has Bull's Trade Mark on front label. Sold by druggists everywhere. Keeps in any climate. Thanks to wife of Rev. Dr. Bull, for the name. Bull Proprietary Co., Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Chew Lango's Plaza—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

WILSON WASHBOARDS.

These Washboards are made with a Rock-Wood rim. The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other.

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Engagement Extraordinary of Mr.

EDWIN H'NFORD

In his Romantic Comedy Drama, entitled

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A story of to-day, abounding with realistic scenic effects, funny situations, magnificent tableaux, sparkling humor, dry wit, new songs, etc., etc.

General Admission	35c
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Reserved seats now on sale at Woodworth's. ☞ All our patrons treated equal.

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F. E. SWORTZEL ..... Treasurer

A Good Seat for 25 Cents.

Grand Holiday Attraction! Special Dramatic Event of the Season.

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24 and 25 AND Grand Christmas Matinee SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The Eminent Irish Comedian,

MR. CHAS. VERNER!

(Of Dublin, Ireland,) supported by

MISS ANNIE LEWIS,

The charming soubrette, in Shamus O'Brien, will present Mr. Fred G. Maeder's new version of Maeder & Mellenaphy's famous Irish comedy drama, adapted from the celebrated poem by J. Sheridan Lavenu.

Shamus O'Brien,

The Bould Boy of Glengall,

A tale of the Revolution of '98. Five acts of love, peril and adventure in the Emerald Isle. Irish wit, songs and dances, Irish patterns. Special seats Wednesday, December 22. Prices 25, 50 and 75 cents.

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Steam and Gas Fitters.

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Old and defective roofs repaired and made to new.

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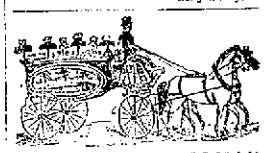

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Corner Main and Clinton Streets

We warrant our prices less than anyone else in the City. may31-1y

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98 CALHOUN STREET.

RABUS!

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Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

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The "Marsh" Stand and Hanging Lamp, Perfumery, Perfume Cases, Toilet Cases, Etc., Etc., Etc.

BRUSHES, SOAPS AND TOILET ARTICLES!

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J. G. THIEME & BRO.

Manufacture all their Clothing and guarantee them to be the

BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING

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DIAMONDS! WATCHES!

FRENCH AND AMERICAN CLOCKS.

SOLID AND SILVER PLATED WARE

Of all descriptions, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Carving Sets, Fine Ware, etc. A fine assortment of

Gold and Silver Headed Canes.

Also an endless variety of Goods pertaining to a first-class Jewelry House.

Call in and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere, as our Prices are lower than ever. All our goods are guaranteed as represented.

MESSRS. TRENKLEY & SCHERZINGER have been engaged in the Jewelry business so long that they have become well known as a reliable firm.

HENRY C. GRAFFE.

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Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,

FINE BRONZE —AND— MARBLE CLOCKS,

(MY OWN IMPORTATION.)

Opera Glasses, Statuary, Barbatine, Vases, Card Receivers, etc.,

From 25 to 40 per cent. reduction in Silverware.

Finest assortment exhibited in the city, such as Tea Sets, Water Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Butter Dishes, Jewel Cases, Steel Plate and Crackers, Fruit Carriers, Table Cutlery, Plated, Ivory and Pearl Handle, Forks and Spoons of every pattern. Solid Gold and Silver Headed Canes, and an endless variety of novelties of all kinds.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

My stock is the most complete of any ever offered in the city. Having made my selections from stocks in New York myself, has given me the advantage of procuring the newest and most elegant goods at the lowest prices. The public is requested to call and examine my assortment before making their Holiday purchases, as I will make it to their interest to do so. I am selling goods from 25 to 40 per cent. less than ever before.

Keil & Bro. will slaughter a large line of Toys, Games, Fancy and other goods. Slightly shop worn. These goods will be sold at less than half price.

KEIL & BRO. - 56 Calhoun street

SINGULAR AFFLICTION.

The Extraordinary Case of John Snider, Indiana's Walking Man.

Having Lost Control of His Lower Limbs, He Tramps Almost Perpetually.

[Wabash (Ind.) letter.]

John Snider, Indiana's walking man, is a dandy curiosity and no mistake.

Snider lives one mile south of Mill Grove, a small station on the Pan-Handle Railway, in the eastern part of Blackford County. Your correspondent found him industriously performing his head-and-toe act. His home is a one-story log-cabin, located in the center of an acre lot. Around the house a beaten path, worn fully five inches below the surface, indicates the route pursued by Snider in his weary and almost ceaseless tramp. To vary the monotony of his tramp, Snider has two other promenades, both in the rear of the dwelling, circular in form and ninety feet in diameter. During the past three months Snider has walked incessantly out of doors, through rain, sleet, and snow; but as the exposure had begun to tell on him, his relatives fitted up a room in the cabin for his pedestrian exercises.

Two years ago last April Snider, then a robust man of fifty-four, while at work in a field, was seized with a spasmodic twitching of his arms and hands and severe cramping of the muscles of the body. He was incapacitated for labor of any kind, and the physician summoned pronounced the case a most serious one. After a few days of suffering all symptoms of nervous derangement disappeared, and for a week Snider was apparently as well as ever. Then the muscular convulsions again manifested themselves, but this time in the legs. He lost control of both legs, and the propensity to walk, which will eventually carry Snider to the grave, took complete possession of him, and with the exception of about four hours each day, from 1 to 5 o'clock a. m., he is constantly on his feet and traveling at the rate of four miles an hour.

When visited by the correspondent Snider was dressed in a coarse woolen coat, a pair of jean trousers, flannel shirt, and an aged and badly battered felt hat. On his feet he wore heavy plow-shoes, much the worse for the vigorous service they have experienced. Snider is a man of dark complexion, with an iron-gray beard and short gray hair. His countenance is bronzed by constant exposure to sun and rain, and the deep lines of care on his face prove that he fully appreciates the magnitude of his misfortune. Living in the same cabin with Snider are his wife and five children, two sons and three daughters, who support themselves by laboring in the neighborhood.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, after a sleep of three to four hours, Snider begins his daily tramp and continuous walking, eating his meals as he walks, until one o'clock the following morning, when he sits down in a chair and sleeps soundly, being unable to rest in a recumbent position.

At the outset his friends endeavored by force to induce him to remain quiet, but he immediately became frantic, and with tears in his eyes the patient begged to be released or he would die. Snider was placed in the State asylum at Indianapolis for a brief time, but was returned by the authorities there, pronounced harmless and incurable. He is perfectly rational, but talks little about his peculiar affliction, and seems rather averse to newspaper notoriety.

The walker stated that he could not possibly control himself, and that his physicians had informed him that he would walk until death claimed him. When Snider began his tramp he weighed 160 pounds; he now weighs 180 pounds, and has not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His muscles are hard and firm. He has fully recovered from a recent indisposition, when he was thought to be dying. He walks with a quick step of uniform length, striking his heels into the soil each time, the shock being apparently a grateful one to his muscles.

At times Snider sleeps as he walks, and for an hour, guided by relatives, he swings around the circle, snoring loudly, and upon awakening he runs at a rapid gait for several miles, to "rest himself," as he says. Snider suffers no pain, and is apparently contented while in motion.

During the past fall fair managers in this section of the State were lively bidders for Snider as a curiosity. At Warren he was on exhibition in a tent for three days, and proved a great card, receiving $200 for his services. He was offered $300 to appear at the Marion fair, and a New York dime museum manager made him a flattering offer for the season, both of which were declined.

Dr. Davidson, of Hartford City, who is Snider's physician, and has complete charge of the case, said that, while his recovery is impossible, Snider would probably live for many months. The affection is a disease of the spinal cord, said the doctor, "and from the hips down his physical condition is not subject to government by the brain, the great nerve center."

In October Snider was placed behind a plow in a field and made fair progress for a time, but when the plow struck a hidden root and stopped, Snider, instead of extricating it, let go of the handles, walked around the horses, and set off, alone on his regular tramp. It is estimated that during the two years he has been walking, Snider has traveled 25,000 miles.

The case excites widespread interest among the medical fraternity, many members of which have visited Snider at his home, diagnosing the disease while walking with him, as he is unable to stop even for a moment. His case is said by physicians to be unparalleled, and his powers of endurance superhuman.

A FAMOUS HUMORIST.

Alexander E. Sweet, of the Texas Siftings.

A New York dispatch states that A. E. Sweet's new play has been fully rehearsed and that it will prove a big success. Alex. E. Sweet is the funny man of *Texas Siftings*.

He is 46 years of age, and moved from Austin, Tex., to New York three years ago. His blossoming out as a playwright brings him quite prominently before the public once more. The play is said to be very funny, and deals with the doings of Col. Snort, a typical Texas editor.

POWDERLY ON LABOR TOPICS.

He Refuses to Take Active Part, but Urges Workingmen to Action.

[Philadelphia telegram.]

General Master Workman Powderly has written to the managers of the labor party in that city, refusing to address the convention of that party. He explains that he took part in the George campaign in New York only because his name was used by the opponents of George to discountenance the movement, and he wanted to show that he favored it. Continuing, he says:

I made a departure from a rule that I have observed for some time, and which I do not intend to break again, viz: not to speak at a political meeting again; while I hold the position of chief officer of the Knights of Labor. At New York I spoke as an individual in urging the continued united labor, and not as General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

I would not advise you not to take any action as a party. I would be false to that to become the duty of all but rested from labor to devote the leisure to free the ballot-box from the destroying influence of the bribe-giver and taker, as well as from that of all monopoly, which by. Put forth your every effort to discover what is wanted in the management of the municipal affairs. If your city officials are found to be false to the trust, the interest will die out on the part of electing day, but continue until you have located the cause of the trouble. You will find that, in order to remedy the present scramble, you will have to begin at the bottom and work up, instead of beginning at the top and falling down. If your movement has power, but its name indicates, keep it up and effect the services of all honest men, for all such are interested in honest government, regardless of their calling in life.

M. RENE GOBLET.

The French Statesman Chief of the Recently Formed Cabinet.

Monsieur Rene Goblet was born at Aire-sur-la-Lys in 1828 and began life as a lawyer at Amiens. He was elected to the

National Assembly in 1871, and in that body rapidly made himself a reputation as an orator. In 1876 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, in which body he was returned by the electors in the following year. He gained the majority of M. Zolo, for forbidding the production of "Germinal" last year. Rene Goblet, formerly a protege of Gambetta, is said to be a secret ally of Freycinet. He was Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet which preceded the one which was defeated in the first week of December, 1886. In the year 1882 he was Minister of the Interior. M. Goblet is a journalist of liberal views, having founded while at Amiens in 1869 the liberal journal styled *Le Progrès de la Somme*. He at one period voted for the Wallon Constitution, which Gambetta sought to reverse. In 1876 he was beaten by a Bonapartist, and in 1882 he was described by the *Figaro* as entertaining anti-clerical views.

MR. MANNING'S DENIAL.

The American Minister to Mexico Refutes the Charges of Drunkenness.

[New Orleans telegram.]

A morning paper prints the following letter from Minister Manning, dated at the City of Mexico on the 13th inst., and addressed to Mr. Percy Roberts:

MY DEAR SIR—Regarding as the subject is to me, I can not personally pay much attention to be deceived and misled by the misstatements misrepresentations that have lately filled many of our newspapers. The crusade against me began with reports of which could be in some sufficient manner given in my honor, at which were a large number of distinguished men, and where I, in public terms, was said to have not drunk. The several items, which will, I trust, by the kindness of the New Orleans press, be generally contradicted, are as follows:

Mr. Gunnell, a former resident of New Orleans, knowing my desire to meet some of the leading men who were engaged extensively in the industrial development of Mexico, invited two—only two—of them to meet me at breakfast at his house. They were Mr. Brandt, an American long resident of this country, and Mr. Sebastian Camacho, a Mexican. Both of these were largely interested in the railroads and in mines; Mr. Brandt also in a cotton factory, and both capitalists in the very front rank of these branches of industry. I particularly impressive men who have contributed much largely to develop their country, and who are looking hopefully forward to the accomplishment of greater results.

The party consisted of these two gentlemen, our host and myself. The conversation at the table was entirely occupied by a contrast of the condition of the country—as it was and as it promised to be—and of what was in progress now and in preparation for the future. I gained volumes of valuable and interesting information from them that I could not have obtained from books. With no wish to avoid any and all such subjects for discussion it is literally remarkable there would be contemporary libraries. Wine was drunk, but in moderation, and at the end of the breakfast I went to my room and to bed, and remained until 1:30 p. m., hammering the happiness of my children. Therefore Mr. Brandt's statement about the breakfast.

It was telegraphed from here some time after this why I don't know—that I had delicious strawberries and cream sent to my rooms previous to eating from my room. Fortunately I am a gentleman of the high-est character and his room is in ruins. Therefore I refer to the Mexican minister at Washington for information as to who he is. His name is Thomas MacManus, and his statement is forwarded. The object of the dishonorment; which is herewith inclosed. The fact has no foundation, as in the States. All liquors are furnished on the dining-room. I do not wish to make this a letter I suppose, but to give emphasis to my room from an attack of pneumonia, no less been circulated with malicious industry as a spectator. I add this point as sentence from a statement made by my physician. Dr. Parsons:

"I began attendance on Judge Manning Nov. 25, and found him suffering extreme pain in the region of the heart, and, on examining the lungs, found that the lower lobes of the right lung was affected with pneumonia. His constitution was prostrated owing to the heart difficulty, which I attribute to the altitude of Mexico, and to the inability to procure a rise in the judge's room. Judge Manning has promptly consulted with me in reference to the effect that the altitude and extreme cold weather had upon him. Also that he has not been comfortable since his arrival. I have noticed that all Southerners who come here during the winter months suffer with colds, catarrhs, etc., especially when a Northern wind has been blowing in Vera Cruz, as has been the case for the last two or three weeks.

"Dated Dec. 8, 1887."

Under continuous subjection to a wretched cold, catarrh, and sore throat, I have not, save on three occasions, been out of my hotel at night for several weeks, and my attack of pneumonia supervened I was confined to me the great ex- occasions. During that period Mr. Mariscal, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave a diplomatic dinner, and I accepted his invitation, though prostrate at the time, hoping I should be well enough to attend when the dinner, which was a week ahead, should come off. When my physician learned what I had done in complete ly prohibited my attending, and at the dinner, declaring that he would not answer for the consequences. The telegraphic correspondents who have concocted the previous dispatches threaded, I am advised that if I did not die on the day of the dinner I would most likely for me. You know probably by this time into what new forms of traduction this lively threading has proceeded Basil and Jane. Very truly yours, T. C. MANNING.

The statement of Mr. Brandt is dated at Mexico, December 9, and is as follows:

I hereby certify that I was present at the breakfast given by Mr. Gunnell, at which Judge Manning also assisted. The only guest besides the judge and myself was Mr. Camacho, director of the Mexican railways. The breakfast was at the usual hour, between 11 and 1 o'clock, and wine was drank, but with moderation. There was no occasion, about a clock, Judge Manning left me and Mr. Camacho, and not in the least under the influence of the wine, and we were much surprised here at hearing that statements contrary to the truth had been made. THOMAS BRANDT.

The statement of Thomas MacManus, who occupies the room next that of the Minister at the time referred to, is also to the same in consistent intercourse with Judge Manning and has never seen him under the influence of liquor. If there had been any noise in the room Mr. MacManus says he would have heard it.

Manuel Ruiz, in charge of the dining-room at the time, also says that Judge Manning drank very little liquor or wine and was never intoxicated.

The sting of a humble bee contains only one-fifth part of a drop of poison, and why a boy jumps up and down and takes on so about it is more than medical science can explain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

BY M. F. G.

Three little maidens all forlorn,
Caught in the fog, and the snow, and storm;
Three little heels all decked with white,
Three little arms that are busy quite—
Three little maids from school!

Three little gifts for a boy who is ill,
Who lives in a cabin down by the hill;
Three little hearts with kindness filled,
Three little souls with goodness thrilled—
Three little maids from school!

One with a bundle filled with toys,
One with a basket filled with food,
One with the best of Christmas joys,
The green fir-tree from the snowy wood.
Three little faces all aglow,
Three little hearts all filled with glee;
Presents given—happy boy!
Three little sisters—of charity!

THE BOY ARTIST.

BY CLARA BELYLE.

"Play where you like, children, but don't go near that room," said Mr. Dale to the colonies of children who were celebrating Christmas at his pleasant home.

"What's the matter with that room?" asked curious Tom Sanders, as Mr. Dale retired.

"It's a studio," explained Bob Dale.

"What? A place where they paint pictures?"

"Yes."

"Who paints—your father?"

"No, it's an old friend of his—a Mr. Warrington, who is staying with us."

"How I'd like to peep in and see what it is like," remarked Tom, longingly.

"Well, just mustn't go on and play hi-spy."

In the pleasures of hide-and-seek the studio was gradually forgotten by Tom Sanders, but the subject was revived half an hour later. To hiding from his companion he darted into a room without noticing what it was.

"Hello!" he ejaculated with a start; "I've stumbled into the studio."

He was about to retreat precipitately, when his curiously enchained his attention to the quaint and novel room. Upon the easel was a half-finished picture. To Tom its ugly patches of color not yet blended did not tell the story of artistic design in forming a basis for completing it.

"I wonder if I could paint myself," he murmured. "I'm a good draughtsman. How my fingers itch to try it!" And before he knew it he had the paint brush in his hand.

He had carried Elsie Dale's doll away out of mischief when he started to hide, and he had flung it on a chair by the easel.

"I'll try and paint the doll," he decided. "Surely this old daubed piece of canvas ain't spoiled."

It was a pleasant and engrossing task, and amid its agreeable details Tom did not stop to think that he was disobeying orders. With palette in hand, he was industriously completing a highly colored doll on the canvas, when the door opened.

"Oh, Tom, how could you disobey papa," cried Elsie Dale; and "Hey, I am afraid you've done serious damage here," appalled Tom, in Mr. Dale's kind but chiding tones.

Poor Tom took little satisfaction out of the rest of that day when he learned later that he had spoiled a canvas which, ugly and useless as it looked to him, had taken Mr. Warrington a week to prepare. It was a severe lesson to him, and he never met Mr. Warrington's sad, reproachful glance after that but he resolved never again to meddle or disobey.

The whirligig of time went round, and Tom grew to be a young man. It was a curious thing, but he never forgot the location of the painted doll. Many a time it would recur to him—and many a time too he wondered what had become of the old artist.

One Christmas night he was hurrying home to children of his own, when, as he passed a street corner, a wretchedly attired woman advanced toward him, timidly pleading: "I am in need, sir," then the tears choked her voice and showed that she was no habitual mendicant.

Kind-hearted Tom was soon in possession of her sad story—misfortune, a crippled husband, penury, starvation. He was a rich man and a good one, and he did not dismiss her with a trifle. Instead, he asked her to lead him to her home, where he could see her husband and aid them if they deserved assistance.

What a wretched, miserable place it was—a lonely, poorly furnished room, in a tumble-down tenement house. A fallow dip showed a rude couch on which lay a pale, white-haired man, helpless and ill.

But upon the wall were two pictures at which Tom stared in mute wonderment. One was that of a little child. He thrilled as he viewed it. It was a portrait of Elsie Dale as she was when a child, on that far Christmas Eve years and years ago. He recognized it quickly, for Elsie Dale was now his wife.

By its side was an inartistic daub that was almost ridiculous—a blurred background on which was lined in high, glaring colors a doll.

It was the same picture he had surreptitiously painted in the studio at Mr. Dale's house; different years previous.

Was he dreaming? What did this all mean? He could only gasp out bewilderedly:

"These pictures!"

"They are mementoes of my husband's happier past, sir," explained the woman, sadly. "He would never part with them."

"Mr. Warrington, don't you remember me?" With a great, impulsive cry his hearted Tom was at the couch, and had grasped the startled invalid's sawed hand.

The wan face and fever-haunted eyes looked up at him, but he shook his head, sadly.

"You seem to know my name, but——"

"Tom—Mr. Dale's young guest who painted that picture of the doll."

"You that boy?"

In excited tones Tom went over all the past, and told how he had married Elsie Dale, and how often they had wondered what had become of Mr. Warrington.

And then the artist told his own pathetic story of struggle and sickness and suffering. Mr. Dale had removed to another city, and he had never seen him. By chance his wife, in seeking aid, had met Tom first in happy chance, for one hour later the sick artist and his wife were welcome guests under Tom's hospitable roof.

He was never to know poverty again, for his young friend found him work, and assisted him to regain his health.

Mr. Warrington made Tom's wife a present that might she esteemed highly. It was the doll picture which represented her husband's mischievous propensities as a boy, nobly atoned for in later years.

AS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I saw an old, old man, and an old, old woman walking arm in arm on the street the other day, and by and by they turned into a toy store and began making purchases as eagerly as other people of half their years.

"You buy for your grand-children?" I whispered.

"No; for our own," replied the woman.

"But you are so old that your children must be nearly old enough to be grandparents."

"And but they are not. The eldest is not yet 70 years of age, and we have four."

She had tears in her eyes as she answered me, and by and by she continued:

"They are dead—all dead! Once there was but one shadow for Santa Claus to fill, and but one curly-head to creep from his trundle-bed at break of day and shout with gladness over the gifts bestowed. By and by there was a second then a third—then stockings hung in a row at Christmas time, and four children blessed me good-night, and said:

"If Santa Claus comes before you go to bed, tell him we have been good children."

"But they are now dead."

"Yes—all dead. One week took them all from us—one grave holds them all. But on Christmas Eve four stockings will hang in a row again, and Santa Claus will come as of old. Every Christmas Eve these four voices are hushed in death the four stockings have been hung up. There are no glad voices—no soft kisses—no tender good-nights. Those have all vanished forever, almost a score of years. Father and I sit there and listen for footsteps, but they do not come. We hearken to voices which can never speak again. Our hearts are heavy and our eyes full of tears, but before we sleep we fill the stockings as of old, and it seems as if the children came back from heaven for that one night.

"And so," she said, as the tears came faster, "one boy for this Christmas Eve, but we shall sit down and tell our children about us as in the olden time, and it will keep our hearts tender and help us to bear the burden of our many years."

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Maud—Laura, I am almost distracted trying to decide what to give Gus for Christmas. What new and unique to give Algy? Do advise me.

Laura—I haven't made up my mind yet, but I want a new pair of lace curtains for the parlor, and a bookcase for the library; either of them, I think, would be just lovely.

Maud—So they would. I am going to give Gus a nice cut-glass smelling bottle.

Gus—Hello, Algy! got Laura's Christmas present under your arm there?

Algy—Yes, I'm going to give her a shaving set.

Gus—Good! that will be a joke. I've got a box of cigars for Maud. But she won't give me any more ties for my Christmas.

Important.

When you visit or leave New-York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

825 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Talk at Home.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to learn from books, and, even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training in lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, *free of cost*, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed to every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely reliable. Copies of Hostetter's Almanac for 1887 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. Proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

Down in Texas a number of speculators had taken out risks in matrimonial insurance companies upon a couple known to be engaged. Between the betrothed there was no agreement that the prospective groom should, before he could claim the lady for his bride, provide a house to live in; but as the day drew near it became apparent that he could not keep that part of the compact, and so the lady declared the engagement off. In sorrow the young man told his speculative friends of the turn affairs had taken, by which they were likely to lose the premiums they had paid as well as the fee of the policies they held, and they, to remove the only barrier to his happiness and their own enrichment gave him the money to build his house, when he and his sweetheart were married. Whether the policies will be paid or not remains to be seen.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs, and fear of consumption, Coughs, or sores of the lungs, take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and it will cure you. By druggists.

JOHN DEITERLE was arrested in Jersey City, the other day, on a charge of bigamy. The complaint was made by Mrs. Carrie Deiterle, to whom he was married on Nov. 1, 1881, and whom he deserted the following week. A short time ago Mrs. Deiterle learned that her husband was living with a woman named Elizabeth Shannon, who called herself his wife. Mrs. Deiterle placed the matter in the hands of detectives, who ascertained that Deiterle was married Nov. 12, 1881, in New York, to Elizabeth Shannon.

YOUNG or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ONE industry remains to the poor Indian—that of ticket-scalper to an immigrant train.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CLEANSES the scalp, and leaves the hair soft and beautiful. Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE flour of the family often makes a half-or ill-bred.

OLD pill boxes are spread over the land by the thousands after having been emptied by suffering humanity. What a mass of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor stomach has to contend with. Too much strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is rapidly and surely taking the place of all this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills arising from a disordered condition of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

THE oldest mention of opera was "when the stars sang together."

An Extended Popularity.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat troubles they are superior to all other articles. *Sold only in boxes.*

ALWAYS look upon the bright side. The back of the mirror is frequently adorned with cobwebs and there may be a spider or two.

IF you have any form of throat or lung disease, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WHAT weed does a gardener seldom object to? A cigar in his own mouth.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making money from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast before. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns"—hard or soft corns. 15c.
"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.
"Rough on Dentists' Tooth Powder, 10c.

WIDE awake 3 or 4 hours every night, complicated—Gen. Incontestable relief and sound rest by using "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 30 cents.

THE mother's favorite cough medicine for the children—and adults is "Rough on Coughs" Troches, 30c. Liquid, 75c.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Open direct to your system.

NO opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy. It corrects the acidity of the blood which is the cause of the disease, and builds up the whole system.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to last I found no relief, but grew worse, until I was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all other medicines I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE publisher of Baltimore, Md., *Every Saturday*, Mr. T. J. Wentworth, says his child aged six months, was suffering from a severe cold and he gave it Red Star Cough Cure, which acted like a charm. No morphine.

WHAT an irascible father says: As the twig is bent the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

MR. BUCHTER, a well-known citizen of Lancaster, Pa., has used St. Jacobs Oil, and considers it an excellent remedy in cases of swellings, bruises and burns.

Supported by Evidence.

"Gessler? Who was Gessler?" said Mrs. Beckram to her husband.

"He was a tyrant, my dear, and also a life insurance agent."

"What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"There is no nonsense about it, Mrs. Beckram, I assure you. Does not William Tell say to Gessler in the third act: 'Ha, tyrant, hast thou not given me assurance of my life?' Your husband, madam, never makes a statement that he is not prepared to support by documentary evidence."—*Texas Siftings.*

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, fetid ears, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

"WHAT will you give me if I restore your eye-sight?" asked the quack. "I will see," replied the blind man.

MENNEN'S Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general disability; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

THE marksman who sets up his own target is making a mone for himself.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney, bladder, and urinary diseases. $1. At druggists.

"ROUGH ON RIKE" PILLS.

Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

"ROUGH ON DIRT."

Ask for "Rough on Dirt." A perfect washing powder found at last! A harmless, extra fine, A I article, pure and clean as sunbeams, fragrance, bleaches, and whitens without the slightest injury to finest fabrics. Unequaled for fine linens and laces, general household, kitchen, and laundry use. Saltens water; saves labor and soap. 8c, 10c, 25c. At druggists or grocers.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE
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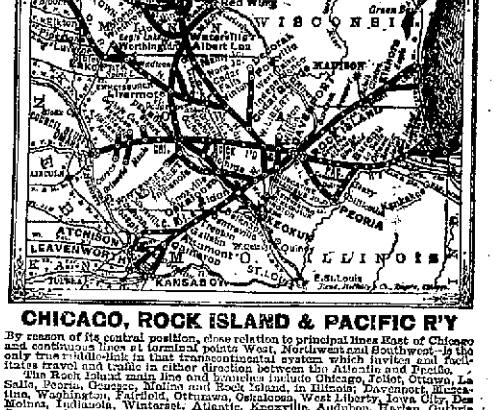

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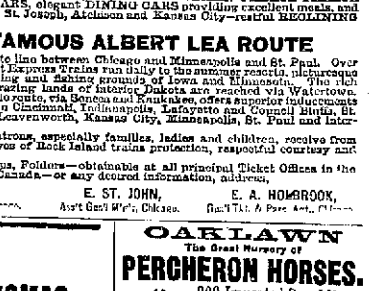

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THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

"What Is Your Father Teaching You?"—The Earth-Bed of Children—Character.

What is Your Father Teaching You?

It is recorded of a certain great philosopher that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself.

Knowing that the father was such a deeply learned man, he thought that the little girl must have learned something very grave, something very deep, from such a father, and he said to her, "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked at him with her clear blue eyes, and said, "Obedience." That was what the great and wise man taught his little girl, and I believe that is the most important lesson for children to learn, "to be obedient." It is a lesson necessary for their happiness, for their safety, and I think we may say, for their life.—*Canon Tyrrel.*

The Earth-Bed of Children.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and kindred meditations are the little graves in the cemeteries. There are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy—half unfolded buds of innocence and purity, nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm had instilled among the embryo petals. Callous indeed, must be the heart which can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of the purity and joy which belong to God and heaven, for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without a stain, and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land enlightened by the light of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent with a purified joy while standing by the earth-bed of a lost little one, chastened because a great treasure has been taken away; joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem which God is holding out as a crown of invitation to those especially who have little children in heaven.—*Exchange.*

Character.

You know, dears, there are shops in our large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to be put right on and worn; but have any of you ever heard of a shop where "ready-made" characters were for sale? No, indeed. Character is something that grows and develops in every boy and girl little by little every day, grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength until at last, like a cloak or coat, it envelops them. Look at papa. He is an honest, upright man, prompt, conscientious, and reliable in business, and at home tender, affectionate, and considerate. Now, do you suppose he waited until he became a man to develop these qualities? And did mamma gain her winsomeness and gentle manners, her patience and forbearance, after she had grown to womanhood? No, my dears, these admirable traits were cultivated in youth and encouraged until they became fixed and permanent qualities.

Show me a boy who likes to lie abed in the morning, who is always behind at breakfast, late at school, neglectful of his lessons and duties, and always making excuses for his tardiness, and I will show you a man who is lazy and unreliable, and who will never prosper—one whom no one will honor or respect. And the girl who is idle, careless of her appearance, snappish and snarlish, and inclined to procrastinate and put off, will become a slothful, untidy, cross, dilatory woman, whom none will admire, but whom every one will shun. But the boy or girl who is prompt, industrious, persevering, honest, and amiable, who works, plays, and studies with a will, will make a reliable, prosperous, noble, generous gentleman, or a bright, clever, winsome gentlewoman.

Now is the time, then, dears, to build for your future, and grandma hopes if any of you have formed habits that cannot fail to bring unhappiness when you are older, you will get rid of them at once, before they become too deeply rooted. Somebody has taken the word habit and worked it out in this clever way, which shows how a bad habit sticks and how hard it is to get rid of: "Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it is 'a bit.' If you take off another, you 'sit' like a 'bit' left. If you take off another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not 't' totally used up." So be sure and form *good* habits.—*Christian at Work.*

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

The woman who wishes to look as well as her natural gifts will allow her is not ashamed, says the London *Journal*, to assist nature in its good work. To begin, she never neglects her daily bath. Some take this at night, reasoning that it rests them and makes them sleep sweeter. Such women usually find a sponge bath in the morning all that is necessary to give the desired freshness. The bath or sponge bath taken, the next thing to do at night is to thoroughly brush the hair through, or, better still, have it brushed by a maid or other deft and available person. Frequent washing ... nowadays, is ... ful brushing and ... sible ... must be thoroughly brushed, using the powder recommended by one's dentist. The girl who carefully washes and dries her hands before she goes to bed at night, using always, perhaps, a little cold cream, or simply a little bran or oatmeal, instead of always the nail brush, rarely has any fault to find with brown, rough hands. If she does, a few applications of cold cream or vaseline, and a few times wearing of kid gloves in bed, will generally make matters sufficiently right for beauty's sake. A dead white hand is not pretty. What is pretty is a well-cared-for, clean-looking, smooth hand, with "pinky" tips and palms.

A STUDY IN HICKORY.

It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter evenings to gather round the fire and crack and eat hickory-nuts. It is an amusement, too, peculiarly American, and for the simple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in abundance. Perhaps where almonds or English walnuts are equally common cracking hickory-nuts is superseded by a resort to these other fruits. They, however, are much easier to open than the hickory-nut, and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in those districts where the peanut does not take the place of other nuts, the cracking of hickory-nuts still continues. Whether it be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell-bark or mocker nut of the Central or Eastern States, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor to the much-esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and thousands of bushels of the shell-barks, the hickory-nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the many differences they present. Some are small and nearly round; some are long, narrow, angular; some have thick shells, and some thin ones, as any one who has cracked his fingers along with the shell can bear witness. According to evolutionary doctrines, variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development or that the organism is in a state of advancement. Various facts show the latter to be the case with the shell-bark hickory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought far back in the prehistoric times, for it boasts an ancient if not an honored lineage. Before the hairy mammoth roamed the forests of the Ohio Valley; before the soil of Louisiana was yet above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio had become tributary to the mighty Mississippi; before even the Rocky Mountain range had been elevated above the waste of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

POINTS FOR POKERITES.

If you want to find out the true character of a man get him into a game of poker. He is bound to show his true colors there. It does not make any difference whether he is a winner or loser, he will show himself just as he is before he gets through. It takes a cool head and lots of nerve to keep quiet in a game of poker, watch the players and never to be moved by the jokes, growls, and jeers of fellow players. There are some players who never know when they are being whipped around the bush. These fellows are never satisfied with the text of the game. If the ante is 25 cents they will invariably make it 75 cents when it comes their turn, so as to make a big jackpot. But it is seldom that they win one of their big pots. Some quiet duck, who had no hand in the job, will open the pot with two pair or better, and then one of the smart Alecks, with a small pair and an ace or a bob-tail flush, will raise the pot and attempt to steal by a reckless bluff. But he always gets a call, and in the end finds himself only the deeper in the hole. And then he swears; calls the fellow who beats him a tight-bellied player, and thinks he is playing in terrible hard luck. A man who makes it a practice of bluffing in a small limit game, or who invariably comes in on a small pair when a jackpot is opened, is nothing short of a chump. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, as it fits a good many of you. There are some players you can never satisfy, no matter how you play; so the only way is to attend to your own business, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, play your hand for all there is in it, see that the cards are well shuffled and cut, and when you find a chronic growler or a chronic bluffer in the game, study his weak points and make him your meat.—*Boston Herald.*

REMEDY FOR TIRED EYES.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina, or sensing portion of the eye, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscles of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscle are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eye or gazing at far distinct objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold water.—*Herald of Health.*

BABY BERTIE.

BY ELLA YARR.

Old Jack Frost, with chilling finger,
Touched the glistening window-pane
Santa Claus, with warm heart tender,
Made it fair and bright again.
And the sunshine, with its radiance,
All the lovely ceiling tore,
Still four chubby, smiling faces,
Watched from it the great front door.

Not a sled, or cart, or wagon,
But they watched it pass the street;
Not a great mysterious bundle
But they prattled soft and sweet,
Or in quiet, excited wonder,
Or what it might contain,
As they watched for good old Santa
At the darkening window-pane.

"Santa Claus won't come till midnight,"
Big-eyed, dreaming Tottie said;
"Yes, he will! he's round the corner
At the toy-shop," shouted Ned.
"When the toy-man goes for supper,
He'll sneak out with all the toys,
And you'll see him coming yonder;
Oh, no, girls won't—only boys."

"Oh, you little story-teller!"
Pouted May, and shook her curls;
"Santa don't like the rude, rough boys,
He loves the little girls.
And the chimney in our room up-stairs
Is the biggest in the house;
He'll come down it first for Tot and I,
As quiet as a mouse."

So they watched, and talked, and quarreled,
In their pretty, childish way,
But little baby Bertie
Had not a word to say.
He was thinking of his papa,
Wandering why he didn't come,
When he said that very morning
By dark he'd sure be home.

So, as people passed and didn't stop,
So softly crept away
And stole to the side window,
But not a word did say.
By-and-by some side-yard,
Hidden from the front door view,
Little Bertie watched a sliding form
With wondering eyes of blue.

And he saw that it was papa,
And his arms were crowded quite,
Packages that looked like candy,
Nothing-horses, dolls, a sight.
That made little Bob the Santa Claus.
And there he hid away
In the hall, then softly crept around
To the front as plain as day.

Then a shout from all the others,
Then kisses of delight.
"Papa, papa, when will Santa come?"
Was the burden of the night.
And when he took up Bertie,
He saw his thoughtful face,
And said, "Well, little jewel,
What's the matter? here's your place.

"Lying here on papa's shoulder,
Tell him of your pains and joys;
Have the girls been good to Bertie?
Did you quarrel with the boys?
Did you want to see the Santa Claus,
And now he's going to creep
Down the great big black old chimney,
When you all get fast asleep?"

"I knows Santa Claus," said Bertie,
Very solemn. "Why, he's tum;
And he brought a lot of bundles;
Santa Claus has dood tear bumm.
Papa, you tant fool me, little boy."
There was a mocking pause.
"What for no good else way?
Why—boy is Santa Claus!"

ERIC WINSTON'S CHRISTMAS.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

One winter's afternoon a group of boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen years, were engaged in a mimic battle on a public street in a retired portion of a great, thriving city. It was the day before Christmas, and school was out, and the friendly affray, partaking of entire good feeling and heartiness, was a parting expression of cheer for the holiday vacation. Robust health and high spirits spoke in the tingling faces, and pleasant anticipations filled every lavish heart as they handled words of defiance or challenge, and the snowy spheres navigated the clear, crispy air in a white, scattering shower.

"Hurrah, drive them back to the fence!" shouted the leader of one of the contending factions, and as bad and furious became the assault that the beleaguered party retreated in dismay and confusion, leaving only the trodden, disordered snow and one prostrate boy on the abandoned field of battle.

The latter raised himself, with a hearty laugh at being downed in the battle, waved a parting adieu to his retreating friends, and shaking the snow from his garments, started homeward at a brisk pace indeed.

He paused as he happened to glance toward the high stone fence which surrounded a building near by. What he had not noticed before was visible now. Seated on the coping, against a background of a blazing fire, built of pine, was an old man, closely muffled. His hat was on the ground, an old, worn grip sack by trodden snow feet near by, and the ruddy face and gray head showed where a tumble in the snow had left their marks. He shook his fist half-angrily after the shouting throng that had been the cause of his discomfiture, and then struggled to his feet.

"The—the—ungrateful—ungodly—the conscientious rascals!" he ejaculated. "Hat, bur, are you one of them?"

There was a half-amused, half-penitential expression on Eric Winston's face as he hastened to the side of the old man and took up his hat and handed it to him with a bow.

"I'm afraid I am, sir," he replied; "but I'm sure my friends didn't mean to make you a target. They're too good-natured for that, as you found in the way."

"And got assailed for wandering into the enemy's camp, eh?" laughed the man, his good humor completely restored, as Eric brushed the snow from his satchel and politely handed it to him. "Well, well, hope all be boys, and you're a good one for trying to help me in my distress," and, patting Eric on the shoulder, he hobbled from the spot.

"Dear me, how fast!" ejaculated Eric, as a distant bell tolled four silvery strokes; "this won't do. I've loitered too long already, and good mother Ursula will be losing my care for playing so much on the way;" and with a bound he was off in the snow fly, and never relaxed his speed until he reached a one-story, antiquated house that stood far back from the street, on one of the most modest thoroughfares of the vicinity.

He slid down the snow at once, but ceasing a sly look at the windows made his way to the shed at its rear, and seizing an ax he piled it right industriously, trying to make up for lost time, and had scarcely split the last for the night. Then he entered the warm, cozy kitchen with the air of a conscious culprit.

He had expected a severe scolding; for his delinquency, but as he softly piled an armful of wood in the stove, he was amazed to hear no objection from good Dame Ursula—regarding him with tears in her eyes.

Eric Winston's story was a strange and sad one. When he was two years old his mother had died, and his father, weary with care, and lonely child was cared for by a hired nurse until the money Robert Winston had left before going on his last voyage was exhausted, and then his fate quivered in the balance. Faithful Robert Winston, for his ship had never been heard from, and it was supposed that he had perished in some severe ocean storm. This conviction became surely as the months passed by and there was no word from the missing sailor. It was decided to send the child to the orphan asylum, when Ursula Chester and her husband, who had been befriended by the Winstons in times past, adopted him, and with them he had lived ever since.

It was a lonely life that the boy led in the companionship of these old people. Adolph Chester was a strange, eccentric old man, whose soul knew but one passion, whose life was passed in one atmosphere—music. With an harmony was a duration, a chorus of worship, and he had infused much of his genius into the adopted waif. While Dame Ursula managed to make a modest living, aided by Eric, from the sale of fruit and vegetables and herbs raised in the garden, the husband devoted all his time to music. Once he had sold a composition, and then his refined nature, jarred by contact with quick, rough business men, had returned to his shrieking theme, and, becoming more and more absorbed in playing his old violin, was adjudged to be half demented by his neighbors.

But what a mat-tolon! What divine strains he drew from the old time-worn violin. What a jewel of melody and beauty was that cracked and aged instrument. Many a time, recognizing its age, superiority, and value, musical parents had offered him fabulous amounts for the violin. It was a genuine Stradivarius, they told him—one of seven of its peculiar make in existence. To all their offers old Adolph Chester had smiled negatively, and said sadly and placidly:

"No will sell the violin—when I die."

Thinking of all this at that very moment, Eric was moved to tender sympathy as he noted Dame Ursula's sorrow-lace. He glided to her side. Of late there had been a little poverty and much of worry and depression at the humble cottage, and the absence of usual preparation for the Christmas festivities was noted by Eric with some little disappointment mingled in his handsome boyish features.

"What has happened, good mother?" he asked, softly.

"The worst, my dear boy," replied the old woman, pathetically. "A debt is due—a debtor has run away. We are destitute To-day I told Adolph. He must sell his violin—we must have bread, I told him. He smiled sadly. 'I have given my years to music,' he said. 'To-day I give my life, my violin, my jewel of harmony and sweetness, but not to sell—instead, to benefit the world, to bequeath to others the glory and rapture of the past, when true musicians starved to give beauty and light to the world.' There were the strange words. He must be daft, Eric, to leave us to starve, and a fortune in the house. Since then he has shut himself in his lonely room, but the violin is mute. What is that? Eric, my boy, run, run! There was a crash in his room. He may have done himself some harm."

In a flash Eric Winston was at the door of the old musician's apartment. He burst upon the door, his mind filled with a thousand direful apprehensions. One glance showed him that Adolph Chester was safe, but the violin—

It lay a mass of ruins upon the table, and its destroyer bent over it, a hammer in his hand. The cherished companion of his lonely years lay in fragments before him. What monstrous delusion could have induced him to this act, which wrecked a fortune and made his life void of delight?

Before Eric could speak to him the musician gathered up the pieces of the broken violin and wrapped them in the woven mat in the house, a strange, wild light in his eyes, his pallid lips muttering:

"The temptation has passed. What are my deprivations to the welfare of millions?"

Evening shrouded, Night's gloom had settled over the cottage. What did the strange actions of the mad musician mean? what would be the result? Tortured with distressing anxiety, Dame Ursula sat by the cheerless hearth, Eric, troubled silent, by her side.

One hour later the door opened. Adolph Chester entered the room. He placed some gold coins in his wife's hands. He looked at him in a glorified way.

"The violin?" he questioned.

"Yes, the money—it is there."

"You—sold—the violin—for—that?"

"No, I sold it—I gave it to posterity. Too long have I sold the beauties of music. I discovered long since that the exquisite tone of the Stradivarius lies not in the maker's art, but the strings, nor the age, but in the wood."

"In the woods!"

"Yes, the peculiar wood employed in making it. I broke it to learn the name of that wood. I took the fragments to a scientist, told him my story. He examined and found that the wood is very old—that it is Europe, but exists in vast forests in various portions of America. He gave me money, because the secret was valuable. It is a secret no more. To-morrow, Eric, I will send you gold, so genius shall not be forced to seek to learn the beauty of melody from poor, cheap instruments, but all the world shall have a Stradivarius like my own, and not only the antiquarian and rare will possess. My life's purpose is wrought. I am content."

A calm dignity came into the musician's face, a placid joy banished his eyes. Right or wrong, his was a noble, unselfish soul.

There was a quick knock at the door. Dame Ursula, sadly misreading the future, opened it.

"Does Adolph Chester live here?"

"Yes; enter."

"No, not Bill I know. There was a sailor years ago—Robert Winston. He went to sea. His wife died, and his child——"

"I'm here."

"Thank heaven!"

Eric Winston looked startled. The visitor was the old man whom he had met at the snow-ball battle field.

"You know my friend Winston?" began the musician.

"I am he."

"You? Then this boy is your son."

"Eric, my boy, my boy!"

It was indeed the sailor. And what a happy ending to a mournful Christmas Eve! For Robert Winston, after fifteen years' exile on a desert island, had returned a rich man, and the old mansion was again a blaze of light, with all cozy, and the friendly affray, partaking of entire good feeling and heartiness, was a parting expression of cheer for the holiday vacation. Robust health and high spirits spoke in the tingling faces, and pleasant anticipations filled every lavish heart as they handled words of defiance or challenge, and the snowy spheres navigated the clear, crispy air in a white, scattering shower.

"Hurrah, drive them back to the fence!" shouted the leader of one of the contending factions, and as bad and furious became the assault that the beleaguered party retreated in dismay and confusion, leaving only the trodden, disordered snow and one prostrate boy on the abandoned field of battle.

The latter raised himself, with a hearty laugh at being downed in the battle, waved a parting adieu to his retreating friends, and shaking the snow from his garments, started homeward at a brisk pace indeed.

He paused as he happened to glance toward the high stone fence which surrounded a building near by. What he had not noticed before was visible now. Seated on the coping, against a background of a blazing fire, built of pine, was an old man, closely muffled. His hat was on the ground, an old, worn grip sack by trodden snow feet near by, and the ruddy face and gray head showed where a tumble in the snow had left their marks. He shook his fist half-angrily after the shouting throng that had been the cause of his discomfiture, and then struggled to his feet.

"The—the—ungrateful—ungodly—the conscientious rascals!" he ejaculated. "Hat, bur, are you one of them?"

There was a half-amused, half-penitential expression on Eric Winston's face as he hastened to the side of the old man and took up his hat and handed it to him with a bow.

"I'm afraid I am, sir," he replied; "but I'm sure my friends didn't mean to make you a target. They're too good-natured for that, as you found in the way."

"And got assailed for wandering into the enemy's camp, eh?" laughed the man, his good humor completely restored, as Eric brushed the snow from his satchel and politely handed it to him. "Well, well, hope all be boys, and you're a good one for trying to help me in my distress," and, patting Eric on the shoulder, he hobbled from the spot.

"Dear me, how fast!" ejaculated Eric, as a distant bell tolled four silvery strokes; "this won't do. I've loitered too long already, and good mother Ursula will be losing my care for playing so much on the way;" and with a bound he was off in the snow fly, and never relaxed his speed until he reached a one-story, antiquated house that stood far back from the street, on one of the most modest thoroughfares of the vicinity.

He slid down the snow at once, but ceasing a sly look at the windows made his way to the shed at its rear, and seizing an ax he piled it right industriously, trying to make up for lost time, and had scarcely split the last for the night. Then he entered the warm, cozy kitchen with the air of a conscious culprit.

He had expected a severe scolding; for his delinquency, but as he softly piled an armful of wood in the stove, he was amazed to hear no objection from good Dame Ursula—regarding him with tears in her eyes.

Eric Winston's story was a strange and sad one. When he was two years old his mother had died, and his father, weary with care, and lonely child was cared for by a hired nurse until the money Robert Winston had left before going on his last voyage was exhausted, and then his fate quivered in the balance. Faithful Robert Winston, for his ship had never been heard from, and it was supposed that he had perished in some severe ocean storm. This conviction became surely as the months passed by and there was no word from the missing sailor. It was decided to send the child to the orphan asylum, when Ursula Chester and her husband, who had been befriended by the Winstons in times past, adopted him, and with them he had lived ever since.

It was a lonely life that the boy led in the companionship of these old people. Adolph Chester was a strange, eccentric old man, whose soul knew but one passion, whose life was passed in one atmosphere—music. With an harmony was a duration, a chorus of worship, and he had infused much of his genius into the adopted waif. While Dame Ursula managed to make a modest living, aided by Eric, from the sale of fruit and vegetables and herbs raised in the garden, the husband devoted all his time to music. Once he had sold a composition, and then his refined nature, jarred by contact with quick, rough business men, had returned to his shrieking theme, and, becoming more and more absorbed in playing his old violin, was adjudged to be half demented by his neighbors.

But what a mat-tolon! What divine strains he drew from the old time-worn violin. What a jewel of melody and beauty was that cracked and aged instrument. Many a time, recognizing its age, superiority, and value, musical

HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

For many pleasant features of our social life we are indebted to horticulture. As instance we may name the use of flowers on Easter sunday, which is now almost universal in this country. Then the ceremonies of Decoration Day, in which the use of plants and flowers is memory of our patriotic dead is the prominent part; and another we may mention, the custom, in many churches, of celebrating Rose Sunday, when the children bring great quantities of roses into the church, placing them in every obtainable spot, and the whole place glows with their hues, and is odorous with their perfume. Again, with the decorations of Thanksgiving Day, in its public observance, we are all familiar; and, lastly, the use of evergreens at Christmas. These are all public occasions—in private life the employment of floral decorations is constant. The Christmas holiday, will, no doubt, forever remain as in a blaze, a memory of all our homes will evergreens, and it may be interesting to look back through the ages and notice the antiquity of this custom. An old English poem, entitled Yorkshire Feaste, says:

Then scarlet berries in pricked by eager hands
The Holly branch with prickly leaves reminds
And brought with berries of a crimson hue;
Which, torn asunder from its parent trunk,
Is straightforward taken by the lovely maidens,
Where windows, mantels, candlesticks, and
shelves,
Quarters, plates, decanters, pipkins, basons, jugs,
And other articles of household ware,
The verdant garb confess.

This style of decoration may be called profuse, and modern taste will not warrant its imitation.

Those who have investigated the subject say that decking the houses with evergreens at this season of the year, or the winter solstice, was an old pagan custom practiced long before the introduction of Christianity and by different nations. It was first, probably, a harvest celebration or feast, or, perhaps, in honor of the sun's return from the lowest point in the heavens. With this view, it must be regarded as a most natural and appropriate celebration, and as naturally attended with good cheer and good wishes as the rising of the morning sun. It was the Saturnalia of the Romans, which in time came to be attended with the wildest excess of revelry.

The keeping of this feast was first opposed by the early Christians, but as it was impossible to discontinue it, the regulation and subjugation of it to an orderly and decent observance was sought, and finally it was recognized by the church as a holiday anniversary of the birth of Christ.

IRVING ON CHRISTMAS.

Perhaps there is no holiday more generally observed, the world over, or which calls out all that is most gracious in human nature, than Christmas. Some of the choicest thoughts of the best writers, in both prose and verse, take their inspiration from this season. Irving, in his Sketch Book, writes this graceful

"One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the elaborate sack of old Cibi at, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and vigor, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously—times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with the richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more wealthy. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has lost the foaming sparkle of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost the joyous and unrestrained gambol of its boisterous frolics. Its highly refined sensibility to the trailing customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its fondal hospitalities, and for fly was nothing, have passed away with the baronial castle and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light, shadowy saloons, and gay drawing-rooms of the modern city."

HEATHEN are the people who don't know enough about religion to fight over it.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Christian on Trial the Theme of His Discourse.

The World, Conscience, an Angel, and the Holy Ghost Bear Witness Against Him, but Christ Pleads His Case and He Is Saved.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 19.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "On Trial," taking for his text I. John i., 2: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." He said:

Standing in a court room you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than ever and terminer, or circuit, or supreme, or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal. The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then who are the witnesses in the cause; and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on, the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up, then, oh, Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against the soul! It is an indictment of ten counts, for them bear directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked, and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Are you guilty or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. More a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees, and said: "O Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the cross of the crossroise before you. You remember how from the head, and the hands, and the side, and the feet, there came bleeding forth those two words: "Remember me!" You recall the time when communion trouble filled in your hand when you first took it; and, as in a few days all you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you filled the cup of communion, and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Savior's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed translucent with the love of Jesus, and the woods, and the leaves, and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter voiced than ever before; and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you might have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further, this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is the inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we by our inconsistency say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is, that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life, about the inconsistencies of others, forgetting or unlearned that she is inconsistent herself. God gave the world from the gossip, female and male. I think the males are the worst. Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world, but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the scent should have been lifted, "Hosanna to the son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: "Oyez! oyez! oyez! Whosoever has anything to offer in this trial, in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now stop forth and give testimony in this solemn trial."

The first witness that I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the world, that a cross carries for nothing so much as caution. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas, for the mistake! When they get amid stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in Heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever know. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is." Oh, Christian! he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself, I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World with the greedy eye and the hard heart! I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the world on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with some allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do. You may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Whereof thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh!" says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness and I have tried to cheer him when doing right—and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hand heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an Angel of God. Bright and shining one, what dost thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh!" says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes when he knew it not I led him into the green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him I fought them back with infinite fierceness; and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again among the sinless ones before the white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We know Him before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the spirit.' Nay, he has driven me back. Though I am the third person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort, and sanctify, and yet look at that man, and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the World, of Conscience, of the Angel, and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes, unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The accused ought to be allowed to speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield and Marshall and Story, and Kent and Southard, and William Wirt. The court rooms has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read the famous trial of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster Hall was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marshaled in shall in scarlet and ermine. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court-room, Edmund Burke advanced, in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons house of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on, and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser, and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees in all time that this man has sinned against all these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unhinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die."

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the Judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" and some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes! see one rising. It is the Man of Many Sorrows, and He has a great deal to say. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God! "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

O, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all you may not have to die. The best advocate in all the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend a man as he is to defend you. He is qualified to sympathize. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise Him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasures to His feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and he has never lost a case. Courage, oh Christian man! Unfold that affair all there may be some chance for you, for the great advocate rises to make his plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins are more; but look at that wounded hand of mine, and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot and at my left foot. But all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat in Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this foot he hath flown; in my tears he has washed; in my sinlessness he hath depended. Let him go free; I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs.

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Many thanks for the unusually large patronage they have enjoyed this

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Aug. 15-1y

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Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Iron Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.

Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.

Good lamp chimneys 3c each.

Decorated chamber sets $3.

Bargains in glass ware at half price.

Hanging Lamps $2 50 each.

Fifty-six pieces, tea set, $3 50.

Silver plated castors, tea sets, butter and pickle dishes.

1847 Roger Brothers knives, forks and spoons.

LOOK!

I have just received through my brother (now living in Chicago) a full line of Plaques, Albums, Bisc and Nankeen Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Whisk Broom Holders, Jap Mats, Toilet Sets, Fancy Dishes, Cheap Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, etc., at the lowest Chicago Market Prices

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HOUSE COATS And Robes in plain colors and gay. Nobby jackets for the youth, stylish coats for the young man, and the dignified gown, in subdued colors, for those of quiet taste or the elderly. There are many exclusive patterns that were made for us and controlled by us—can't be seen elsewhere. we name the lowest prices for these goods. $10 buys a pretty garment; $12 to $18 fine ones, that are richly and elaborately trimmed.

MUFFLERS. A Display that outshines any other. A combination of new and fashionable colors that are attractive and beautiful beyond description; wreaths, vines, horse shoes, moons, half moons, dots, spots, stripes, checks, etc.; pussy in basket, etc. Any color or shade you want. Plain white cashmere, 50c, 75c. and $1O. Fancy patterns in wool cashmere, $1 and $1.25. Scotch wool, $1.25. white brocaded silk and cream white, $1.25, $1.50. $1.75 and $2; fancy colors in Silk Twills, $1 25, $1.50. $1.75. Extra quality in rich and confined patterns that're selling like wild fire at $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

SAM, PETE & MAX,
Fine Furnishers.

Daily Sentinel

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

Thursday, January 6, is the day of prayer for colleges.

Motto for Santa Claus: "Know all men by these presents."

Judge S. M. Hench was at Bluffton this week on legal business.

The Rome City postoffice did a big money-order business last week—$1,360.53.

Everybody is invited to attend the Saengerbund dance at Turner hall, Thursday evening, December 30.

Once more the postmasters on the Grand Rapids and Indiana feel well and breath easier since the arrest of Elwood.

The Fort Wayne Saengerbund will give a grand ball at Turner hall, Thursday evening, December 30. Tickets 50 cents.

Conductor Hoyt, of the Wabash, is at Toledo, in a critical condition, inflammation of the bowels being the trouble. Conductor Prince has charge of his run.

According to the reports received by the state bureau of statistics, there was a full crop of apples in only five Indiana counties Floyd, LaGrange, Lawrence, Noble and Steuben.

Tom Scanlan, a former clerk at the Sylvan Lake house saloon, Rome City, has skipped out. The present session of the court demanded his presence against Mr. Scanlan's wishes.

The Princess Roller Skating rink will be open Christmas day and evening, during the holiday week in the mornings and afternoons and on Wednesday evening and on New Years day and evening. Music every evening.

The Plymouth *Republican* says: "Winfield Simons has gone to Fort Wayne to take charge of his brother's estate. Leander Southworth is acting as agent at the Pittsburg depot until the new agent, Conductor Haines, is ready to take the place, then Mr. Southworth will go to Fort Wayne as book keeper for Mr. Simons. The citizens of Fort Wayne will find Winfield Simons and Leander Southworth gentlemen in the true sense of that word."

The reports received by the state statistician from the county clerks in regard to divorces granted last year show that on the complaints of wives 581 divorces were granted, and on complaints of husbands, 244; total, 825. The grounds upon which the divorces were granted cover all the statutory causes, and were as follows: Abandonment, 245; cruel treatment, 141; drunkenness, 31; failure to provide, 91; criminal conviction, 12; not stated, 202.

Miss Vie Stone, a clerk for Root & Co., is visiting at her home, Decatur.

The Street Railroad company is talking of building a toboggan slide at the fair grounds.

Michael Gilmartin, jr., returned from Cincinnati yesterday morning, where he was attending college, to spend the holidays.

An Andrews correspondent says: "Mrs. F. S. Beals and children returned Friday from a pleasant visit with relatives in Fort Wayne."

J. Bart Shirey, a typo who used to work here, has been given a position at the Washington printing office. Shirey lives at Decatur, but has been at work at Bluffton.

Conductor Barnhart, while coupling cars, pinched his hand, disabling him several days. J. J. Kunz and J. F. Hoth also met with slight bruises on the Wabash, which will lay them up for four or five weeks.

Friendly Hand division B. of R. B., will give a supper at Andrews the evening of December 31, the proceeds of which are designed as a benefit for Wabash Brakeman O. F. Moore, who, on account of sickness, has been unable to work for nearly a year.

The farmers report that the prospect for a good crop of wheat never was better at this season of the year. The mild winter has allowed the crop to grow nicely and it has so covered the ground as to be a protection to the roots and good judges say there is no danger of a freeze-out, no matter how cold it gets.

Adjutant General Koontz thinks he will be able to induce several Indiana companies to participate at the coming national encampment in Washington next May. He has received orders from the department there to extend an invitation to them all, and the Fort Wayne rifles want to go.

Gus Schwartz, who is firing Wabash engine 1,184 for Johnnie Glenn, is thinking seriously of laying off one round trip. Gus is worth probably $3,500, most of which is invested in Fort Wayne property, which needs his attention. Most of the boys will not credit the story of his laying off and yet he may do so.

When asked why the Salvation army used red so much in their dress, Sister Thompson said: "It grew on us. We began by wearing a small badge to know each other. Then it became bigger and bigger, till some of the officers dress in red from top to toe. I live and sleep in red. I hope to die and be buried in it and go to glory in it."

Judge Cooley, the newly appointed receiver of the Wabash lines east of the Mississippi river, held a lengthy conference with Mr. Talmage, general manager for the receivers of the entire system, yesterday, and said afterwards to a reporter that he would make a tour of the entire system with Mr. Talmage, with the object of determining whether or not the east and west lines could be operated under one management and their accounts kept separately. If this could be done he thought it would work to the best interests of all concerned.

The "Three I" road, connecting with the Nickel Plate at Knox, has become an important feeder to the latter. The Knox *Ledger* says that the interchange of business at that place, between these two lines, for the three weeks ending December 1st, amounted to $14,879.71, and it is expected that this will be doubled in the succeeding month. The Nickel Plate road employs two operators, two clerks and one car inspector. The Indiana, Illinois and Iowa employs only an agent and one car inspector. The principal freights are corn, oats, pigs lead, cotton, meats, mining from California and flour from Minneapolis. The Nickel Plate company are furnishing the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa empty cars at the rate of thirty-five per day, which supply will be continued daily indefinitely.

A merry Christmas to all our readers.

"Partners in Crime" at the Academy to-night and to-morrow night with a Christmas matinee.

"Shamus O'Brien" at the Temple to-night and to-morrow night with a Christmas matinee.

There will be mass at the Cathedral to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock. This Christmas service is usually very impressive.

Dr. A. J. Rausb, of Fort Wayne, has located at Haw Patch, for the practice of medicine. The doctor, it will be recalled, ran for recorder last fall.

Peter Moran & Co., of Fort Wayne, have been at Pleasant Lake this week trying to contract with parties for the cutting and packing of ice to fill the old Van Orden ice house.

Engineer Geo. Quidore is now placed regularly in charge of the Wabash "creeper," 1036, in place of Dan Connell, who will run one of the small engines transferred from the Detroit branch.

Supt. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stevens will celebrate the fifth anniversary of their marriage next Monday, the 27th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Stevens' parents in Logansport. Quite a number of Fort Wayne people will attend.

Natural gas has been discovered in paying quantities in nineteen states and territories in the union. In western Pennsylvania alone sixty-six natural gas companies have been organized, and nearly $21,000,000 of capital invested.

There are sixteen patients in the Wabash railway hospital at Peru, six of them with injured right hands. Winter weather is particularly severe on the brakemen and yardmen who are apt to get fingers smashed while coupling cars, as cold digits have a faculty of getting between drawbars.

The children of Trinity Episcopal Sunday school will have their Christmas service in the church on Sunday evening, Dec. 26. The exercises will consist of singing carols and the presentation of prizes and banners. On Tuesday evening they will have an entertainment at White's hall.

Indiana has a license tax liquor system, and calls dealers to account if they violate any features of the law. In Cass county (Logansport) recently, the grand jury found 200 indictments against dealers in the county and when they get through with these they will know better next time.

Last evening at Trinity Episcopal rectory Mr. J. B. Barnes, master mechanic of the Wabash system, and Mrs. Ann Shyrock were married by Rev. W. N. Webbe in the presence of Mr. Will Shyrock and wife, J. H. Bass and Mrs. W. N. Webbe. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Barns repaired to the residence of bride on West Berry street, where they are at home to a host of friends. The SENTINEL sends its choicest congratulations.

On the sixth of the present month Mrs. Frank Norwald, of Dyersville, Dubuque county, Iowa, started to visit her father, Mr. Shearer, of Huntington. Of her coming her relatives knew nothing until the father received a telegram from her husband making inquiries about her. The man had become alarmed at the failure to receive a letter from her and telegraphed the inquiry to learn the trouble. She has not been seen and her papa was up here inquiring for her.

The Toledo *Bee* says: "Mr. W. J. Craig, proprietor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, was in Toledo yesterday on business. He informed the *Bee* that the democracy of Indiana propose to stand by their rights in the coming legislative struggle; that they honestly have a majority of two votes on a joint ballot and intend that such majority shall count in the senatorial contest. Hoosier democrats will restore to no unfair methods, but will insist upon fair play and an honest count.

The supreme court adjourned yesterday afternoon until after the holidays, to reconvene on January 4. The lieutenant governor case has been under consideration for several days, but no decision has been reached, and it will be given on the first day after they come back, which is just two days before the meeting of the legislature.

N. A. Sprong, of Kalamazoo, the gentleman who was appointed to succeed H. D. C. Van Asmus as contracting freight agent of the Grand Rapids road, has concluded that he does not desire the position on account of its onerous duties, and has returned to his home to resume his place as station agent at that town. It is understood that Mr. Fred Rand, the present clerk of Mr. Van Asmus, will be promoted to the position.

Judge Cooley, recently appointed to the Wabash receivership by Judge Gresham surmounted many difficulties and disappointments to reach a high legal standing. For a long time he divided his attention between the law and farming. He is described as having a chilly bearing, an abstracted manner and a thin rasping voice, but when speaking he holds his audience by his perfect command of his subject.

Thankful to Mr. J. H. Bass.

EDITOR SENTINEL.

Please allow us space in your paper to render our many thanks to Mr. Jno. H. Bass, who so kindly remembered us this Christmas, by presenting each one of us with a fine turkey. Wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we ever remain, Respectfully,

THE YARD EMPLOYES,
P., F. W. & C. Ry.

"What's the matter, Tommie?" "Papa, my po-po-pony has en-en-eat-his fool." "Pshaw! don't fret, papa has got a bottle of Salvation Oil."

This is the month when those troubled with a cough should go for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Woman Cook Wanted,

Immediately, at the Commercial house, Calhoun Street and Douglas avenue.

The man who buys an artists outfit for oil painting, at L. O. Hull's 90 Calhoun street, and presents it to his or somebody else's sister, will surely be embraced by the lady for it. A word to the wise is sufficient. 16-8t

Florida oranges 35c per dozen.
Bananas 30c per dozen.
Malaga Grapes 15c and 18c per pound.
Large frying oysters 33c.
Large stewing oysters 23c.
Yankee Grocery.

A good cup of coffee will make your Christmas dinner complete. Buy it the Yankee Grocery. We roast every day.

The finest dressed poultry in the city at A. A. Martin's, 37 West Main street.

Free warm lunch every morning at Schwaben Fritz's. 20-tf

Dressed poultry and game of all kinds at A. A. Martin's, 37 West Main street.

If you wish to have a pleasant time, don't fail to attend the Saengerbund dance at Turner hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 30. Admission 50 cents. 21-3t

Pure stick candy 10c per pound.
Pure mixed candy 10c per pound.
French cream bon bon candy, 15c per pound.
Yankee Grocery.

Go to Martin's, 37 West Main street, for your Christmas turkey. A large supply on hand.

Peters Box and Lumber company are offering Extension Tables at 50c per foot; usual price, 30c to 31 per foot, 19 and 21 West Main and corner Calhoun and Wayne, White's building.

English walnuts 20c per pound.
Almonds 20c per pound.
Brazil nuts, 12½c per pound.
Pecan nuts, 12½c per pound.
Filbert nuts, 12c per pound.
Mixed nuts 15c
Yankee Grocery.

John Christen will open his new house of call on Christmas eve. This is one of the most elegantly fitted up places in the city. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend the grand opening. 23-2t

Numbers Thicken.

Our Horn of Plenty Inexhaustable---With Smiles and Gifts We Meet Our Patrons.

Since December 1, we have presented W. S. Lang, architect of St. Mary's church, with a valuable cook stove.

Obed. Nathan, 49 West Berry street with a superb base burner stove.

A. Zimmerman, 40 Pritchard street, John Meleaif, Perry township, each a first class overcoat.

Albert Bacon, Maples, Ind., John Roy, Academy Station, Ind., August Pelz, 49 Lusella street, D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street, John Stucky, Harlan, Ind., Val Erdel, Ahoite township, each with a fine silver watch.

F. Figel, 121 Wells street; F. F. Garman, Huntertown, Ind.; with an English seal fur cap.

B. Poulson, 45 East Columbia street; Jacob Voltz, Olds' factory; A. W. Garman, 175 Force street; George Conrad, 211 East Wayne street; each with a barrel of choice flour.

John M. Schilling, Wayne township; Frank Scheid, 120 East DeWald street; Henry Seale, Wilt street; Wm. Tonkel, Cedarville, Ind.; Andrew Beber, Hall's Corner; each with a sugar cured ham.

1,000 capital prizes, including a 2500 city lot, will be presented to our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

The "Boss" Clothiers.

Chicago Bakery.

Leave orders for fruit cake, white cake, pound cake, coconnut cake, charlotte russe, home made mince pies, tarts. Fancy pastry of all kinds for the holidays.

Fancy ice cream and sherbets made to order.

Fine candies of all kinds.

23-2t W. F. GELLER.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 26.

Engagement Extraordinary.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

J. Randall Brown,

The world famed mind reader and spiritual medium, in his wonderful experiments on mental telegraph and exemplifications of the latest refined spiritualistic phenomena, assisted by

LILLIE MAY BROWN.

The young and fascinating medium. The most complete and varied combination of mysterious manifestations ever brought before the public. The phenomena of mind reading demonstrated beyond a possibility of doubt.

The mystic veil drawn aside and the beauty and the grandeur of the spirit world revealed. The only mediums who have successfully given a séance in an open, well lighted parlor, attended with all the usual paraphernalia of the seance room. The many places of Mishawaka presented through these Mediums are entirely new and original. No old conceiving tests given. All manifestations will be presented under strict test conditions, and by a committee chosen by the audience. Every opportunity will be given for the closest investigation.

Nothing like it ever before attempted.

Your dear departed ones who have passed from earthly life to the spirit world, will appear before you in life. You will recognize them. You will feel their presence! You will converse with them!

Your mourning sad eyed husband, your wife, your dear little children, your aged father and mother, all will unite in a grand array of Angel beauty and radiance, and proclaim the world of life is eternal. Come and see for yourselves. Take no one's word. Investigate and believe your own eyes. Be guided by your own reason. A cordial invitation to all.

A minimal price of admission will be charged. Doors open at 7. Seance opens at 8. Carriages may be ordered at 10:15 p. m.

A GREAT INDUCEMENT

We have had a car load of Oil Paintings sent to us by an overloaded artist, with orders to dispose of them to his best possible advantage. We can think of no better way of entirely getting rid of them than by giving every buyer of $5.00 worth of dry goods one of these beautiful paintings. Every one should avail themselves of this opportunity to decorate their home.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

Next Saturday, Christmas, we shall receive Chicago, Cincinnati, etc., daily papers as usual. Will have an extra supply of all the dailies to be able to meet the demand for Christmas extras. All the weekly story papers will arrive one day earlier this week, on Friday. The special Chicago *Sunday Tribune* arrives Saturday, at 7 a. m.

KEIL & BRO.,
22-3t News Dealers.

Do not fail to attend the concert and Christmas tree lottery to be given by the Fort Wayne Turnverein society at Turners' hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 26. Reinicke's full orchestra will be in attendance and a general good time is anticipated. 22-3t

Take a Pleasure Trip.

The Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway will sell low rate excursion tickets Dec. 24, 25 and 31 and Jan. 1, to points within 150 miles, good to return until Jan. 3, 1887. 14-10t

Do not fail to attend the concert and Christmas tree lottery to be given by the Fort Wayne Turnverein society at Turners' hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 26, Reinicke's full orchestra will be in attendance and a general good time is anticipated. 22-3t

I will remove to my large room, No. 244 Calhoun street, opposite Y. M. C. A. reading rooms, about Jan. 15. Until then I will sell goods at reduced prices. Call and examine before buying your holiday presents. F. J. Vonor,
21-4t 164 Calhoun St.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE!

879 Counted and Found to Contain 879 Overcoats! 879

Thefirstfloor of the building situated exactly north from the Court House and No. 9 East Main St.

This is too many by half and something must be done to make them go. Commencing today and continuing until January 1 we shall cut prices

Every Child's O. C. Every Boy's O. C. Every Man's O. C. Every School O. C. Every Youth's O. C. Every O. C. in the house one-fourth, one-third and even one-half from the already low prices.

Tre Greatest, Grandest and Best Opportunity Ever Offered to Provide an Overcoat at Little Cost

To Stimulate and Make the Demand Brisk We Will Give Away With Every Overcoat a

KNIT JERSEY STORM CAP!

Trade early in the day and avoid the crush and confusion caused by the crowds later in the afternoon.

A. S. LAUFERTY & CO.,

C. O. D. One Price Clothiers. 9 East Main Street. Go Now!